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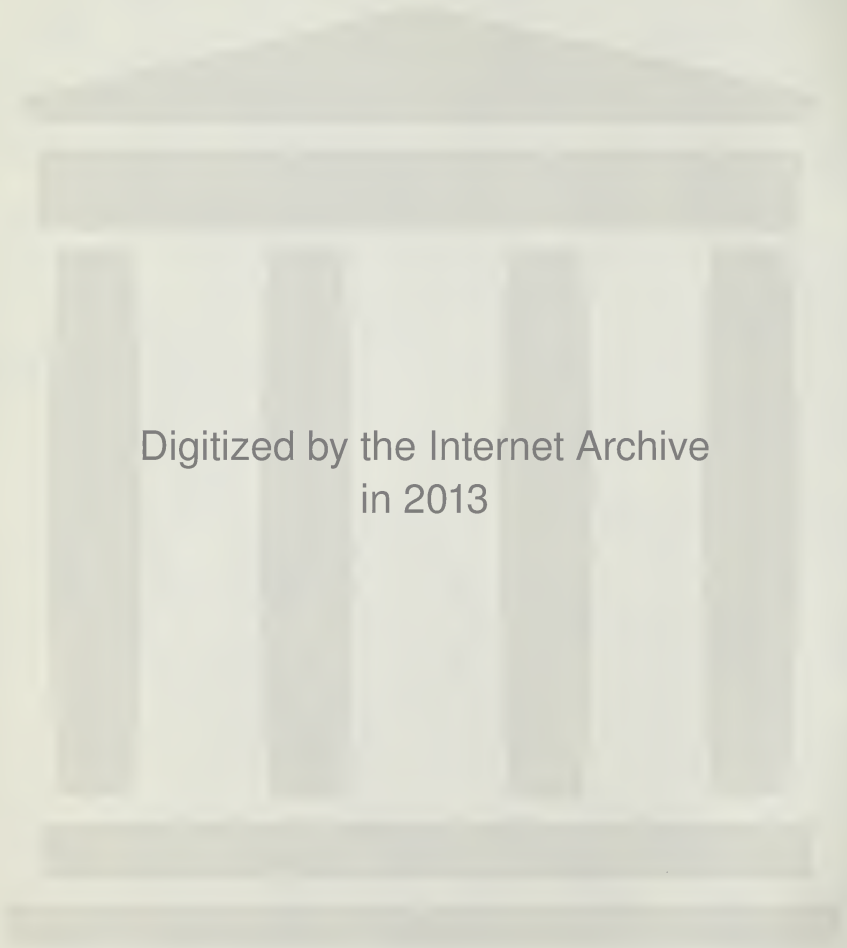
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THE

METHODIST REVIEW

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METHODIST REVIEW

JULY, 1912

ART. I.—ADOLF HARNACK IN THE CLASSROOM

THE distinction enjoyed by the University of Berlin is not due to its great age. It is the youngest of the European schools of prominence, and a dozen American colleges can boast a longer life. It was in 1810 that the King of Prussia, Frederick William III, decided to make the little capital of his impoverished kingdom a seat of higher learning. The Napoleonic wars, which had devastated so many German states, had not spared Prussia. The pride of that sturdy northern kingdom had been humbled in the dust. Napoleon had entered Berlin in triumph, had taken such public monuments as caught his fancy, and had forced the helpless nation to make humiliating terms of peace. It was a part of his shrewd policy to destroy what little unity there remained in the German empire. In forming the new kingdom of Westphalia, over which he placed his brother Jerome, he took from Prussia territory in which was situated her most celebrated university, that of Halle. This was felt to be a loss that threatened the life of the Prussian nation. To alienate her chief seat of learning, to require her to send her sons to other lands to be educated, that was to dry up the springs of her national life and to make it impossible for her to maintain her old national ideals. The Hohenzollerns were already of the opinion that the strength of a nation consists chiefly in that intellectual and moral discipline which toughens the sinews of a people and holds all its energies at the tension of a strung bow. Frederick William III was not a mas-

terful spirit, but he was a king who loved his subjects, and beside him upon the throne sat Queen Louise of blessed memory, whose charm of person was exceeded only by her high courage, her intense patriotism, and her power to impart these to others. The king also had about him a few gifted men whose patriotic devotion blazed only the fiercer when the winds of adversity smote the nation. Among these were Fichte and Schleiermacher, and Karl Wilhelm von Humboldt. The king and queen and these farsighted men were determined that no territorial schemes of Napoleon should exile learning from Prussia; that, meager as were the nation's material resources, she must make provision for the education of her more gifted sons. Her future depended upon it. It was in this spirit that the university came into existence. It was regarded not merely as a nursery of science, but as a defense of the imperiled life of the nation; for it was felt that knowledge and religion were the only sure protection of national integrity. The king's hopes for the future of Prussia rested quite as much upon his young university as upon the well-disciplined army that he contrived to maintain by ingenious evasion of the exacting terms of his treaty with Napoleon.

Thus was founded the great University of Berlin, which today counts its students by the thousands, and draws them from all parts of the civilized world. And it is the same spirit that called the university into existence that has made it in many respects the foremost school in Europe. Prussian patriotism has secured it the wise administration, the distinguished teaching force, and the liberal support which have brought it to its present position of coveted preëminence.

And the city of Berlin itself is the product of the same force, plus recent imperial enthusiasm. Its location could hardly be accounted advantageous. It is in the center of a rather sterile sandy plain, and the Spree, upon whose banks the original fishing village stood, is little more than a creek artificially widened into a canal navigable by vessels of but the lightest draught. When the university was founded it had scarcely 200,000 population, and no notable buildings, or art treasures, or commercial importance. Now Berlin is the fourth city of Europe, and the

seventh city of the world, with magnificent public buildings, unexcelled museums and libraries, extensive art galleries, beautiful parks, and a uniform elegance unsurpassed even by Paris. In the extent and diversity of its manufactures and commerce, it has no superior on the Continent, and, what is perhaps most remarkable, the greater part of this development has taken place during the last generation. There is scarcely an American city which can boast such rapid growth. Since 1871 Prussia has been the leading state in the newly organized German empire, and her capital has been the imperial capital. Prussian pride, supplemented by popular enthusiasm over the revival of German national importance, has spared no effort to make the capital of the new empire worthy of the great Germanic people.

It is impossible to understand the genius of this great Prussian university unless we view it thus in its relation to the government by which it was established, and by which it is still fostered. It bears the name of its royal founder, Frederick William III, and occupies a building that was formerly a royal palace. It is largely indebted to royal patronage for financial support, and royal influence has not infrequently shaped its policy. It is a national institution, holding closest relations to the government. It is understood that professors, at their inauguration, are required to take vows of strictest allegiance to the king, and the teaching of political doctrines at variance with the royal program may cost a professor his position. It might be imagined that a more complete autonomy would be necessary for the normal development of an educational institution. But everything in Prussia is subject to government control, and the university certainly has thriven, though it has leaned so heavily upon the arm of the king. The professors in its four faculties, of philosophy, theology, law, and medicine, number many hundreds and include some of the most distinguished teachers in Germany. Its buildings include not only the impressive old palace on Unter den Linden, a rambling three-storied structure, a confusing mass of offices and lecture-halls, but more than a dozen other large buildings in different parts of the city. But the life of the university is not confined within the walls of these buildings.

It overflows in all directions and profoundly affects the life of the city. Through its more distinguished professors the university has representation at all important public functions. The university student is almost as familiar a figure about the streets as is the ubiquitous soldier. He has his appointed place at the theater and opera, and in the cafés and beer gardens. With his ridiculous little cap and the bright sash that indicates his membership in some fraternity, he is a picturesque object, and contributes his part to give color to the street life of Berlin. It is in such a university, in the great capital of the German empire, that the subject of this sketch has been professor of church history for over twenty years. His appointment is said to have been due to the influence of Bismarck, who felt that the brilliant young scholar was hiding his light under a bushel down at Marburg, and clearly ought to be adding his luster to the fame of the royal university. The members of the theological faculty at Berlin gravely shook their heads. Already Harnack had demonstrated his power in independent research, and also a certain intrepidity in theological speculation. He did not seem to stand much in awe of the Lutheran standards of orthodoxy, and he might make an uncomfortable colleague in the theological faculty at Berlin; but the Iron Chancellor, who was thinking only of the desirability of adding another rising scholar to Berlin's already famous faculty, persisted in his advocacy of Harnack, and ultimately all opposition was withdrawn and Harnack left Marburg to become occupant of the professorship made famous half a century before by Neander.

Competition is believed by many to be the life of trade. It is certainly the cause of a lively struggle for life among the professors in a German university. All subjects are elective, and a professor may offer courses in any subject he pleases. If he can attract students away from the regular professor in that subject, so much the better, for a large part of a professor's income is derived from the term fees of the students who elect his courses. Harnack had already gained a reputation for emptying the lecture-halls of his colleagues before he left Marburg, and that may partly account for the reluctance of the Berlin professors to invite him

to come and compete for their students. Be that as it may, a large number of students followed Harnack to Berlin, and his lecture-hall was soon as crowded there as it had been at Giessen and at Marburg, and the success of his venture in moving to a new university—always something of a risk—was abundantly assured. The years that have followed have demonstrated the sound wisdom of Bismarck's choice, for no man in the theological faculty in Berlin attracts so many students or exerts a more potent influence than the distinguished scholar, teacher, and author, Adolf Harnack. We are chiefly concerned with him as a teacher. Although he has published an appallingly long list of books and pamphlets, and holds laborious editorial positions, and is director of the royal library, yet the teacher has not been lost in the author, and he has not yielded to the common temptation to use his professorial chair as an advantageous position from which to launch his books. Whatever else he may be, he is still preëminently a teacher, and his enthusiastic labors as such have had their abundant recompense in a host of devoted disciples already occupying professional positions in Germany and Great Britain and America.

Let us visit the lecture-room of this prince of teachers. He is to lecture on the history of dogma, a favorite theme of his, and one on which he has written a masterly work. The lecture begins at seven o'clock in the morning. The choice of that hour could hardly be regarded as an attempt to popularize the course. A professor must be convinced, not only of his grasp of his subject, but of his hold on his students to offer lectures that begin when the average person, if he is awake at all, is engaged in that moral struggle that precedes getting out of bed. And certainly Harnack has good grounds for both convictions, for if one enters the stream of young men that early of a summer morning flows through the massive gates that admit to the university grounds, he will find that most of the men are making their way to a large lecture-room in the western wing of the old palace. Here soon gather in the neighborhood of a hundred students. They are all in their places before the lecturer appears, and their quiet dignified demeanor and the hush of expectancy with which they wait the professor's appearance are characteristic marks of German student etiquette.

As those present constitute a representative group of theological students at Berlin, let us notice who they are. Prussian youth, of course, form a large proportion, though there are many representatives of other German states and neighboring lands. Upon the very front seats—a position much coveted by those who understand German imperfectly—is a considerable group of men from Scotland and America. Among them are young preachers from Edinburgh and Glasgow and Belfast, postgraduate students from American theological seminaries, future missionaries to the intellectual nations of the East, and professors and lecturers in theological schools in the United States and Canada. Many of them are men of evident maturity and experience. It is a group of men whom any professor might well covet the opportunity to teach, for nearly all of them will themselves teach either from the desk or the pulpit, and they are drawn hither from many lands because of their deep interest in the subjects presented.

The audience has not long to wait. Promptly on the minute Professor Harnack appears at the door beside the desk, manuscript in hand. He is greeted with a low shuffle of feet, which ceases as he reaches the desk and utters the stereotyped greeting, "Meine Herren," with which every lecture begins. And now we observe that the lecturer is a slender, well-proportioned man, somewhat above middle height, and younger in appearance than his great fame as scholar and author would lead us to expect. His light brown hair, which he keeps on end by an occasional backward stroke of the hand, is streaked with gray, but the alert expression of his face and restless activity of his body as he speaks both betoken the man of undiminished powers. He has a striking face, oval in outline, free from beard save for an inconsequential mustache that lightly shadows his mobile lips. His forehead is broad and high, and there is an anxious look about the brows, relieved by a mischievous twinkle that seems to lurk in his keen blue eyes. He begins his lecture with all due formality, standing quietly behind his low desk, smoothing out the creases in his oft-folded and time-yellowed lecture-notes, and evidently repeating what is written thereon. But after he has gotten fairly under way, he largely neglects his notes, and finds it impossible

to remain long in one position. His postures and gestures are many and characteristically unconventional. Some of them are amusing in the extreme and hardly seem suited to the serious matters under consideration. One of his most characteristic and amusing gestures—if you can call it a gesture—is a slow, complacent stroking of his abdomen with his left hand while his right is engaged in other matters. This self-congratulatory movement he indulges in after he has disposed of some theological antagonist. One is led to feel that the gesture is an unconscious inheritance from some remote cannibal ancestor of his, who used thus complacently to stroke his stomach after he had devoured some particularly troublesome enemy. But, in spite of such rather amusing idiosyncrasies in manner, Professor Harnack displays in the classroom unmistakable oratorical gifts, and a marvelous faculty in holding an audience's attention to abstruse and difficult matters, while his speech on more public occasions is always marked by grace and dignity and sustained power. In this respect he is a marked exception to the ordinary German professor, who appears to despise the graces of the orator and contents himself with a style that is severely didactic. No doubt a large part of Harnack's success as a teacher is due to the charm of his style as a speaker. For the day is passing when a teacher, however, learned, can get hearers if he drones away in a slumbrous monotone, or, forgetting his audience, falls into long periods of silence broken by occasional soliloquies, or performs any of the other incredible antics reported of famous German professors of earlier times.

The subject of Professor Harnack's lecture upon the morning of our visit is "Saint Augustine and His Contribution to Christian Doctrine." The theme is one to awaken his enthusiasm and kindle his imagination. He begins deliberately, speaking in conversational tones and in carefully rounded periods. He is evidently repeating what is written on his manuscript, at which he occasionally glances. But as he goes on he soon begins to speak with more speed and spirit and freedom. He neglects his manuscript; he looks past the audience before him. He appears to have projected himself back into the age of Augustine and to be living in fancy in ancient Hippo and in the midst of the stirring scenes

which he so graphically portrays. His mind broods with tender interest over the image of the young and struggling church as he reconstructs it in imagination. Seeing vividly, he describes vividly. In a few telling sentences he portrays the conflicting forces in the North African church and in the waning empire. Roman bishops and legionaries, haggard monks from the desert, sleek worldly ecclesiastics, the hordes of rude Vandals threatening the life of both church and state—all these pass before us in rapid review. Often with a single suggestive simile or striking metaphor he characterizes a man or a movement. And now he addresses himself more directly to his hearers as he begins to unfold the meaning of Augustinianism. He recalls the early religious experiences of Augustine as influencing his conception of man's moral nature and the power of sin. He traces the development of his doctrinal system as an expansion of Paulinism. He speaks of the influence of Pelagius as affecting him by way of reaction. He smiles derisively at the futile resistance of his doctrinal opponents and points out the elements of indestructible truth in his system. And from this his enthusiasm takes fire, and he begins a marvelous panegyric upon the great Bishop of Hippo, the character of the man, his influence upon his own age and upon succeeding ages, his power in the present and his sure place in the future of theological thought. The gong that announces the end of the lecture-period is apparently unheeded, until, at the conclusion of a magnificent climax, the lecturer stops suddenly, bows to his rapt auditors, seizes his manuscript, and, turning, disappears through the door behind his desk amid loud and prolonged applause.

As has been said, a German professor may offer courses of lectures in subjects outside his own department. Doctor Harnack, though a regular professor of church history, is the most popular lecturer in Berlin upon New Testament introduction. In fact, it would seem that when he advertises courses in introduction, the professors in New Testament criticism avoid entering into competition with him and offer other courses. None but the largest halls will accommodate the crowds that he attracts, and one who does not secure an early assignment of a seat may find himself under the necessity of sitting in the back row or perching upon a

window sill or leaning against the wall. In the course on New Testament introduction given the year the writer was a student in Berlin, the first three rows of seats were occupied exclusively by men from Great Britain and America. The German students occasionally uttered good-natured protests against this monopoly of the best places by foreigners, but inasmuch as these coveted seats were obtained partly by early application, and partly by the evident willingness of Professor Harnack to give the foreigners places where they could hear more easily, the native students had small ground for complaint. In this course in introduction, Harnack's lecture-method was altogether different from that in history of dogma or general history. There was no attempt at anything like oratory. He followed his notes more closely, and did not advance more rapidly than an experienced notetaker could go, recording everything of importance. As he proceeded from one difficult problem to another, one was impressed with the constant evidence of exhaustive investigation, minute care, infinite patience. His generalizations were few and guarded. The views of other and differing critics were given their due weight. He did not minimize the difficulties that beset the path of the investigator of a subject upon which our sources of information are so incomplete. It was characteristic of German thoroughness that he should have begun this course with the history of New Testament introduction. He then proceeded to the history of the New Testament canon, then to the discussion of certain groups of books, as the Pauline correspondence and the Synoptics, finally to the date, authorship, text, and content of individual books. His perfect familiarity with the text of the New Testament, and the minute differences in the variant readings, is a matter of constant wonder. His acquaintance with the great mass of early Christian literature is scarcely less astonishing, while a marvelous memory places all these resources at his instant command.

Like every other independent scholar, Harnack has his "pet antagonists." Chief among them in the field of New Testament introduction is Professor Theodore Zahn, of Erlangen, the accomplished leader of a school of rather conservative New Testament criticism. Professor Zahn is also an independent investigator, a

voluminous writer, and a hard hitter in theological controversy—in short, an aspirant for immortality, or at least for that poor species of immortality which preserves the desiccated intellectual remains of a man, pressed like dead flowers between the leaves of a book. Harnack and Zahn have crossed swords on many occasions, and while the advantage appears to have been mainly with the Berlin savant, yet the fact that he regards Zahn as no mean antagonist is indicated by his frequent attacks upon Zahn's positions. At times this grew amusing. It looked as if Harnack were unable to proceed to the unfolding of his own views upon a matter under dispute until he had first smilingly paid his compliments to Theodore Zahn and his misguided followers at Erlangen. But the evident good nature and the fine humor displayed in these attacks upon the teachings of a fellow scholar relieved them of all polemical bitterness. For deeper even than the impression of native genius and scholarly attainment is the impression of freedom from prejudice, liberality of spirit, and eager desire to obtain the truth which Harnack makes upon his hearers. He is a disciple of Ritschl, but in his emphasis upon the facts that underlie the Christian faith he is far from being a consistent Ritschlean. His writings are quoted in support now of the most conservative, now of the most radical school of criticism. He belongs to neither school, but it seems probable that the ultimate influence of his writings will confirm conviction in the adequate historicity of the New Testament and the essential accuracy of the picture there drawn of the person of Christ and the life of the primitive church. And no man can present the great central truths of Christianity with the winning simplicity and the fine glow of feeling which often mark their utterance by Professor Harnack unless his inner life be lived in vital sympathy therewith. For there is many a German scholar to-day who, like Schleiermacher, at the beginning of the last century, seems to volatilize the foundations of Christianity in the retort of historical or philosophical criticism, who nevertheless worships the Christ with profound devotion and honors him by a life of self-denying toil. These find evidence of the validity of Christianity in the way it meets their own religious needs.

There is another aspect of Professor Harnack's work with his students which requires notice if we are to understand his power as a teacher. It is his seminar. This he holds in the evening in a large room, fitted up for the purpose, in the third floor of the old palace. The seminar is designed to supplement the lecture method of instruction by affording teacher and student the opportunity for personal intercourse and free discussion. The professor invites a few of his most promising students to meet with him at stated intervals, and under his guidance pursue some line of investigation. It is in the seminar that the German professor expects to exert his most permanent influence over his students. Here he comes into personal contact with them, imparts to them his enthusiasm, trains them in his methods of investigation, wins them to the championship of his views; in other words, makes them his disciples. Professor Harnack's seminar is one of the institutions of the university. On Thursday evening, at seven o'clock, a dozen or more young men gather around the two long, well-lighted tables that occupy the middle of the large seminar room. The walls are lined with books on church history and collateral subjects. As promptness and dignified deportment are the conspicuous virtues of the German student, the members of the seminar have all quietly taken their places before the professor arrives. As he enters the door every student rises and greets him with the usual salutation, "Guten Abend, Herr Professor," to which he replies as he takes his seat at the middle of the long side of one of the tables. The subject being studied in this seminar was the Ignatian Epistles. The first order of the evening was the reading by the secretary, who sat at Harnack's right, of the results of the previous meeting. These the professor commented upon and corrected at some points. Then began the work of the evening. The professor called upon a student to read in the Greek a passage from the epistle under consideration, then to translate it into German, then to answer any questions that he or the students might ask concerning it. Sometimes the professor would comment at length upon a paragraph and the students' pencils would fly to record his rapid thought. Sometimes he would ask question after question of the student reading, or of the whole seminar, provoking

lively discussion, ordinarily reserving his own views till he had drawn out the opinions of the others. It was in this exercise that the richness and versatility of the man's nature appeared as nowhere else. In this free, familiar intercourse with a chosen group of admiring ambitious students, the rarest qualities of this great teacher display themselves. All the resources of his ripe scholarship are at their disposal. He takes them into the secret of his methods and processes. He confides to them his surmises and half-formed conclusions. He helps them over obstacles which had once impeded his own progress. He brightens many an unattractive subject by the scintillations of his ready wit. In short, he brings all the resources of a gifted nature and broad experience to the assistance and inspiration of these young friends of his whom he encourages with the hope that they, too, shall one day be expert scholars. It is no wonder that he grapples these young men to him with hoops of steel, and has thus won a host of disciples, who are extending his influence in Germany and Great Britain and America.

Professor Harnack's work as an investigator has been mainly in one field—the literature of the early church. In this fruitful field he began to specialize at the beginning of his professional career. As a result of these early studies he published his first work, in 1873, on the Gnostic Heresies. In coöperation with two other scholars, Gebhardt and Zahn, he brought out an edition of the Apostolic Fathers. It was this work that first called public attention to him as a patristic scholar. For years he has been engaged in great editorial tasks connected with a history of early Christian literature and a new edition of the Greek Fathers. Since 1881 he has been one of the editors of the Theologische Literaturzeitung. Harnack is perhaps best known to readers of English through three works which were translated almost as soon as published. They are his History of Dogma, What is Christianity? and The Expansion of Christianity in the First Three Centuries. These and four or five of his briefer monographs have been widely read in America, but his influence on religious thought in this country is being exercised quite as much by his former students, notable among whom is Professor McGiffert, as by his

writings. A call upon Professor Harnack affords one the opportunity of securing permission to enter his seminar, and, incidentally, of getting a glimpse of the home life of this indefatigable scholar. Wilmersdorf is one of the pleasantest suburbs of Berlin. By steam car it is twenty minutes from the station near the university. The approach to Professor Harnack's home there is through a rose garden which, even in early October, seemed in full bloom. A servant takes your card, and, after a brief interval, a group of students leave the study and you are invited to enter. The professor greets you cordially and motions you to easy chairs about his desk, where he resumes his seat and engages you in conversation in which he learns your nationality, the institutions from which you have come, how you have spent the vacation just ended, and what lines of study you are about to pursue. He gladly gives permission to enter his seminar, saying that he has usually found Americans good earnest students. A glance about his spacious study reveals the fact that a large number of his books are in English, and that a considerable proportion are very old, evidently an inheritance from professional ancestors. And here is, perhaps, the secret of the great accomplishments of this scholar still in middle life. He was born and brought up in a scholarly atmosphere. His grandfather was a writer on the history of Christian dogma, and his father was professor of theology at Dorpat, in western Russia, where Adolf was born and received his early education. His father was a fine scholar and a voluminous writer, and his son inherited his scholarly instincts and responded to the scholarly atmosphere in which he grew up. Precocious he unquestionably was, for at the age when the ordinary boy is still in the high school this prodigy had perfected himself in the ancient languages and had familiarized himself with the course of general history. While he was still a student at the University of Dorpat he gathered about him a circle of fellow students and became their instructor in church history. From that point he has pursued one unwavering course. At twenty-three he was appointed privat docent at Leipzig University, at twenty-five adjunct professor at Giessen. Three years later he was made full professor there. From thence he was called to Marburg, and finally to Berlin.

These facts are instructive. They help to explain how Professor Harnack, still in middle life, has been able to accomplish an amount of work that might properly employ the lifetime of a half dozen men. He came of a scholarly ancestry; he grew up in a scholarly atmosphere; he began very young the preparation for his destined life-work, and he has given his whole attention, uninterruptedly, ever since, to one line of work. That he possesses unique natural endowments is beyond question, but the circumstances that have trained and conserved and stimulated these rare natural gifts are an important part of the explanation of the marvelous intellectual fruitage of this—let us hope—far from completed life.

When here in America we can summon such forces of heredity and environment to the making of a scholar, and when we can induce him to give his whole life to one line of work by assuring him a career as honorable and influential and free from distractions as is that of the German University professor, then we may hope to develop a race of scholars who shall make distinguished contributions to the sum of human knowledge.

Edward Waite Miller

Art. II.—THE PSYCHOLOGY OF THE PULPIT

In these days we hear a great deal about what ought to be done for the pulpit, by the pulpit, and to the pulpit. May a preacher's knowledge and use of psychology increase the efficiency of his pulpit ministry? While the writer of this paper does not aim at an exhaustive treatment of the psychology of the pulpit, and certainly does not cherish a hope of increasing any preacher's technical knowledge of psychology, he may be able to suggest, in popular terms, certain vital relations of psychology to the work of preaching, and thereby open a way for a more effective use of whatever knowledge of psychology the preacher may already possess. It may not be amiss to urge at the beginning that no one allow himself to fancy that the writer would regard psychology as a solvent of all of the problems of the pulpit, or that he would give an undue emphasis to the function of psychology in the work of preaching. While there are preachers who unconsciously put into practice the main principles of psychology, there are many whose pulpit work could hardly be injured, but would certainly be enhanced, by a definite and practical knowledge of those principles. In what respect is there a psychology of the pulpit? In our thought on this subject it would seem to be the natural way to consider, first, the task of the pulpit, and, second, the bearing of psychology on this task.

1. The Task of the Pulpit. The pulpit is neither a lecture platform nor, primarily, a teacher's rostrum. There may be a psychology for the lecturer, there is a psychology for the teacher—educational psychology, or pedagogy; but we are mainly concerned, not with the task of the platform or rostrum, as such, but with that of the pulpit. And it is not out of place to note, in passing, that the pulpit has a real task. The task of the modern pulpit is so great that it demands all of the preacher's time, all of his strength, all of his intellectual, moral, and spiritual power. It is a task that cannot be performed as it should be by a divided man, a man of divided aims; it needs and demands a preacher, not here to-day and there to-morrow, but here all the

time. The pulpit which fails to attract men to its ministry fails often because its preacher fails to take his task seriously enough to give it his entire attention. This task is worthy of the preacher's most sincere intellectual effort, and such effort the preacher tacitly agrees to make in permitting himself to be regarded as an incumbent of a pulpit established for the preaching of the gospel of Jesus Christ. Moreover, it is only fair to say that the pulpit stands in need of intellectual work which is honest, if it is to enjoy the right to look for permanent results. Recently a preacher in one of our great cities delivered a sermon which bore witness to the fact that he was a thorough-going plagiarist. His church is prominent, but his pulpit is not. Psychologically speaking, that pulpit cannot do one of the fundamental things which a pulpit must learn to do, that is, get and hold the attention of thinking men. How can such a preacher persuade himself that he is taking his task seriously? Dishonesty implies insincerity, and insincerity means the absence of one of the first essentials of the psychological application of truth of any sort. Other qualities being equal, the pulpit of ideas properly organized will be the pulpit of ideals. The task of bringing to the pulpit seminal ideas which are fundamental to the religious experience and work of mankind is the task of the scholarly preacher, though it may not, and should not, interfere with the evangelistic function and fervor of his pulpit. The world is ever ready to give heed to a pulpit which is aglow with light as well as aflame with fire. The task of such a pulpit is usually molded by certain conditions, and these conditions now claim our attention. First, perhaps, among these conditions is the pulpit's *objective*. The message of the pulpit must be delivered for the sake of an object, not chiefly for the sake of a subject. The pulpit must have an objective and constantly cherish the consciousness of that objective. It must ever remember its aim. Education itself was never able to attain to its modern efficiency until it came to think more highly of the child taught than it thought of the subject taught to the child; and modern educational psychology arose only as this change of emphasis came into vogue. The task of the pulpit is one thing when its emphasis or chief interest is focused upon the sermon,

and it is quite another thing when the chief interest gathers about an objective which, by means of the sermon, the pulpit hopes and labors to reach. A pulpit that would make special use of a knowledge of psychology should cherish an objective of a special and vital kind. One of the saddest and most pitiful commentaries on many a modern pulpit is its apparent ignorance of, or indifference to, the great end for which it was created. While the objective of the Christian pulpit is, in general, the redemption of society, it is to be feared that many preachers are not working especially toward that end. Their efforts are so general that it is difficult to imagine anything either special or vital which they might reasonably hope to accomplish. On the other hand, we find here and there an incumbent of a rather distinguished pulpit who seems to possess a living conviction that his call to preach includes a call also to urge men to surrender their lives to God immediately. What indeed can be more refreshing to the preacher himself than to realize that every time he preaches he is directing every influence his pulpit can command toward the salvation of those who hear him? Whatever intellectual fiber his sermon may possess, whatever appreciations of art or music or literature he may be capable of, whatever high levels of scholarship he may be familiar with, whatever he may choose to draw from any well-spring of spiritual life or ethical truth, the preacher's task in drawing on such resources will always be conditioned by what he aims to accomplish. Just as the preacher sees certain results to be reached, if possible, in each public service, the task of his pulpit becomes vital, important, intense, and also difficult. The pulpit that understands itself and its immediate aims, as well as its general objective, is almost sure to create, by the process of suggestion, an attitude of expectancy on the part of those who listen to its messages. Moreover, the objective of the pulpit is city-wide, state-wide, nation-wide, world-wide. The preacher dare not do less than be obedient to his heavenly vision of *social service*. He must so utilize this large vision of the objective of the pulpit as to claim and hold the attention of people. He must grapple intelligently and vigorously with the psychological problem of attention. What needs appeal to him he must so present that

they will be reconstructed in the imaginations of others; what emotions move his own soul he must so control and direct as to cause others to be adequately moved; what determinations bestir him to activity he must so interpret as to cause others to follow whither he leads. For he is to use his pulpit for the inspiration and direction of the moral and spiritual activities of the people. The modern preacher can never be satisfied with merely leading men into an experience, howsoever normal that experience may be from a psychological point of view. The pulpit realizes its ultimate purpose only as it succeeds in leading men to render some sort of moral and spiritual ministry to their fellow men. This imposes on the pulpit a task which is both very great and very serious.

The task of the pulpit is also conditioned by the subject-matter of the pulpit. If the chief aim of preaching is the redemption of society, we need to give closer attention to the means by which that aim is to be realized. Generally it may be said that the chief instrument of the Protestant pulpit is the sermon. But what of the sermon itself? Will not its content be determined to some extent at least by the types of mind to which it addresses itself? One of the simplest principles of educational psychology applies in this connection: Instruction must always be adapted to the capacity of the learner. Those who wait upon the ministry of the pulpit represent all grades of intelligence and mental training, ranging from the illiterate and uneducated to the university graduate, the specialist, and the professionalist. Then the pulpit must address itself to the feminine mind, the masculine mind, and people of "no mind at all." It has also to deal with a type of mind which seeks entertainment everywhere and is unwilling to listen to sermons which fail to entertain. Some of those whom the pulpit would reach are interested almost exclusively in that which is historical and care little for any other kind of message. To some minds entrance can be gained only through the gate beautiful: that alone is commanding which is esthetic. To other minds the only way of approach is through social ethics or through economic aspects of the kingdom of God, and they want their pulpit to have much to say about

labor situations and industrial problems. There are others who seem to think that the chief duty of the pulpit is to stir up its latent literary gifts; and we occasionally hear from those who are not satisfied with the pulpit on the ground that it fails to evince certain modern philosophical tendencies, the positive and synthetic aspects of which do not particularly appeal to them. If the pulpit is to give attention to these various types of mind it must decide what it proposes to do with them, providing it can meet their respective demands, and the subject-matter of the pulpit will be determined largely by its aim in dealing with such minds. To deal in a purposive way with such a variety of minds means that the preacher must grapple with a tremendous task of intellectual preparation. He must be an omnivorous reader and a hard student; he must see the religious and educational aspects of all he reads; he must learn the secret of sound interpretation. He cannot safely ignore the recent findings of the biological and physical sciences, of literary criticism, and of the comparative study of religions. He must attend to the human messages in the literatures of the world, and take careful note of the movements of modern philosophy. He must cultivate acquaintance with the histories of music and art. He needs to know something definite about the great types of ethical theory, and also the best in practical ethics to-day. A moderate amount of careful metaphysical reading and reflection will claim a portion of his time. He must not be afraid of that theological reconstruction which from time to time may be made necessary because of the progress of the other sciences and because of the unitary character of all knowledge. The experiences and conduct of other men he must learn to analyze, interpret, and utilize; and he must not be too naïve in all this. To all this work he must devote himself for the sake of establishing a common psychological ground upon which to meet and seek and save souls that can be saved in no other way. Never for one moment must he permit the objective of his pulpit to escape him by reason of the pleasant diversions which such a variety of studies may afford. He must steer true to his magnetic pole.

While the pulpit is expected to interest itself in all kinds

of moral and intellectual endeavor, it is also expected to be reverently, prayerfully, straightforwardly earnest; for a real pulpit is essentially an earnest pulpit. If the preacher has not been earnest to good effect in the preparation of his sermon, he cannot be earnest to good effect in the delivery of the same. Habitual neglect of solid preparation means nothing less than that the preacher associates his pulpit with triviality, as in that case what he delivers therefrom cannot regularly rank above the trivial. The work of the pulpit claims the preacher's first, though not his entire, attention. Inasmuch as pastoral and social service is tributary to the ministry of the pulpit, it should be neither minimized nor neglected by the preacher. A preacher endowed with prophetic spirit and awakening power will surely incite the whole congregation in the midst of which he performs his true preaching function to help him to bear his pastoral burden. The task of the modern pulpit demands of the preacher intensity of purpose, of love, and of labor; in the performance of this task there is room for the most generous consecration of his life; and the psychology of imitation teaches us that the great gospel of consecration thus exemplified by the preacher is sure to draw others on to a similar consecration to the sweet and reasonable ministries of service in the kingdom of God.

The task of the modern pulpit is rendered more difficult still by the fact that the preacher's method must meet the intellectual needs of an age which is somewhat more exacting in criticism and logic than were the former times, and no preacher can command the attention of men so readily as he whose method of preaching involves the natural and logical unfolding of the real meanings of the Holy Scriptures. Mention has been made of the wide range of the preacher's reading and study for the simple reason that it is only through such a large method of general preparation that the preacher may understand himself when he says that he is a man of one Book. Men of to-day want to know something about that Book, because they cannot get away altogether from the conviction that it is a Book of to-day. The old systematic theology, supported by proof-texts chosen somewhat at random, has somehow lost its foothold in the modern mind, and a new interest has

arisen in what is known as biblical theology. The training given in our high schools and colleges has so reacted on the modern mind as to cause it to feel, though it may be unable to define, the imperative need of a theology based on methods of investigation similar to the methods which, employed in other fields of research, have given us certain concrete and special aspects of knowledge which were impossible by the use of the older methods of inquiry. And just as the logical method undergirding the old systematic theology has failed to satisfy the more exacting and special demands of the modern mind, so must that method fail when applied as the undergirding of the modern sermon. It is interesting to note the ease with which the comparatively uneducated adjust themselves to the product of this newer method; they are readier for *it* than for anything else. The influence of this method has been in the air, as it were, for the last twenty years or more, and they have been so environed by it that its products seem especially adapted to their intellectual needs. It would almost seem as if a special feeling for it were emerging from the subconsciousness—a *sense* of the fitness of the method to the mind.

Furthermore, our age is in a mood to welcome more and more a pulpit method which is modest and sincerely evangelistic. It is rather significant that the churches which most insist on thorough intellectual training in preparation for the ministry are to-day becoming leaders in effective evangelism. Recently the writer heard the minister of a large and aristocratic Presbyterian church preach a thoroughly evangelistic sermon to his Sunday morning congregation, and he made an appeal for immediate decision for Christ. Later, in a wealthy Episcopal church, the rector preached a sermon which would do credit to an evangelistic preacher of Methodist persuasion, and he too appealed to his congregation, almost half of whom were men, for decision. In both great churches there were many men, young and old, and they gave the most reverent attention to the preaching of the gospel. It is the writer's privilege to know a preacher who is the pastor of a large church in a university town. His sermons are invariably evangelistic in tone. He has been pastor of that church in that center of wealth and intellectual life for nearly eight years; large con-

gregations listen regularly to him, and no one desires a change of pastor. Mention is made of these cases merely to prepare the way to say that a strenuous age is unwilling that its pulpit should become lax with its gospel as a heart-searching message.

The task of the pulpit is also conditioned by what I may call the method of the mystic pioneer. This task exacts of the preacher something more than that he shall be a logic-machine, or an intellectualist trying to interpret the voices of sacred literature, or a revivalist heralding saving truth and calling men to repentance, or a thoughtful-browed slave of the ideals of the ages. He is to be more than any one of these and more than all of these; he is to *feel* and *see* the Infinite. To be ever open skyward is an integral part of the pulpit's task. Where the pulpit has no vision the people perish. In this busy, noisy, clamoring, maddening age, the pulpit must be a pioneer in realizing the things that lie beyond sense. Into regions where the categories of common thought are not felt to be essential, the mind of the preacher should rise and dwell a while every week, in order that he may duly prepare himself to blaze the way for those who aspire to experience a Christ who is "all and in all." The preacher is not expected to shrink from his privileges on these levels of spiritual life. Whatever else he may be as a philosophical theorist, he will not fear this aspect and measure of mysticism. He must qualify himself to preach a heavenly experience sanely adjusted to earthly conditions. The great preachers have been men of such mystical experiences. Such "fields of feeling," psychologically speaking, must be regularly cultivated, for their products are fundamental to the most effective preaching. With the precautions which common sense will impose upon the preacher he may safely qualify to say, to himself alone, every time he enters the pulpit: The Lord and his truth, which I am now about to declare, I have seen with my own eyes.

Having noted that the task of the pulpit, as conditioned by its objective, its subject-matter, and its methods, is real and is also vitally related to psychological functionings of various kinds, we must now turn to the more fundamental nature of the relation of psychology to this task. Let us therefore consider

2. The Bearing of Psychology on the Work of the Pulpit. Thus far we have been concerned with the connotation of the term *pulpit*. It is necessary now to ask ourselves what the term *psychology* denotes. Külpe, of the University of Würzburg, construes psychology as the "adequate description of those properties of the data of experience which are dependent upon experiencing individuals." He seems to be a rather thorough-going empiricist. The field of psychology is mental facts, or facts of consciousness. Professor Angell would seem to define psychology as the science of consciousness. In the third edition of his Outlines of Psychology, Wundt declares that psychology is, "in relation to the natural sciences, the supplementary science; in relation to the mental sciences it is the fundamental science; and in relation to philosophy it is the propædeutic empirical science." Ladd's definition, quoted by James with approval, is: "Psychology is the description and explanation of states of consciousness as such." Dewey defines psychology as the "science of the facts or phenomena of self." In Gordy's New Psychology we read: "Psychology is the science of the experiences, phenomena, or facts of the mind, soul, or self—of mental facts, in a word." While psychology deals with mental facts and processes, Bowne declares that its "starting point must be the analysis of the individual consciousness, . . . but no complete knowledge of the human mind can be gained by a study of the individual consciousness alone." In Titchener's latest text on this subject he says: "If mind is the sum-total of human experience, considered as dependent on the experiencing person, it follows that each one of us can have direct acquaintance with only a single mind; namely, his own. We are concerned in psychology with the whole world of human experience; but we are concerned with it solely under its dependent aspect, as conditioned by a nervous system; and a nervous system is a particular thing, possessed by a particular individual." Other authorities might be cited, but we have noted the main things to be said by way of definition.

Psychology being a descriptive science, we may expect the human consciousness to be made a subject of the closest scientific scrutiny and experimentation. Accordingly, it is necessary for us to familiarize ourselves with what are known as phys-

iological psychology and psychophysics, the former referring especially to the relation of body to mind, and the latter to the relation of physical change to change in sensation. The pulpit stands in special need of a good knowledge of psychology because of the vital bearing of such knowledge on the preacher's work as a leader in the great work of religious education. Many of the leaders in the Protestant churches and most of our leading theological seminaries are aware of the increasing significance and magnitude of this movement, and, while none of them would think of disparaging real evangelism, they believe that nothing can be more prophetic of a new era in real evangelism than the successful promotion of this new movement in behalf of religious education. In this respect it is the most significant movement in the church to-day. The natural leaders in this movement are the preachers. They will need all the light which psychology can throw upon the vital problems of religious pedagogy and they will find that the chief end of the study of psychology is not getting and imparting knowledge that is strictly psychological, but qualifying themselves for the most effective use of knowledge that is not strictly psychological. The pulpit deals with experience, not as an end, but as a means by which people may qualify to reach an end. A true interpretation of experience requires a knowledge of psychology. Naturally, the pulpit deals with religious experience. The preacher should know how to so interpret his own experience as to make it appear rational to others. Educational psychology may suggest to the preacher the wisdom of silence regarding those aspects of his own experience which could only confuse the religious thought of his hearers. Psychology should be an aid to the preacher in the adaptation of his message to the people to whom he preaches, who doubtless represent a variety of religious experiences. Some have had a denomination experience, so they claim to possess a genuine Methodist experience. The religious experiences of many are determined by temperament: the phlegmatic passing through one kind of experience; the sanguine, through another kind; the choleric, through another kind; and so on. Then there is the experience which bursts into full bloom only under the heated conditions of the crowd.

And with the experience of the extremist in the church we are all familiar. In every parish are people of culture who fondly fancy that they are, perhaps, the only cultural factors there, and insist on observing a rather precise measure of caution and dignity in the administration of their peculiar modicum of religious experience. Almost every preacher has had to bear with certain men who literally construe their special type of patriotism as a vital form of religious experience; their storming of Lookout Mountain fifty years ago still serves to cover a multitude of sins and entitles them to an immortality on which they stand ready to realize at every turn. Then there is the man who is combative, and who regards it as a particular mark of the indwelling of the Spirit to organize opposition to everything which may not happen to commend itself to his narrow and belligerent mind. The narrow-minded are always with us, and out of their special lack of knowledge they are always prone to erect their repeated, though limited, experiences into categories of thought. They beset us behind and before, for, with every available aid, how may we hope to speak so that they may understand? They too often see only peril in what they cannot understand, and what they entertain a suspicion that the wise labor in vain to understand. Moreover, the pulpit must minister to some whose religious experience has had its unity and continuity broken by intermittent violations of the moral law, and they are tossed about by the frantic waves of desire. In their case, the animal gains ascendency over the man; their battles are always drawn. What is the psychology of such an experience? Can the preacher really minister to such people? Can he minister to the worse type—the open and brazen violator of the law? Has not psychology a mission in the pulpit's ministry to these and many other types of mind?

If the preacher is to be an expounder of the Christian truth in the Bible we may inquire what psychology can do for him in this respect? A hint here must suffice. Misconceptions regarding the meaning of the Bible, or portions thereof, have often arisen out of sheer ignorance of the *usus loquendi* of the people and the writers of the Old Testament period. As products of this sort of ignorance, we see at one extreme such a type of infidelity as was

represented by Mr. Ingersoll, and at the other extreme such literalists in interpretation as are to be found in our day publicly opposing every advance in genuine biblical scholarship. Both of these types would be benefited by a thorough knowledge of race psychology and genetic psychology. Modern psychology is making it clear that to successfully preach to the modern mind those truths which are expressed in the glowing pictures of an Oriental imagination we must reconstruct in our own imaginations the events, times, scenes, settings, etc., which compose the pictures in question. The best way to realize the meaning of the thirty-fifth chapter of the book of Isaiah is to bring to it a vivid and trained religious imagination. If, instead of superposing hard-and-fast literal and mathematical propositions upon the first chapters of Genesis, men could have imagined the psychological background of those chapters, and allowed their great poetic and eternal truths to come forth bearing their own real meaning, would it not have saved us the sorry spectacle of a most harrowing and unreasonable controversy? A sound and lively imagination is a saving element in the religious thought of every man. And educational psychology has a definite word for us about the proper training of the imagination. The Bible is the preacher's chief book; in it he communes with the great men who once were. Is it not worth while to study as exactly and scientifically as possible the soul-struggles of such great men as Moses, Elijah, David, Isaiah, Ezekiel, Jeremiah, Amos, Hosea, John, Peter, James, and Paul? They do not shrivel under keen psychological analysis; neither does Jesus. It is well to remember that, though a thoroughgoing biblical psychology may be very remote, the terms fundamental to modern psychology—feeling, knowing, and willing—are staple terms of the New Testament. Taking up, as the preacher must, the psychological phenomena of the New Testament, and of early Christianity, we find that in such a work as Cutten has given us (Psychological Phenomena of Christianity) he has made a study of the religious phenomena of the New Testament times, namely, ecstasy, glossolalia, visions, dreams, stigmatization, demoniacal possession, faith-cure, miracles, conversion, prayer, knowledge, faith, will, and worship. And in this connection the preacher

may derive much help from such works as Ames's Psychology of Religious Experience, Everett's Psychological Elements of Religious Faith, Granger's The Soul of a Christian, Starbuck's Psychology of Religion, Coe's The Spiritual Life, and King's Development of Religion.

Allusion has already been made to the heavy intellectual exactions made on the modern pulpit. What bearing has psychology on the intellectual equipment of the modern pulpit? The task of the modern pulpit embraces a living interest in all healthy idealistic tendencies; but wherever practical idealism obtains it is sure to be founded on certain norms: norms of the true, the beautiful, and the good—even though these norms prove to be subjective. Cousin's old book treated of matters which ought to be supremely interesting to every awakened mind. It was related to the three major normative sciences of our day—logic, esthetics, and ethics. These are regarded as the normative sciences, and surely no pulpit could well decline to interest itself in their practical aspects at least. Psychology, as a descriptive science, is fundamental to each of these normative sciences, and it is fundamental because it is introductory to them. Where it leaves off they begin. Supposing, for example, that ethics has to do with what ought to be in conduct—that is, with norms of good, right, and duty—what ought to be in these respects cannot be clearly known or intelligently declared until knowledge is gained through history and psychology regarding what has been and what is. Before it can be said that a given person should will in a given way, precisely, it is necessary to know what the state of his mind has been and what it is now, not to speak of his past and present experiences. At this point it is easy to err by insisting on what men ought to do in particular. In his General Rules for the Methodists Mr. Wesley went about as far in this direction as he had a right to go. When we venture into particularism in our application of *ought* and *ought not,* especially when that particularism wanders so near the chasm of the dogmatic that it precipitates itself into *shalt* and *shalt not,* it becomes necessary to call upon the descriptive sciences of history and psychology for the real background of the character we are trying to guide in the

particulars of moral and religious conduct. In other words, as Professor Palmer has indicated, "psychology gives us estimates of fact; ethics, estimates of worth." And the content of worth must depend on the nature of fact. That there is such a reality as godliness, and that it is what it is, have a vital bearing on our obligation to cultivate a life of godliness. The preacher, therefore, needs psychology as a point of departure for his ethical teaching; and that need is very great. A glance at recent literature on ethics shows how dependent this science is on psychology. The first thing Green undertakes to do in his Prolegomena to Ethics is to discuss at length the metaphysics of knowledge, in which psychological considerations are necessarily fundamental. Martineau devoted the whole second volume of his Types of Ethical Theory to a profound discussion of various forms of psychological ethics. By the time he reached the third chapter of his Principles of Ethics the late Professor Bowne was deep in a discussion of the relation of ethical theory to psychological theory. On the second page of his System of Ethics Paulsen declares that ethics, standing at the head of the practical sciences, is based on the science of man, anthropology and psychology. Seth devotes the third chapter of his Ethical Principles to a discussion of the psychological basis of ethics. Smyth, in his Christian Ethics, says that "ethics without psychological assumptions is an impossibility. . . . Christian ethics cannot claim freedom from the processes and tests of modern psychology. . . . We deem it to be the far more excellent way to write an ethics which shall justify itself before any competent psychology." Now, when we consider the ethical character of the teaching of Jesus, and also the tremendous need of a pulpit whose gospel shall contain a strong and clear ethical note, both individual and social, we must see the importance of so pitching that ethical note that it may be carried through in harmony with what is known about the *facts* of consciousness. In this respect, therefore, psychology would seem to offer distinct aid in the work of the modern pulpit. In much the same fashion it can be shown that logic and esthetics, as normative sciences, begin where psychology leaves off, using psychology as a point of departure; but space will not allow me to follow out this part of the

argument. The position can be verified, however, by reference to such works as those of Mill, Bosanquet, Jevons, Bain, Sigwart, Wundt, Bradley, Bowne, Ormond, and Mivart.

Psychology is vitally related to the theology of the pulpit. The pulpit must have a theology; and the sounder that theology is the more effective the pulpit will be, under normal conditions. But it is not an easy matter to secure for one's self a theology which, under all the tests you want to apply to it, will prove itself to be sound. However, it must prove itself to be sound, and the proof of its soundness must arise from within and from without. A theology which fails of verification within the preacher's own consciousness, after he has thought it through, part by part, and then thought it over as a whole, he cannot preach with any heart or with any power. It is the duty of every preacher to earn his own theology, just as it is his duty to earn his own experience, his own bread, and his own sermons. The theology with which the modern pulpit is concerned has to do with man and his sinning, God and his revelation, Christ and his salvation, the Holy Spirit and his immanent help, man's development in righteousness as an individual, and as a social being among his fellows, and man's spiritual destiny under God. The pulpit must know the problem of theism as it can be known; and when we ask ourselves how we may know God we are forced to ask ourselves how we may know anything—a question in epistemology, and finally a question in psychology. Moreover, how can we discuss the doctrine of sin as we ought if we turn not the light of psychology on our doctrine? We must settle it with ourselves that, if it should come to a choice between psychological fact and theological theory, we, as Christian men, must be found on the side of psychological fact—only we must make sure of the fact. With this precaution in mind one will often be surprised at his own propensity to theological theorizing when nothing is in order but a correct interpretation of psychological facts. If biblical theology and its excellent method are ever to become ours we shall find it more and more necessary to look at the various writers of the source documents of biblical theology through their respective experiences, and not through our own theological spectacles. What did they respectively see, feel,

know, believe in, hope for, determine, do? What was their respective environment, and how did it operate to give their theologies their personal equations and their peculiar colorings? What tremendous experiences did they have with our God? And what sound inferences may we draw from these conditions for our own profit? Should it prove to be true that the finest part of religious experience eludes psychological analysis, the preacher who has learned the method of study which has produced such biblical theologies as those of Schultz, Weiss, Beyschlag, and Stevens will still find much needed light and help in the psychological works already cited. Vital theology cannot ignore the findings of recent psychology; and theology which is not vital should not be preached.

The preacher deals with congregations; his congregations may be crowds. The chief end of his ministry to the congregation is to lead men to know God and serve him. His evangelistic function will determine the quality of his preaching. If he fails in every other respect he should not fail in being evangelistic. He must be not only evangelical; he must be evangelistic. If he is to deal with crowds which become, or tend to become, excited with religious enthusiasm, he need not regard the phenomena which he witnesses as particularly dangerous in themselves; he need only know how to promptly control and direct the phenomena, and he must act upon his knowledge without delay. If he can evaluate and direct the religious enthusiasm of crowds the chances are that his pulpit will be commanding and his leadership wise. He must know that in revivals, as in many other things, all is not gold that glitters. He must learn the psychological significance of noise; he must not be misled by noise, and he must know how to handle it. He must learn to give any kind of evangelism a turn by which it becomes an ethical power. He must so understand a crowd that, when addressing it, he may so impress it ethically as to give general direction to the moral conduct of the individuals who compose it, when it is broken up, scattered, and no longer a crowd. He will know that the morality of a man in a crowd may be quite different from the morality of that man when he is alone. And his knowledge should be such that, when put at the disposal of his

religious workers, it may help them to work intelligently with all sorts of people under the spell of the crowd. He will know that, while it is very unwise to turn loose every one as a religious worker in a revival crowd, every member of his church may be encouraged to work privately and personally outside the crowd. Education toward this ideal may be constantly carried on from the pulpit. The preacher who would equip himself may profitably study such books as Le Bon's Psychology of the Crowd, Davenport's Primitive Traits in Revivals, Jastrow's The Subconscious, Horne's Psychological Principles of Education, and other works of similar import. These books will help him to properly evaluate most of the phenomena which occur in revival crowds; but it should never be forgotten that the reality and value of a religious experience are not in any way diminished because it can be labeled psychologically. Some make the mistake of assuming that as soon as you can analyze and tabulate the experiences of the soul they deserve to be discredited. That does not follow. Such experiences are to be reckoned with as before; if they are genuine, they are to be encouraged and conserved; if spurious, they are to be eliminated; and it is well that we should detect their spuriousness. And one thing to beware of is the substitution of the psychological analysis of a religious movement for the movement itself. The Church of Jesus Christ must not quit her task or halt her advance in order to study herself; if she does she may die of what she may fancy her ailments to be.

The plea of this paper is simply this:-As we progress in our tremendous work as preachers of the gospel of Jesus Christ it is our simple duty to work as intelligently as possible, and if the information which has been given to our generation by the psychological scientists is of any assistance to us in our work, then let us avail ourselves of that information, and apply it as continuously, consistently, and sensibly as possible.

William J. Davidson

Art. III.—THE MODERN NOVEL IN ENGLAND AND AMERICA

A guileless person who should trust publishers' announcements of their forthcoming novels might conclude that the abundance of really excellent ones is great. But if he wishes to preserve this opinion, let him continue to read the advertisements rather than the novels. Confident advertising is now as common in the literary as in the business world, and it has converted many gentle readers into confirmed pessimists. The fact is that altogether too many novels are being written. The tyranny of a single literary form is upon us. Just as in the Elizabethan period everyone who could write wrote a play, so now everyone tries his hand at a novel—with the result that we are so be-storied that it is difficult to separate the good from the bad or the indifferent. In authorland the avenue to fame and money is the novel. A celebrated essayist's new volume may sell five thousand copies, but a celebrated novelist will sell his hundred thousand. The poor devil essayist is obviously out of the running. He may have the satisfaction arising from noble work nobly done; but meanwhile, unless he have some other source of income, he hears the wolf steal up to the door. Consequently he may, in a purely commercial spirit, hazard a novel; and if he be successful, becomes a chronic novelist—chronic because in a man temperamentally fitted for other work story-writing is a kind of disease. To him, as to Chaucer's Doctour of Phisik, gold is a cordial. Chapman and Peele, contemporaries of Shakespeare, were good poets and only indifferent dramatists, but, then as now, poetry did not pay; hence their attempts at drama. Hazlitt clung to the essay and to his ideals, and a precious hard time he had of it. To-day the reading public, vastly widened in the last half century by our school system, demands chiefly the novel, which gives them something for nothing, that is to say, which furnishes entertainment without requiring thought, or refection without reflection. The pressure on the ambitious author is therefore tremendous. Even the nine muses pale before the six "best sellers." To "scorn delights and

live laborious days," with Milton, and to receive fifty pounds for a "Paradise Lost," is a hard thing if by writing a pretty tale about flowers of knighthood one may become a major novelist rather than a major poet, live at the best hotels, and enjoy the best society. An English lady of fashion, when asked by an American acquaintance whether she knew Charles Lamb, replied: "One didn't meet him." Obviously this cannot be said of a popular novelist who has earned—or obtained—twenty-five thousand dollars for each of his "works" and is now writing a satirical study of New York society which the very persons of whom it treats—if haply there be any such persons in Manhattan or elsewhere on the green earth—will delight to read. Such is fame; such is success. As for the carping literary critic, exit left, while the radiance of a thousand candles continues to shine upon the intellectual brow of the popular novelist.

And yet the novel in itself is perhaps as well entitled to existence as any other literary form. The main objection must be offered to the unconscionable number of entries that crowd the track and to the refusal of most novelists to train properly for the race. Familiarity with the great story-tellers of earlier years is surely not an unreasonable requirement; yet we find one of our most noted American novelists—and one who is believed to represent the best traditions of fiction—confessing that, since he is a realist, he has not read Stevenson and has no intention of doing so. If this is true of a leader, what may one hope for from the rank and file? The newspaper training of many fiction writers, though useful, is likely in many cases to give more facility than faithfulness, and rapid production is generally fatal to art. Winston Churchill, who devotes two years to a novel, has precious little company in the severe altitudes of conscience. But the foot-hill writers increase and multiply until one may wish that they were afflicted with the sterility of a certain stubborn animal with long ears. Mr. Churchill, however, it is gratifying to note, has had his reward in all respects, and stands admittedly at the head of recent American novelists. The "lesser breeds without the law," nevertheless, do not lack defenders. It is often asserted that the average modern novel is a far more workmanlike produc-

tion than Thackeray's or Dickens's. And in one respect this is often true; the neat construction of the present-day narrative, shorn of superfluity and digression, is a salutary advance in architecture. The technique of the novel is now well understood, and on the whole well practiced, but in proportion to skill in characterization and study of the problems of human life, there is too much devotion to technique. At least half of the "best sellers" sell on account of enticing plots. If a novel have this one virtue, it may commit a thousand crimes and still win the public heart. Witness in proof such rubbish as The Brass Bowl, in which improbability and inconsistency run riot—to say nothing of slovenly English. Of course there is no reason why a "good story," in the simplest sense of that phrase, should not also be a work of art. Shakespeare could effect the compromise; Stevenson could; and several living writers have done so with good results. Sir Arthur Conan Doyle's Hound of the Baskervilles reveals a plot of admirably sustained interest and thrilling climax, a gloomy atmosphere of the moors which powerfully affects the reader, and at least one character study, that of Sherlock Holmes, of unusual vividness and truth. This, though not a great novel, is one of the best examples of modern fiction designed for entertainment. Anthony Hope's Prisoner of Zenda is another. Despite a tinge of the sickly sweet of sentimentality, it is, on the whole, as robust as it is enthralling, and deserves its remarkable popularity. Terse and dramatic, it spurs forward straight to its goal, a brave figure on the highway of romance. Maurice Hewlett's Forest Lovers may be mentioned in nearly the same terms, and shows in addition notable resources of expression. And The Queen's Quair, by the same author, is a historical novel of which the present generation may well be proud. Both accurate and absorbing, it challenges comparison with all but the topmost achievement of English historical fiction. Mr. Doyle, Mr. Hope, and Mr. Hewlett are all born story-tellers; they have the true gallop of good narrative. Now, writhe as we will, it must be admitted that in much of the work of Thackeray, Dickens, and George Eliot there is not enough of this story interest, and that even in Scott it is overlaid with too much chit-chat not always divine. If Dickens had

written more novels of the moderate length and absorbing interest of Oliver Twist, he would have escaped the charge of tediousness, which, however abhorrent to a Dickens enthusiast, is not without foundation. He who has a proper sense of the brevity of human life will hesitate to peruse more than a few novels of eight hundred mortal pages! Of course the modern breathless narrative, which ill represents true life, corrupts the taste of the reader and lures him away from the old masters. Utter inability to appreciate Thackeray and Dickens is a sad commentary on one's mental equipment. Yet, ridiculous and unliterary as may seem the recent bold enterprise of issuing Scott in condensed form, this is intrinsically neither impossible nor ridiculous. It should be performed, however, only by a competent modern novelist or by an equally competent critic; and it should not be ingenuously stated that the condensed form is the book "as Scott himself would have written it if he had written it to-day." This, as a reviewer well suggests, is very like adding insult to injury. Thackeray, Dickens, and Scott, however, certainly wrote without enough prevision; and their loose plots show the unfortunate result. The more artificial structure and improbable events of the modern novel are reprehensible, but the gain in firmness of narration compensates for much. Heaven's first law is too little observed in the early novelists.

It is well to make the most of this advance in technique, for it is the only element of the novel which has advanced since Thackeray and Dickens. In other respects, a sad deterioration has set in. What characters of current fiction are worthy to stand beside Becky Sharp, David Copperfield, or Jeanie Deans? One of the most vivid in the present writer's mind is that somewhat theatrical though vital figure Mr. Sherlock Holmes; and he leaves much to be desired. The "certain rich man" of William Allen White's recent story is drawn with great care, but with hardly sufficient genius; he is rather too obviously a study in sociology. Mr. Kipling's "Kim" is better; but this author has shown more admiration-compelling genius in the field of the short story. Huckleberry Finn, that type of unfathomable boyhood, raises Mark Twain's position to a comfortable security. But how

many others has he drawn which are equally good? One Huckleberry does not make a pie. The fact is that modern characters are commonly subservient to the plot, whereas they should create it. Such old-style narrative as that of William de Morgan's novels is very uncommon to-day. His success indeed leads one to suspect that the manner of Thackeray is by no means caviar to the multitude; but one is immediately brought up short in his hope for a return of the old regime by recollection of Henry James's very moderate popularity. The tendency to reduce the number of characters to a convenient group which shall not interfere with the rapid progress of the plot is a prominent feature of the most popular modern stories which is not encouraging to contemplate. Such a group is a pitiful contrast to the well-filled stage of Vanity Fair. One of the most popular of living novelists, George Barr McCutcheon, might conceivably have been classified by Thackeray as an addition to his Four Georges, a new monarch of romance—the more so since in The Rose in the Ring he has the temerity to recall the author of The Rose and the Ring to our memories. What Thackeray, who wrote "a novel without a hero," would have said to this sugar-coated melodrama is questionable; but he would scarcely have regarded Mr. McCutcheon as a disciple. Winston Churchill, on the other hand, may not unfairly be associated with the master whom he professes to follow. Jethro Bass, that crafty New Hampshire politician, is almost a masterpiece of characterization. Mr. Churchill's ascent from attractive mediocrity to an excellence equally attractive has been steady and encouraging. Among the horde of political novels recently produced, Coniston and Mr. Crewe's Career stand eminent. Moreover, there is no attempt to impress his public with a sense of his unbounded cleverness. The jaunty superficiality and display of tinsel which distinguish so many gentlemen-in-waiting in the chambers of literature are absent in Mr. Churchill's work. Too many readers to-day cherish a stealthy or open admiration for mere cleverness in a novel, whether associated with plot, sentiment, or style. The popularity of writers like O. Henry—and I purposely name one of the best of the class—clearly attests this.

Now, O. Henry stands emphatically for feats of verbal leger-

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demain, startlingly clever phraseology, akin to keeping a dozen glass balls in the air simultaneously. He is up to date in slang and colloquialisms; the mark of the modern is upon him. And his ingenuity is indeed bewildering. But such a literary style is as overdressed, and therefore as showy and vulgar, as a chorus-girl. Let the reader beware of expressing undue admiration for it, since such expression is a dangerous index to his own equipment. An untrammeled young critic recently declared that Mark Twain's Innocents Abroad shows quite as much vulgarity as humor, and that the author reveals throughout his work a lack of fineness in taste which is too congenial to Americans. However this may be, we certainly have too much admiration for the juggler and trickster of letters. A novelist or short-story writer who can keep up a continuous vaudeville performance of astonishing feats is much too popular nowadays. More nature and sincerity are desirable. After which accusations, let me come to O. Henry's rescue by the assertion that his glaring faults of style do not obscure his searching analysis of human nature as he has seen it, especially in New York city. Some of his little excerpts from life have a vividness and truth which call for the most cordial admiration. They hold the mirror up to nature. The critic's regret is that, to the hour of Mr. Henry's untimely death, he catered to the lower range of public tastes. He did not educate his readers; he made himself one with them. And he thereby followed the primrose path of Beaumont and Fletcher rather than the steep ascent of Shakespeare.

Style is indeed the great lack in the modern story. Good English is best sought outside of the "best sellers." Even Winston Churchill, conscientious as he is, has not attained real distinction. The unerring word and phrase, the harmony of texture, and, above all, the subtle perfection of prose rhythm, which distinguish Thackeray, are not his disciple's. Setting aside Thomas Hardy as of an older school, three of the most artistic of our living English and American novelists are Maurice Hewlett, Eden Phillpotts, and Henry James, and of these the first has still, perhaps, too much preciosity of manner, the second too much fondness for purple patches of description, and the third too much unnecessary

subtlety and obscurity—which have led one unregenerate reader to declare that he is still waiting for Mr. James's novels to be translated into English. Some of our young Americans who are imbued with college traditions, like Gouverneur Morris and Henry M. Rideout, write with much expressiveness and ease as well as correctness; and across the water, W. W. Jacobs has a rare magic of humorous phrase which is often quite worthy of Dickens. It is encouraging to count the goodly number of youthful writers who know their craft and who are faithful to severe ideals; but this should not blind us to their inferiority to such undisputed masters of English as the authors of David Copperfield and Vanity Fair. Our current short stories often reveal better style than our novels; yet the total influence of the short story upon the novel has probably been far from salutary. It has imported into the latter too much desire for effect and too much artificiality of structure. The gain in beauty of technique is more than offset by loss in character portrayal and true representation of life.

The poverty of resources in recent fiction is all too forcibly presented by a consideration of its reliance on novelty of setting. Glorified geographies have become much too common. Novelized Alaska is interesting; but success here is achieved partly because it is easier to portray human life interestingly in Alaska than in Massachusetts. The interest flows mainly from the region rather than from the somewhat barren invention of the writer, and empties into Reader's Bay with a fullness which, though satisfying, is, upon analysis, unconvincing. The present writer confesses, however, to an especial fondness for these geographical masterpieces, for the reason that the real poverty of the modern novel is thus partially concealed. And any aspect of contemporary life which, in the nature of the case, could not have been treated by Thackeray and his fellows is worth trying. But a colorless or unnatural Mr. X, in Alaska, or Russia, or Africa, is, when divested of his geographical garments, seen to be colorless and unnatural. In Carlyle's picturesque phrase, he may "haste stormfully across the astonished earth," but upon sober second thought our astonishment will be that so preposterous a figure should ever have greatly interested us. Viewed in the spirit of

the author of Sartor Resartus, the dashing hero of Alaskan romance often turns out to be but a poor creature. Not infrequently he reveals a lamentable lack of knowledge of how to make love, which is excusable only in consideration of the unreality of the young woman to whom he offers his affection. This fault mars that otherwise excellent novel, The Blazed Trail, and Jack London's considerably less excellent Sea Wolf. Undue reliance upon novelty of setting, or upon novelty of any kind, usually attests a decline in art. It is only the masters who can make use of the old, normal materials, and out of them produce a Heart of Midlothian or an Adam Bede. To see life steadily and see it whole has not been the aim, and certainly not the accomplishment, of many recent novelists. Rather it has been to whisk us away on a sentimentalized motor-car tour through Europe, or to count with tearful repetition some sorrowful rosary of blighted affection. That now almost forgotten success Trilby owed its triumph to the then novel theme of hypnotism—something now so hackneyed as to be negligible. And most of the so-called "nature-fakirs," who wrote fairy tales, embellished with some degree of fact, about wolves and foxes only two or three years ago, have already broken camp and departed on the long trail that is always new. Occasionally, as in Robert Hichens's Garden of Allah, a genuinely worthy piece of work is done in portraying the fascination of locality. There is remarkable power of atmosphere, of local color, in this story. But it is questionable whether even a novel so far above the average, if it relies, as it does, chiefly on its setting, can long survive the corroding touch of time.

And the problem novels, on such topics as divorce, religion, the Negro question, and current politics, are doomed to much speedier extinction. In reality most of them are nothing more than pamphlets designed for immediate effect. They take the place of the skillful work of Defoe, Swift, and others in the Queen Anne period. With obvious opportunities of begging the question, they are generally unsound and not infrequently perilous. A dramatized version of The Clansman, on the Negro question, so inflamed race prejudice that it was forbidden performance in several large cities. Upton Sinclair's story, The Jungle, which exposed

the disgusting conditions in the meat packers' district of Chicago, was journalistic and ephemeral to the last degree—in no true sense a novel. The most celebrated of all problem stories, Uncle Tom's Cabin, still holds the boards, it is true; but this is due to the fact that the problem of slavery was a monumental one and still lingers in memory. When the last pensioner has been paid it is more than probable that Uncle Tom will have been almost forgotten; for, as literature, the book does not rise much above mediocrity.

No, these novels which use contemporary problems or unfamiliar setting as a crutch will never do. Designed for temporary entertainment or edification, each "best seller" has its little Arctic day of six months, and then, giving place to some newer phenomenon of cleverness, passes into a Cimmerian darkness, which, happily, is permanent. Meanwhile, the great elemental themes of Homer and Shakespeare are by most writers carefully avoided. The jealousy of Othello, the ambition of Macbeth, are replaced by the *sang froid* of an amateur cracksman or a flirtation with a chauffeur. A searching study of affection, starved and then misdirected, such as Eden Phillpotts's Secret Woman, is rare. The intensity of the latter half of this novel is worthy of the best traditions of English fiction. Winston Churchill's Coniston, in a lesser degree, has this elemental appeal. The soul-riving struggle of Jethro Bass between trickery and honesty is a theme which calls for a genuine novelist; and in none of his works has the author so well proved his mettle. No recent novel shows a more unforced and moving pathos; it has the reticence and the truth of Thackeray's. Other modern writers of fiction, like Bret Harte and Mary Wilkins-Freeman, have laid bare the soul of a village or a district, with its quaint types of curiously warped character; and this also is worthy labor. The springs of human nature never run dry; but those writers who are perpetually seeking in thrilling adventure or abnormal psychology some quack fountain of youth are not entitled to much respect. Their novels may be good pot-boilers; and to write such novels is frankly the ambition of several successful purveyors of literary merchandise. But these

Pilots of the purple twilight, dropping down with costly bales,

are, after all, merchants, not artists. It is not to them that we may look for hope. Indeed, the status of the novel to-day is not unlike that of the English drama shortly before the closing of the theaters in 1642. A jaded public taste demands novelty at all costs, and, though the immorality of the decadent drama is not present in the current novel to any alarming degree, the outlook is not very promising. Has the novel, then, actually run its course? And will some new literary form arise? The best refuge from such troublesome questions is a frank admission of agnosticism. If some great novelists soon appear, the situation may be saved. At present, however, one can only say that the stage is overcrowded with a mob of gentlemen, and others, who write with ease, if not with distinction, that no light-hearted Mercutio seems to have received a death-wound, that Romeo is no longer Romeo, and that "the white wonder of dear Juliet's hand" is no more outstretched toward a magic garden wherein the moon "tips with silver all the fruit tree tops." Rather, we are afflicted with house-parties at gorgeous country estates, and a young woman who has acquired the novel and dangerous habit of eating cubes of sugar soaked in cologne! Over this tableau let us hasten to draw the curtain, for, after such inventiveness,

> There is nothing left remarkable
> Beneath the visiting moon.

Harry T. Baker

Art. IV.—"FISHERMEN"

Every man taxed with serious work ought to have some hobby—some healthy and wholesome diversion to fill his leisure hours and look forward to and dream about. And what hobby can a man have that is more interesting, more captivating, more wholesome, than to wade a mountain stream and cast a fly or run down a live bait for the handsomest, sportiest fish that swims? What a delight to look forward to and to dream about on dismal winter days, and to divert and sweeten the mind when cares annoy and the bearings of life become heated and grind. Nothing can be more enjoyable than to wade a noisy, buoyant, sparkling stream, to feel the rush of the water about you, to forget shop and banish care, and to get close to nature in God's out-of-doors. And what is quite equal to that fascinating sensation when, simultaneously with the swift golden flash in the clear water ahead of you, you feel the weight of the fish against the spring of the rod, and that curious thrill runs up the line and down the arm, creating an indescribable and pleasurable "brain-storm"? Then the exhilaration of the out-door life, the health and appetite, the *camaraderie* of congenial spirit, and the telling over of the day's sport at the day's end! Here is a fascination that will last you all your life and will keep you young in spite of the years.

How truly did Christ recognize one of the deepest needs of the soul when he said to his little circle of disciples, "Come ye apart into a desert place, and rest a while." Does not the modern disciple need the same injunction? Are not we ministers of this fevered day losing the art of meditation? Do we not need the ample, roomy spaces of retirement in our lives? "In the world," says De Senancour, "a man lives in his own age; in solitude, in all ages." He who is to handle God's eternal truth needs the open sky, the forest depths, and the touch of primeval nature; needs occasionally to get away from man and the things of man to fit him for his best and highest work. And what a joy to be entirely alone with nature; to feel, with the poet, that you are a part of all that you have met; that the birds are singing and the

flowers are blooming for you; that you are a part of the great scheme of things, and that the God of the anemone and the song-sparrow, the running brook and the over-arching blue, claims you with all else. I am in most hearty accord with Dr. Van Dyke when he says that a river is the most human and companionable of all inanimate things, that it has a character and life all its own, and is full of good fellowship. "For real company and fellowship there is nothing outside of the animal kingdom that is comparable to a river." It seems to court familiarity; you can get close to it, and enter into fellowship with it, and listen to its voice while it talks to you in its varied tones as it goes rippling over the pebbles, or leaps down the rocks, or murmurs in the rapids on its way to the sea. And the way to love the little river is to enter into close and familiar intercourse with it. You must come to know a woodland mountain stream as you come to know people. You cannot know a man by tipping your hat to him or passing the time of day with him as you meet him on the street or in the car. You must take time to know him; you must enter intimately and sympathetically into his life and see him under various and contrasting circumstances. This is the only true way to know a mountain stream. You cannot know it by catching glimpses of it as you ride by in carriage or auto, but you must meet it in its native haunts; you must walk with it and follow its meanderings, come to learn its habits and variant moods, and become familiar with its pools and rapids, its sporting places and its secret haunts.

But to some of us—let us admit our weakness frankly, if it be a weakness—the most fascinating thing about the little mountain river is the agile beauty that lives and sports in its sparkling rapids and quiet pools. A great deal has been said about the trout, but almost entirely from the viewpoint of sport. But one enthusiast whom I came across in my reading boldly affirms that the trout is a great moral agent and conservator of human welfare; that "he has led the prospector and explorer up the unmapped defiles to the crown of the divide, and discovered rare plants, timber tracts, precious ores, and water powers. He has stimulated a love for nature, made men good, virtuous, and humane. He has given occupation to idlers, lured loafers from demoralizing

environment, filled libraries with poetry and an angling bibliography as unique as it is interesting. He has, in fact, been a potential instrument in distributing population over the wilderness places. The trout is associated with nature in her most winsome phases, and none can cultivate its acquaintance without becoming better men." We smile, perhaps, at the earnest endeavor of our enthusiast to prove the trout a moral agent, but many a time, while wandering along a mountain stream, trying to lure from his lair this sagacious beauty, has the trout turned preacher and taught me many wholesome and helpful lessons. At my first essay I learned that the element of luck was almost entirely eliminated in trouting. However it may be about other fish, there is no luck in catching trout. The only luck I know of is in having your tackle in good order. To transfer this brook beauty from stream to creel requires knowledge and skill. Like chess, you must know how to play the game if you expect to win. The speckled beauties of the mountain streams are captured only after hard and painstaking labor. The man who thinks that he can catch trout in any old way, by leisurely sauntering down a stream and throwing his bait in anywhere and anyhow, has but to try it once to find out his mistake. I have a friend, a lover of the woods and streams and a devotee of the angler's art, who, in later years, prefers to take it easy. While the rest of us are laboriously making our way along the stream, climbing through underbrush, wading rapids, seeking precarious footing on slippery rocks, searching out the point of vantage to send the bait down the current to the secret lair of the wary fish, he saunters dreamily along the unobstructed side of the stream, or sits down on a mossy bank beside a tempting pool to enjoy a pipe while line and bait float lazily about at the will of current or wind. But at the "show-up" at the day's end, as we lay our fish in a row on the grass at the roadside to compare our "catch" and recount the day's experience, his creel is quite likely to be very light or entirely empty. Yes, it is hard work to catch trout. "And it is hard work to catch men, too," I said to myself, as I slipped into my creel a twelve-ounce beauty that I had landed after a stiff fight. The minister who, under God, essays to be a fisher of men must be a hard and laborious worker.

Not for him is it to saunter lazily or dreamily along life's teeming streams and lure wary and weary men by leisurely tossing them some tempting bait of platitude or pleasantry; for not so are men often taken for God. Only by careful, conscientious, and painstaking work can the minister of God hope to catch men for his Lord. When you have struck your fish, keep a constantly taut line if you expect to land him. Let up an instant, relax your tug but for a second, let your grip on the rod slip so that there is a slack in the line, and with a rainbow leap your keen antagonist, unless very firmly hooked, will shake bait and hook from his mouth, and with a sinking sensation, which no one can understand who has not experienced it, you reel in an empty line. So men are lost. And it is only he who keeps everlastingly at it who lands his man. But not only is hard and constant work necessary if one hopes to catch trout, but if he would woo and win the wary beauty he must "possess his soul in patience." This, too, I have learned by the streamside. How many a time have I waded a stream hour after hour, using every kind of bait or change of fly, without a "strike," and when perhaps I was least expecting it, after hours of fruitless effort in trying to beguile the wary trout, there has been a golden flash in the water ahead of me like a thread of fire, a ravenous lunge at the bait or fly, and a frantic dart back again toward the secret lair. "You must learn the art of patience if you hope to take me," he seemed to say as I have dropped him into my creel at the end of a long patient try to tempt him forth. Yes, and so must the minister of God "let patience have her perfect work" if he is to take men for his Lord.

The minister's task is so great, and the results often so meager, that the best of us may be pardoned if at times the heart grows sick with hope deferred. Then it is well to lift our eyes from the little piece of ground we are tilling to the larger, wider world fields of God's harvesting. Long and short are, after all, but relative terms, and what is long for one purpose may be short for another. All the great ongoing movements of God have been age-long movements. "What is to last forever takes a long time to grow." And God is not particular to follow out to-day the consequences of the principle which he laid down yesterday. That

was surely a wise suggestion the geologist made to his preacher friend, that "every minister ought to take a course in historical geology in order to learn something about the length of processes, and thus at once enlarge and slow down his expectations of divine operation among men." Surely a just perspective of history would cure us of much of our hurry, and help us to "possess our souls in patience." Greater is the need that the minister shall be patient because of the hot, eager haste of our modern life. Never has life been so quickly exhausted as among us to-day. We are a restless, turbulent, feverish people. "Hurry is stamped in the wrinkles of the national face." We are going faster and faster as the years go by, driving our machinery at utmost speed. We are always trying to save a minute. Some one has said that "we are rapid-transit mad." The man of business wants his lunch, and wants it quick. The traveler pays his extra fare for "getting there" an hour or two sooner on the "limited." Everything is pushed. Our boys are pushed through school and our girls are pushed into society. We hatch chickens by electricity and sell our wheat before it is in the ground. Physicians are calling earnest attention to the fact that we are even dying in a hurry. "Instead of the lingering ailments of our fathers, we succumb to apoplexy and heart failure." Startling indeed is the great increase of death from heart disease during the last decade. We are not only burning the candle at both ends, but, as some one has remarked, "we cut it in two and set all four ends a-blazing." We are going so fast that we are losing some of the finest and sweetest things out of life. We are driving so hard to make a living that we have scarce time left to make a life. Our over-stimulated nerves become heated, and the machinery gets hot, and grinds, and we become irritable, nervous, excitable, and the man breaks midway in his career. We need to unstring the bow, to slow down the pace. We are fast losing the art of meditation and the dust is settling on the soul's wings. We need the quietude and pauses of uninterrupted hours, "the ample, roomy spaces of stillness" in our lives. Slowly do the things that are most worth while come to completion. With infinite delays and painstaking patience Haydn and Handel beat their music out. Filling barrels with

manuscript, and refusing to publish, Robert Louis Stevenson perfected his matchless style. Millet describes his career as "ten years of daubing, ten years of drudgery, ten years of despair, and ten years of liberty and success." To "await occasions and hurry never" was one of the strongest and sanest notes in Channing's "Symphony," and he who learns this art of infinite patience will find quietude of soul and mastery of men and things.

Be natural, keep as near to nature as you can, is another secret of successful trout fishing. This, too, I learned after many weary defeats in my attempts to capture this brook beauty. It is not enough to throw your bait or your fly into a stream where the wary trout are; you must present the lure as naturally as possible if you hope to take your fish. If you are using live bait you must so put your fish on the hook that when it floats down the stream it will seem to be swimming freely and naturally; or, if you are using a fly, you must select your "cast" so that your fly will correspond, as near as may be, with the character of insect that the trout is feeding upon at that particular time. The skillful angler will change fly after fly, if unable to attract the trout, till he is rewarded in finding the particular fly in his book that the fish will mistake for the natural fly it is feeding on. Then success crowns his painstaking efforts. The minister must apply this same principle if he is to be a successful fisher of men. How suggestive and helpful to have the Apostle Paul, the world's great winner of men, tell us his secret, under God, of winning souls for his Master. And when we search for this secret, it is merely the angler's secret of changing his bait till he has selected the right lure. "Unto the Jews," he tells us, "I became as a Jew, that I might gain the Jews; to them that are under the law, as under the law, that I might gain them that are under the law; to them that are without law, as without law. . . . To the weak became I as weak, that I might gain the weak: I am made all things to all men, that I might by all means save some." To search until we find the point of contact, and then meet the man on his own ground, is the real secret of soul-winning. To try bait after bait, with sympathetic and painstaking care, till the right lure is reached at last, will, under God, crown our efforts with success in winning men for him.

I think there is great need in our day of emphasizing the necessity of naturalness and simplicity in the presenting of truth to men. The danger is so common with us preachers of associating complexity and artificiality with power. We need to be constantly reminded that at all times and everywhere simplicity is strength. Nature everywhere and always dowers simplicity with power and greatness. How astonishingly few and simple are the great forces of the universe. Greatness is always simple. A modern writer has called attention to the fact that all great art is simple; that the master painters do not portray the elaborate and dazzling in nature; they sketch a plowed field, or a sunny meadow, or a ragged urchin, or some peasants or country folk. Millet's masterpiece was on exhibition in New York city a few years since and all went eagerly to see it. And what was it? It represented a cornfield at sundown. At the left was a steeple, and in the foreground a peasant man and woman with a shovel and a hoe. The coloring was sober and subdued. Ruskin considered the "Crossing the Bridge" Turner's greatest creation. And what is this masterpiece? To the left is a group of pines. In the foreground a couple of children and a dog are playing. There are a winding river, an old bridge, and in the distance a dilapidated mill. It is painted in quiet grays and greens and pale blues. "I remember," says Emerson, "when in my younger days I had heard of the wonders of Italian painting, I fancied that the great pictures would be great strangers, some surprising combination of power and color, a foreign wonder. When at last I came to Rome and saw with eyes the pictures, I found that genius left to novices the gay and fantastic and ostentatious, and itself pierced directly to the simple and true; that it was familiar and sincere; that it was the old eternal fact I had met in so many forms, unto which I had lived. I now require of pictures that they domesticate me, not that they dazzle me."

The world's greatest literature is simple. While weak and amateur writers cover up dearth of thought with many-syllabled words and Latin derivations, the world's great masters of literature can make you laugh or weep with words so simple as to be commonplace. That is why Shakespeare and Plato and Homer

will never die. They lived at the heart of things, and dealt with the essential affirmations and denials of universal truth, and men turn to them for inspiration and mental rest from the turmoil of the excited and frothy literature of our modern day. But, more to my purpose, all the really great men of the world have been simple. What a fine insight into the true greatness of Gladstone does Mr. Morley give us in his life of the great Commoner in an incident he mentions of a conversation between Mr. Gladstone and Mr. Bryce. They were discussing Dante. Mr. Bryce was speaking of the poverty of the great poet. "How strange it is," replied Mr. Gladstone, "to think that these great souls, whose words are a beacon light to all the centuries, should have had cares and anxieties to vex them in their daily life just like the rest of us common mortals." And, enlarging upon this simplicity of Mr. Gladstone, Mr. Morley adds a beautiful tribute to Mr. Darwin to the same purport. The great naturalist, speaking of a visit Mr. Gladstone had once paid him, remarked: "He talked as if he had been an ordinary person—like one of ourselves." Real greatness is almost always marked by such unconscious simplicity and humility. It is ever the drum major who grows pompous when he thinks that the world is watching him as he marches at the head of the procession. The great general, bowed with the honors of many campaigns, is simple and unaffected as a child. The greatest preachers have been the simplest preachers. It is always the little man in the pulpit who feels forced to leave the great, broad, simple Bible truths for minute and ingenious treatment of little topics that play about the surface of life and never go to the lowest deeps of the hearts and consciences of men; who searches in the strange and unfamiliar corners of his Bible to get some petty little theme that will tickle the hearer's fancy; who racks his brains to find some fanciful or fantastic topic, and then tries to make a thirty-minutes' talk on what most men could exhaust in two minutes. This type of preacher reminds one of that couplet of Cowper's,

> 'Tis pitiful to court a grin
> When one would woo a soul.

The great preacher is always the simple preacher. How easily

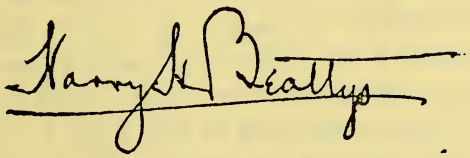
and surely he brushes aside the conventional elaborations of surface thought and fact and lays hold of the few large, broad, and simple principles that lie in the deep bosom of eternal truth. We need to simplify our preaching if we would increase its power. We need to practice what Emerson calls " the science of omitting." This science of omission must have a large place if our preaching is to reach its highest efficiency. "There is but one art—to omit!" writes Robert Louis Stevenson to his father. "O, if I knew how to omit I would ask no other knowledge. A man who knew how to omit would make an Iliad of a daily paper." The true artist leaves out the trivial, the vulgar, the irrelevant. A critic speaking of Watteau, the French painter, describes him as "sketching the scene to the life, but with a kind of grace, a marvelous tact of omission, in dealing with the vulgar reality seen from one's own window." So the preacher who knows how to omit and what to omit is best fitted to make a telling appeal to men and to lay his hand with power upon his day and generation.

One lesson more this speckled beauty of the mountain stream has taught me, the most important and vital in successful trout fishing, and that is, to keep yourself always out of sight and never allow your shadow to fall across the pool where your fish lies waiting. Every angler knows well the fatality of allowing the shadow of his body, rod, or line to fall across a quiet pool; instant alarm is the result, and a speeding to his lair "like a thread of fire." A trout will shy and dart frantically up and down a pool at the shadow of a butterfly or a low-flying swallow. No other fish is so sensitive as the trout to shadows on the water. If I were asked for the one absolutely essential requirement for successful trouting, I should answer, "Keep out of sight, and be sure that your shadow does not fall across the water." I am not sure but that, next to the Spirit of God in the soul, keeping oneself out of sight is the most vital essential for the fisher of men. It is told of Michael Angelo that when he was carving his great statues he wore a candle in his cap in order that his shadow might not fall upon the marble he was fashioning. So the minister should always keep his own shadow off the great work he has in hand. To turn the attention of men away from himself, and exalt Jesus

alone, has ever been, and ever must be, the secret of successful preaching. Nothing so weakens the real effectiveness of any work as self-consciousness. The man who does not lose himself in his work, whatever that work may be, but is ever thinking of himself and the result of his actions upon his own prospects, can never become a power among men. And the minister of Christ who is continually thinking more of himself than of the great work committed to his hand, whose chief concern, when he preaches, is to be thought clever or eloquent, debases the Christian pulpit and is recreant to his high and sacred trust. John the Baptist, the greatest man hitherto born of woman, according to the testimony of his Lord, was never so great as when, at the very height of his popularity, he turned the admiring gaze of men away from himself to the Christ, saying, "He must increase, but I must decrease."

To keep one's shadow off people is to be blessed, indeed. The man whose nature is large and luminous, who calms and cheers and helps his fellow, is one of God's richest gifts and greatest blessings. Such a man acts upon others as summer warmth on the fields and gardens. He calls out the best that is in men. He makes them stronger and braver and happier. The man whose shadow always falls behind him oils the bearings of life and makes right living easier. One of the most beautiful tributes ever paid to Phillips Brooks was an editorial note in a Boston paper which read: "It was a gloomy day yesterday, with overhanging clouds and pattering rain and clinging mists; but Phillips Brooks walked down Newspaper Row, bowing here and there to his friends, and the day was all sunshine." I knew a sainted minister of God, a man of scant scholarship and limited powers, who never reached any of the "leading pulpits" of his Conference, but who rounded out a half century of earnest, consecrated service in the country districts. He came to spend his superannuated days in a suburban town where he was commonly spoken of as the "Reverend Mr. Sunshine." One day a man came to town to visit him, and asked a passer-by if he could direct him to the home of the Rev. Mr. ——. "Don't know any such person, sir," was the reply. "Why, surely you must know him. He has lived here for years,

and everybody knows him," insisted the inquirer. Suddenly the man looked up and said with a smile, "O, I guess you mean the Rev. Mr. Sunshine. Everybody knows him here by that name." There is a scene in one of George Macdonald's novels of a dreary, desolate day in Scotland, with heavy clouds and low-lying mists. A little lad is walking over the moors with his aunt at the close of the day, just as the setting sun is breaking through the clouds and painting the sky with wondrous tints. The little fellow watched the scene for a while, as he trudged along by the side of his aunt, and then, looking up into her face, said: "Auntie, when I grow up to be a man, I am going to help God paint the sky." This is a dreary, desolate world to many people, with heavy clouds and clinging mists. Blessed, thrice blessed, the man who can go up and down among his fellows helping God to paint the sky for dreary lives! To make this world a lighter, brighter, warmer place for other people to live in, by always facing the sunlight and letting our shadows fall behind us, is to achieve, perhaps, the proudest triumph of the minister's life. Some one has said, "Set behind your face a feeling of gratitude to God and a kindliness toward man, and you will every day preach a sermon as long as the streets you walk, a sermon with as many heads as the number of people that you meet, and differing from other sermons in this, that the longer it is, the better."



Art. V.—LIFE AND LOGIC

We hear a great deal about logic, and have heard ever since the days of Aristotle. We talk about logical conclusions, logical attitudes, logical candidates, logical lines of action, logical outcomes, etc. We invoke logic to prove the correctness of our politics, the righteousness of our conduct, the reasonableness of our religion, the justness of our principles, the value of our advice, the wisdom of our investments, the foolishness of our adversaries, and the essentially illogical nature of the feminine mind. And we have books on logic; and some of us remember from our college days how to frame a syllogism: A is B, B is C, therefore A is C. What an inspiring moment it was when we first discovered the syllogism and read what the author of the textbook said about its utility! What hope we took on! How restful to think that human thought, that most elusive and mutable of all creations, could be seized upon and reduced to obedience, manipulated and measured, and pigeon-holed, like so much matter! No more false conclusions, no more self-deception! No more submission to the specious words of opponents! Henceforth straight thinking and scientific living! With enthusiasm we entered upon the struggle with the many forms of the syllogism. But, somehow or other, logic didn't clarify things as much as in those first few days of fervor we expected it would. Before the course was finished we had discovered that the array of formulas to master was bewildering. And there was so much fallacy! and it was so much like truth in its outward appearance! A great deal of what was reputed to be good sense really was not. Like mercy, we discovered that "Logic was not itself that oft looked so." Fallacy, indeed, could be put to confusion; that was plain enough; but the achievement of its downfall seemed to call for the services of a professor of logic. We began to feel helpless at the prospect of being set adrift in the illogical and fallacious world without him. Our only consolation was the thought that we could at least take the textbook along with us.

The full measure of the difficulty in applying logic to life,

however, came only after we had lived more of life. In some mysterious way even the formulas which we considered most to be depended upon seemed strangely inefficacious as soon as we attempted to apply them outside the book. A is B, B is C, therefore A is C, was perfect in its operation until we began to substitute. For example, bargains are desirable, the desirable is a good, therefore a bargain is a good. This seemed clear enough; only, it depended upon whether you really stood in need of the article, or whether you had the money to pay for it; or, A's investment turned out well, I have an investment, therefore my investment will turn out well. This, again, proved a pitfall for your unwariness until experience taught you to distrust the syllogism as applied to finance. And then another trouble was that a syllogism which to you was perfectly convincing could not always be relied upon to convince another. Your wife said, It becomes me, it is desirable for me to look well, therefore you will let me buy it—and couldn't understand your objection to her syllogism any more than she could understand the logic of your response, which probably took this form: Hats cost money, I have no money, therefore I cannot let you buy the hat. Even when she put your logic to confusion by actually buying the hat and making you pay for it, you were not quite sure where the trouble was lodged.

And logic seemed strangely susceptible, sometimes, to outside influences. There was the Grape—

> The Grape that can, with Logic absolute,
> The Two-and-Seventy Jarring Sects confute;

and how often logic seemed to depend, for real successful working, upon a dinner, or a dose, or a rise in stocks, or the weather, or the acceptance of one of your articles by a magazine—in short, on the way you felt. It was discouraging. You began yourself to feel the least bit inclined to

> Divorce old barren Reason from your Bed,
> And take the Daughter of the Vine to Spouse.

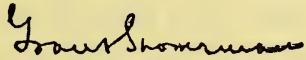
Of course, you will say that the fault was not with logic; that fallacy was the cause of it all; and that is perfectly true. But the fact remains that the application of logic to life is something

less than an exact science. Logic is either so intricate a mechanism that men cannot work with it—or will not; and to many men who have been contemplating life and logic from up a tree, it looks as if the common run of mankind *would* not. Men do not stop to analyze and to substitute vital circumstances for the A's and B's of the formula. They are far more apt to say, I know this is doubtful, but then we've got to do *something;* or, It may be as you say; but then I like my way better; or, My father voted this ticket, and I guess it's good enough for me; or, Such and such a man may be all right, but you can't make me believe it; or, You are quite right about your new religion, but I can't see how I am going to get along without the old.

There seem to be two kinds of logic—the logic of the books and the logic of life; and the logic of life is frequently guilty of the most shameless offenses against the logic of books. Men are in peaceful possession of fruitful acres, happy in the bosoms of their families, and prosperous in all their affairs. Their country calls for volunteers in a great cause. Logic says: There are plenty of men who are single and eager to go, and you'll never be missed; stay here and be comfortable; there will be time enough to go when there is a more pressing need; patriotism consists as well in staying at home as in going to the field. And yet they set forth knowing well that they are likely never to return. Or an engineer in a little Mexican town sees a car of dynamite on fire. Logic says: Pull away from it, or you'll be blown to atoms. It may not explode; it may not be dynamite. Even if it is dynamite, and does explode, perhaps it will not wreck the town. You owe it to your family to take no risks. But he couples onto the car, nevertheless, pulls out of town, and *is* blown to atoms. Or, logic says to the artist: Your work is not appreciated; you are in need of money; a man must live; give up your dreams. But Self says: Give me complete expression, if you die for it. Or, again, logic says to the reformer: Let well enough alone; your meddling will result only in antagonisms, and embitter existence for you; the world has got along all right for a long time, in spite of abuses; be genial and complacent; after all, how do you know that you are absolutely in the right? And yet with patience he endures

debates, envyings, wraths, strifes, backbitings, persecutions, martyrdoms. One logic says: Self-preservation is the first law of nature; the other expostulates, He that loseth his life shall save it. Looking through the glasses of the one, we see history filled with examples of wasted time and money and lives gone for naught. Through the glasses of the other we see that what looked like waste and loss was not what it seemed; that there is that scattereth and yet increaseth; and that withholdeth, but tendeth to poverty.

And which of these contradictory logics are we to choose for our guide of life—scientific logic, sprung from the intellect, the logic of fact; or the logic of emotion and impulse, the logic of poetry? Or are they, after all, contradictory? And are we not rather to see in the one a higher, a transcendent logic—the Divine logic, the logic of things as they are; the logic which saves us from despair in a world which cannot be explained intellectually and temporally by giving us hints of an explanation which is spiritual and eternal? Perhaps we are to trust neither of them implicitly, weak vessels as we are; but certainly not the former. If we must choose, much better turn deaf ears to old barren Reason, and heed the demands of Self clamoring for expression. The object of logic is truth; to be, not to seem, is truth; therefore, the best logic is to be.



Art. VI.—LANCELOT ANDREWES, AND THE MINISTER'S PRAYERS

Jacob Riis, in one of his books, tells of a Jew living in a New York slum tenement, the darling ambition of whose life it was that his little boy should grow up to be a rabbi. But one day, when the boy was only eight years old, he threw the family into consternation by declaring he would never be a rabbi. When asked the reason for his disappointing decision, the boy said: "Because I do not believe I could ever think of words beautiful enough to speak to God in."

The child's beautiful thought has stayed by me ever since, as suggesting one of the things that every minister ought to give much thought to. It would seem as if there are not too many candidates for the Protestant ministry who are afflicted with that kind of embarrassment. There are too many ministers who do not appear to think their prayers are such a high and holy matter as all that. Indeed, if one were disposed to be a little bitter, he might say of a good many occupiers of pulpits that they would do very well if only they would leave out praying. I have heard extempore prayers in public that were like the earth at the beginning of creation—without form and void; and I have heard prayers out of a book rattled off as if the ministrant had a train to catch. I have heard an eminent minister misuse the notable celebration of a great anniversary by his failure to rise above the commonplace in either thought or language in his speech to the Almighty when he stood forth to voice the heart of the multitude. I have heard a minister at a church service in honor of Decoration Day lift up his voice in such eloquent periods and with such flowery rhetoric that at the conclusion it was difficult to refrain from prolonged and loud applause. I have heard the beloved words that we call the "Lord's Prayer" rattled off so many times in a service that it seemed like the endless repetitions of the heathen, who think by their much speaking to be heard. I have heard ministers shout so that it seemed as if they were trying to attract the attention

of a sleeping god by their noise, and one might imagine the stern old prophet standing near and girding them on by his satirical bidding to "cry aloud," and I have heard some simple old man who had cultivated the art of prayer carry the soul up to the very presence of the Almighty by the quiet dignity of his exalted utterance. I have heard a young man hush the waiting souls into silence with his very first word by the sounding depth of his awed voice; the serried hosts of angels parted, and the censer of his solemn prayer was swung before the very presence of the Infinite on the great white throne.

Private prayer may be simple and intimate, and oftentimes it should be. Marie Bashkirtseff says that God is one "from whom we can ask everything, and to whom we can tell everything," and Fénelon went so far as to tell a troubled soul, "If God bores you, tell him that he bores you." But public prayer at a regular church service is different. Formality enters into it. It is a public address to the Supreme Being of the universe. We can, in the right place, go to God familiarly, as a child goes familiarly to his earthly father; but when a congregation is to be led into the presence of the Almighty, it is fitting that the minister should pay attention to the dignity and beauty and worth and uplift of his utterance. The greatest fault in the pulpit ministrations of many of our non-liturgical churches is a want of impressiveness and uplift, and sometimes of real seriousness and reverence, in the service of worship, and particularly in the prayers. Some denominations, in order to guard against these risks, have forbidden their ministers to improvise, and tied them up to a book. They feel that the task is too great to be left to the chance of mood or inspiration. Beethoven, if the old story be true, could improvise a "Moonlight Sonata"; but Tom, Dick, and Harry could not do it. Beethoven could not do it two or more times every week. But regularly as the cycle of the days goes round comes to the minister the great duty of giving utterance in high words to the deepest needs and loftiest aspirations of the soul in the presence of the Almighty; of giving utterance also to the little, homely, intimate feelings and needs of each life. And who is equal to this task? To tie the minister to a book, with the necessity of reading certain prayers

each week, is only a makeshift settlement of the difficulty. In churches where a prayer book is used it is possible for the minister to read the stated prayers without any thought, previous or present. In churches where no service book is used, it is possible, and too common, for the minister to improvise his prayers on the spur of the moment. One of the great needs of every young minister is that he go to the literature of prayer, so that his soul may be trained to the exalted spirit of prayer and his mind may be filled with the lofty language of prayer. When he is young he should begin to train himself in this way, and then when he is old he will not be able to depart from it. A mind filled with the language of the great masters of prayer has a rich storehouse of treasure to draw from when the hour comes for exercising this solemn function of the ministry in the pulpit before the waiting congregation, by the bedside of the needy sick, or in the awe-inspiring chamber of death.

This paper does not intend to pass in review the great literature of prayer, but just to speak of one book that is perhaps the classic of the classics, and that, when taken for a companion, leads the soul into high places of thought and feeling and expression. I have spoken of public prayer, but the book of which I speak as a great model is a book of private devotions—the Preces Privatæ of Lancelot Andrewes. It was written for the closet. For the ear of God alone were the words brought together from the Bible, from the ancient liturgies, from the great geniuses of prayer, from the rich treasure-house of the man's own mind; but the devout soul was determined that the ear of God should have the loftiest and most beautiful, as well as sincerest, utterance he could possibly frame. When Lancelot Andrewes died, in the year 1626, the Preces Privatæ was found, in manuscript, lying by his side, "worn with his fingers and wet with his tears." He had loved the book much, and over it had labored long. It represented the profound repentances of his spirit and the high exaltations of his soul. With it he had spent many hours of each day. An old writer says that "his praier booke, when he was private, was seldom seene out of his hands." We are told that he sometimes spent five hours of the day over a prayer and a psalm; and

Richard Drake speaks of the original manuscript when he saw it (unfortunately now lost) as "happy in the glorious deformity thereof, being slubbered with his pious hands and watered with his penitential tears." But Lancelot Andrewes was not a mere devotee, mooning in his closet and neglecting the life of the world. He was a man of affairs, of high offices and great responsibilities. Born in London in 1555, the year that Ridley and Latimer were burned, he lived his life in the glorious Elizabethan period of England's history. Shakespeare, Bacon, Milton, Edmund Spenser, Hooker, John Donne, Archbishop Laud, George Herbert, and Cromwell were among his contemporaries, younger or older. Elizabeth was his queen. He was a favorite of James I, and he had a prominent place in the crowning of Charles I. The Spanish Armada was defeated during his lifetime, the Gunpowder Plot was discovered, and the Puritan controversy was working through its bitterest days. The King James Version of the Bible was translated, and Lancelot Andrewes was head of one company of the translators, and is thought to have been the author of the famous and remarkable rules by which all the companies were governed. In early youth he showed himself avid of learning, and particularly of languages; he became master of so many tongues (more than twenty) that quaint Thomas Fuller says "he might, if then living, almost have served as interpreter-general at the confusion of tongues." He was so learned that even the great Bacon submitted The Advancement of Learning and others of his books to him for criticism and correction. He passed quickly from one office to another, until he became Bishop of Chichester in 1605, Bishop of Ely in 1609, Lord High Almoner about that same time, a privy councilor for both kingdoms in 1616, and Bishop of Winchester in 1618, to say nothing of many other offices that he held. He was the most popular preacher of his day, earnest and eloquent, and "painful"—as they said then. He was noted for his benefactions and almsgiving, was a special friend to poor scholars, and his hospitality was so open-handed that it was said of him that he kept Christmas all the year. But notwithstanding his brilliancy and his success, he did not forget his God or his own soul as he got into high dignities. An old historian says: "Of all those whose

piety was remarkable in that troubled age, there was none who could bear comparison for spotlessness and purity of character with the good and gentle Andrewes." And yet even he seems to have been unable wholly to withstand the temptations of the levity and dissoluteness of the court of James. He helped to squeeze the oppressed poor of the land when he accompanied the "wisest fool in Christendom" on his royal progress through Scotland, and in the infamous Essex case he voted the king's way; and when he agonizes and cries out for mercy and pardon in his great prayers of confession, there are those who see in those utterances the remorse of a soul that finds kings' palaces very bad even for pious souls.

Such, in briefest and most statistical summary, was the author of the Preces Privatæ. Great learning he had, and great devotion; great experiences with God, and great struggles in his own soul. In the world you find him a man of power and a king's favorite. But follow him to his hours of privacy and you find him on his knees, spending four or five hours in the study and the exercise of devotion, producing and using laboriously and through the years the book that is one of the most precious heirlooms of those who love the life of the spirit.

The prayers are written partly in Greek and partly in Latin. Various translations have been made. But over these things I do not care to pause. The book falls into two parts, first, a section containing morning prayers for every day in the week, and a few evening prayers; and, second, a section containing miscellaneous prayers. The morning prayers for the seven days of the week are built on a very interesting plan. Each one begins with a meditation and adoration, proceeds to the utter abasement of self in the confession of sin, goes on to prayer for grace, advances then to a soul-strengthening confession of faith, passes on to an intercession that is superb in its inclusiveness, and concludes with a thanksgiving. In this week of prayer the opening chapter of the Bible furnishes the first inspiration. From the suggestion of a line or two of that sublime chapter the worshiper's mind moves out to a great adoration of God for the broad sweep of his mercies. Take this from the first day:

Glory be to thee, O Lord, glory to thee,
Creator of the visible light,
the sun's ray, the flame of fire;
Creator also of the light invisible and intellectual:
that which is known of God,
writings of the law,
oracles of prophets,
melody of psalms,
instruction of proverbs,
experience of histories:
a light which never sets.
God is the Lord, who hath shewed us light:
bind the sacrifice with cords,
even unto the horns of the altar.

By thy resurrection raise us up
unto newness of life,
supplying to us frames of repentance.
The God of peace,
that brought again from the dead
our Lord Jesus,
that great Shepherd of the sheep,
through the blood of the everlasting covenant,
make us perfect in every good work
to do his will,
working in us that which is well pleasing in his sight,
through Jesus Christ;
to whom be glory for ever and ever.

Thou who didst send down on thy disciples
on this day
thy Thrice-Holy Spirit,
withdraw not thou the gift, O Lord, from us,
but renew it, day by day, in us,
who ask thee for it.

The great soul rejoices in what God first did on the first day of the week, and then bounds ahead in joy for what God afterward did on other first days of the week.

But if you want to get to the heart of Lancelot Andrewes, turn to one of his confessions of sin—that wonderful one for the first day of the week, or this shorter one from the miscellaneous prayers that follow the week's cycle:

Essence beyond essence, Nature increate,
Framer of the world,
I set thee, Lord, before my face,
and I lift up my soul unto thee.

I worship thee on my knees,
and humble myself under thy mighty hand.
I stretch forth my hands unto thee,
my soul is as a thirsty land toward thee.
I smite upon my breast,
and say, with the publican,
"God be merciful to me a sinner,"
the chief of sinners;
to the sinner above the publican
be merciful, as to the publican.
Father of mercies,
I beseech thy fatherly pity,
despise me not,
an unclean worm, a dead dog, a body of death;
despise not thou the work of thine own hands;
despise not thine own image,
though defiled with sin.
Lord, if thou wilt, thou canst make me clean.
Lord, speak the word only, and I shall be healed.

And thou, my Saviour Christ,
Christ my Saviour,
Saviour of sinners, of whom I am chief,
despise me not; despise me not, O Lord,
who am purchased with thy blood,
called by thy name;
but look on me with those eyes
with which thou didst look upon
Magdalene at the feast,
Peter in the hall,
the thief on the cross:
that with the thief I may entreat thee humbly,
Lord, remember me when thou comest
into thy kingdom;
that with Peter I may bitterly weep, and say,
O that mine eyes were a fountain of tears,
that I might weep day and night;
that with Magdalene I may hear thee say,
Thy sins are forgiven thee,
and with her may love much,
for my sins, which are many,
are forgiven.

And thou, all-holy, good, and life-giving Spirit,
despise me not, thy breath,
despise not thine own holy things;
but turn thee again, O Lord, at the last,
and be gracious unto thy servant.

Such language, perhaps, is hardly for everyone to use every day, but just to read it over is discipline for the soul. There is confession for the sinful heart; there is balm, also, for the sorrowing heart. And then take this prostration of soul:

> Lord, as we add day to day, so sin to sin.
> The just falleth seven times a day,
> and I, an exceeding sinner,
> fall seventy times seven:
> a wonderful, a horrible thing, O Lord.
> But I turn with groans
> from my evil ways,
> and I return into my heart,
> and with all my heart I turn to thee,
> O God of penitents and Saviour of sinners;
> . . . . . .
> alas, alas, woe is me for my misery.
> I repent, O me, I repent; spare me, O Lord;
> I repent, O me, I repent.
> Have mercy upon me, O Lord,
> according to thy lovingkindness,
> according to the multitude of thy tender mercies
> blot out my transgressions.
> Remit the guilt,
> heal the wound,
> blot out the stains,
> deliver from the shame,
> rescue from the tyranny,
> and make me not a public example.
> Remove the dark and muddy flood
> of foul and lawless thoughts.
> O Lord,
> I have destroyed myself;
> whatever I have done amiss, mercifully pardon.
> Deal not with us after our sins,
> nor reward us according to our iniquities.
> Look mercifully upon our infirmities;
> and, for the glory of thy all-holy name,
> turn from us all those ills and miseries
> which by our sins, and by us through them,
> are most righteously and worthily deserved.

There is true prayer in language as worthy of being used to the Creator as man can find. True prayer, and true literature, it is. True prayer—sincere and devout. True literature—simple and beautiful. How different from most of the printed prayers of the current day, where one so frequently finds that effort to be literary

and that straining after effect that spoil them both as prayers and as literature! Literary self-consciousness and the preaching note that is very clearly heard through the ostensible address to God make a combination that is not good for prayer; and these are the faults that prayers of the present day are continually falling into. But when the man who prays has the phrases of psalmists, prophets, saints, fathers, martyrs, litanies, liturgies, gospels, and epistles waiting in cohorts, ready to spring to his lips for service, then his prayer is likely to rise above the commonplace:

> How truly meet, and right, and comely, and due,
> in all, and for all,
> in all times, places, manners,
> in every season, every spot,
> everywhere, always, altogether,
> to remember thee, to worship thee,
> to confess to thee, to praise thee,
> to bless thee, to hymn thee,
> to give thanks to thee,
> Maker, Nourisher, Guardian, Governor,
> Healer, Benefactor, Perfecter of all,
> Lord and Father,
> King and God,
> Fountain of life and immortality,
> Treasurer of everlasting goods,
> Whom the heavens hymn,
> and the heaven of heavens,
> the angels and all the heavenly powers,
> one to other crying continually—
> and we the while, weak and unworthy,
> under their feet—
> Holy, holy, holy,
> Lord God of Hosts:
> full is the whole heaven,
> and the whole earth,
> of the majesty of thy glory.
> Blessed be the glory of the Lord
> out of his place,
> for his Godhead, his mysteriousness,
> His height, his sovereignty, his almightiness,
> His eternity, his providence.
> The Lord is my strength, my strong rock, my defense,
> my deliverer, my succor, my buckler,
> the horn of my salvation, my refuge.

That prayer is general in its terms. But Lancelot Andrewes could be particular, also. And how wonderful were his particulars.

O Lord, my Lord,
for my being, life, reason,
for nurture, protection, guidance,
for education, civil rights, religion,
for thy gifts of grace, nature, fortune,
for redemption, regeneration, instruction,
for my call, recall, yea, many calls besides;
for thy forbearance, longsuffering,
long longsuffering
toward me,
many seasons, many years;
for all good things received, successes granted me,
good things done;
for the use of things present,
for thy promise, and my hope
of the enjoyment of good things to come;
for my parents honest and good,
teachers kind,
benefactors never to be forgotten,
fellow-ministers who are of one mind,
hearers thoughtful,
friends sincere,
domestics faithful;
for all who have advantaged me
by writings, sermons, converse,
prayers, examples, rebukes, injuries;
for all these, and all others
which I know, which I know not,
open, hidden,
remembered, forgotten,
done when I wished, when I wished not,
I confess to thee and will confess,
I give thanks to thee and will give thanks,
all the days of my life.
Who am I, or what is my father's house,
that thou shouldest look upon such a dead dog
as I am?
What shall I render unto the Lord
for all his benefits toward me?
for all things in which he hath spared
and borne with me until now?
Holy, holy, holy,
Thou art worthy,
O Lord and our God, the Holy One,
to receive glory, honor, and power:
for thou hast created all things,
and for thy pleasure they are
and were created.

It is hard to turn from such prayers to those unorganized and unordered prayers that are so frequently heard in our non-liturgical pulpits, beginning anywhere and ending when the time is up—or long after—and altogether accidental, muddled, and jumbled. The Throne of Grace should be approached with some form, and with dignity, beauty, and the effort to offer a worthy offering from the heart and from the lips. And how full of preaching many pulpit prayers are found to be. Not directed to God at all, they seem, but directed to the people. They are sermons, or appeals. It is a common saying of ministers, when asked if they will make an address at a funeral service, "No, I can say all I wish to in the prayer." The same fundamental thought produces the other preachy prayers. At a great evangelistic meeting in Boston, after one well-known minister had offered prayer, another well-known minister rose and said to the audience: "In the beautiful prayer to which we have just listened *we were enjoined* to set aside time for" Bible study, or whatever the minister wanted to tell the people. And of course there is always that famous prayer of Edward Everett's to be remembered, of which the newspaper report declared that a prayer more replete with political information had never been addressed to a Boston audience. These are common faults of non-liturgical prayers. There are others also. Prosiness is one—the thought commonplace and the language without inspiration or uplift—prayers that have no wings. They need the poetry of great thoughts clad in great dress in order that the heart of the congregation may be thrilled. And do we not hear some prayers that seem almost patronizing? There is no evidence of holy awe in the speaker. It is bad enough to have one minister count the congregation while another is trying to lead the souls of the people in prayer, but if the man who offers the prayer himself gives the impression of lack of reverence or seriousness, what likelihood is there that a large part of the wide-eyed and unpraying congregations commonly seen in our churches will be led to feel themselves waiting before the very face of God? How can the people be expected to feel the awe and mystery of God's presence if the minister does not? The tone in which the minister speaks to God is something that spoils or injures many

prayers for the congregation. Some men pray as if they were conversing with a neighbor; it sounds as if they were very familiar with God. Some men pray as if they were talking through a telephone. Others pray in what might be called the business-like tone. And others use what might be called the patronizing tone; the speaker seems to take God into his confidence. But I know a country minister, a young man, who puts so much awe and solemnity into his utterance of the word "God" that my soul is at once hushed and thrilled. And read Lancelot Andrewes. The cold printed page itself makes you feel the awe in the man's voice as he knelt in his chamber and poured out his soul to God:

> Blessed art thou, O Lord,
> who didst create the firmament of heaven,
> the heavens and the heaven of heavens,
> the heavenly powers,
> angels, archangels,
> cherubim, seraphim;
> the waters above the heavens,
> mists, vapors, and exhalations,
> for showers, dew, hail, snow as wool,
> hoar frost as ashes, ice as morsels,
> clouds from the ends of the earth;
> lightnings, thunders, winds out of thy treasures,
> storms;
> the waters beneath the heavens,
> water to drink,
> water to wash in.

There is awe in the tone; and that sense of God's sublimity leads the man, as he worships, to rest his soul in the great mysteries, as in this confession of faith in one of his morning prayers:

> I, coming to God,
> believe that he is,
> and that he is a rewarder of them
> that diligently seek him.
> I know that my Redeemer liveth,
> that he is the Christ, the Son of the living God,
> that he is indeed the Saviour of the world,
> that he came into the world to save sinners,
> of whom I am chief.
> We believe that through the grace of Jesus Christ
> we shall be saved
> even as our fathers.

I believe to see the goodness of the Lord
in the land of the living.
Our heart shall rejoice in him,
because we have trusted in his holy name,
in the name of the Father,
of the Saviour, Mediator,
Intercessor, Redeemer,
of the twofold Comforter,
the Lamb and the Dove.
Let thy mercy, O Lord,
be upon us,
according as we hope in thee.

We do not often find a man who is a genius at prayer, one who has the uplift of thought, and depth of feeling, and reach of vision, and fervor of spirit, and gift for expression, to make his prayers remarkable. But anyone can improve the quality of his public prayers who will give himself in private to the great treasuries of devotion—the Bible first of all, the Book of Common Prayer, the Scottish Book of Common Order, ancient treasures like the prayers of Augustine, modern treasures like the prayers of Christina Rossetti, the most precious book of Bishop Andrewes, and the others of the great company. Power and beauty, breadth and the others of the great company.

Take another of those great confessions of faith and see how each article of belief is turned into a prayer:

I believe in thee, the Father;
behold then, if thou art a Father and we are children,
as a father pitieth his children
be thou of tender mercy toward us, O Lord.
I believe in thee, the Lord;
behold then, if thou art Lord and we are servants,
our eyes wait upon thee, our Lord,
until thou have mercy upon us.
I believe that though we are neither sons nor servants,
but dogs only,
yet we have leave to eat of the crumbs
that fall from thy table.
I believe that Christ is the Lamb of God;
O Lamb of God, which taketh away the sin
of the world,
take thou away mine.
I believe that Christ Jesus came into the world
to save sinners;

Thou who camest to save sinners,
save thou me, of sinners
chiefest and greatest.

. . . . . .

I believe that the Spirit is the Lord and Giver of life;
Thou who gavest me a living soul,
grant me that I receive not my soul in vain.

. . . . . .

I believe that the Spirit maketh intercession for us
with groanings that cannot be uttered;
grant me of his intercession and those groanings
to partake, O Lord.
Our fathers trusted in thee:
they trusted, and thou didst deliver them.
They cried unto thee, and were delivered:
they trusted in thee, and were not confounded.
As thou didst our fathers
in the generations of old,
so also deliver us, O Lord,
who trust in thee.

There are the great things of the spiritual life. The popular thought of our day has swung away from belief in much self-examination. But an occasional searching of the soul in the presence of the great demands and the great promises of Scripture is good for the sons of Adam. Private relations to God of real significance precede fruitful public relations to God. And the user of these prayers will not stop with that. Though Lancelot Andrewes is wonderful in his heart-searchings, his thought goes out of his closet into the great world as he prays, and if anyone would learn about intercession he should come under the spell of the great intercessory prayers found in this little book. The intercession of the First Day, and of the Fourth Day, and other intercessions scattered through the book—there are prayers that, as Dr. Alexander Whyte (to whom I feel indebted for much in this article) says, will be, to him who uses them, coals of this so much neglected altar in our own devotional life. And they are storehouses of inspiration for those whose duty it is to lead a waiting congregation in prayer to the eternal Father of all:

We beseech thee, O Lord,
remember all for good;
have mercy upon all, O God.

Remember every soul who,
being in any affliction, trouble, or agony,
stands in need of thy mercy and help,
all who are in necessity or distress;
all who love, or hate us.

Thou, O Lord, art the Helper of the helpless;
the Hope of the hopeless;
the Saviour of them who are tossed with tempests;
the Haven of them who sail;
be thou all to all.

The glorious majesty of the Lord our God be upon us;
prosper thou the work of our hands upon us;
O, prosper thou our handy-work.
Lord, be thou
within us to strengthen us;
without us, to keep us;
above us, to protect us;
beneath us, to uphold us;
before us, to direct us;
behind us, to keep us from straying;
round about us, to defend us.
Blessed be thou, O Lord, our Father,
for ever and ever.

In this, which often has seemed to me to contain some of the most beautiful portions of the prayers, the change which I made, of "me" to "us" in the concluding sentences, makes a prayer of remarkable fitness for public use on many occasions. The intercessions cannot be further considered here, nor many things else in this wonderful little book. The only adequate treatment would be to quote almost every word. Every one of the precious pages has in it food for the spirit and discipline for the prayer-life. The book is a gift of God to us. Coming with the grace of heaven upon it, it solemnizes us as we read it, and at the same time lifts up our souls; it pierces our hearts, and at the same time leads them closer to God; it quickens our minds, and makes them better prepared to try to fulfill the great task of leading a needy congregation to the Throne of Grace. The minister might well carry it into the pulpit and use it there; but he will do even better if he carries it, crying its confessions and singing its thanksgivings, in his heart all the while.

Winfred Chenney Rhoades.

Art. VII.—SOME ASPECTS OF RECENT DRAMA

There are some aspects of recent drama whose significance may well be weighed by the pulpit. It is an axiom that the preacher, above all men, must know the times. Therefore he cannot afford to be ignorant of the modes and fashions of the stage. If he needs to be aware of the vicious treatment of the sex problem by the contemporary theater, it is equally imperative that he should comprehend the import of the movement that endows playhouses, teaches the technique of the playwright in universities, and organizes a voluntary, constructive censorship, trying to create standards among playgoers that will leave corrupt, banal, and trivial plays to perish of neglect. However this may be, it is undeniable that one cannot understand contemporary life unless he knows something about the literature in which it expresses itself. And even the most cursory acquaintance with current literature involves a knowledge of the general trend of the modern drama.

One significant thing about recent drama is that it is being read as well as acted. A few years ago it was the fashion to make plays out of successful books, now books are made out of successful plays. It is not simply that themes and plots of plays are written up for people to read in popular magazines, or that once in a while a play is made over into the ephemeral "best seller" in popular fiction, but plays are being written which can be successfully printed and sold in their original form. This means that plays are being written which are worth reading, which will stand the cold scrutiny of the printed page as well as the passing judgment of the artificial atmosphere of the playhouse. This is to say that new creative impulses are at work, that genuine dramatic literature is being produced, and that our studies in this field can no longer be confined to the tragedies of the sixteenth or the comedies of the eighteenth centuries. The industrial age, the new era, is presenting for dramatic material, if not a new group of problems, at least an entirely new setting for world-old problems. As always, the energies let loose in the dawn of a new epoch have soon created a new body of literature, so now these new themes of the

new age are finding fit expression in forms worthy of the best traditions of the English language. Perhaps the pioneer in the little group of English and American dramatists who are writing real literature is Stephen Phillips. With superb daring he entered the field of historic tragedy, thereby challenging comparison with classic models. At once it was evident that the art of developing the full sweep and power of English speech had not been lost with bygone centuries. In his plays lofty flights of the imagination wing their way into fit words, sometimes in terse lines:

> I heard an angel crying from the Sun
> For glory, for more glory on the earth;

sometimes in sustained passages of gleaming beauty, as when Herod describes his temple:

> I dreamed last night of a dome of beaten gold
> To be a counter-glory to the Sun.
> There shall the eagle blindly dash himself,
> There the first beam shall strike, and there the moon
> Shall aim all night her argent archery;
> And it shall be the tryst of sundered stars,
> The haunt of dead and dreaming Solomon;
> Shall send a light upon the lost in Hell,
> And flashings upon faces without hope—
> And I will think in gold and dream in silver,
> Imagine in marble and in bronze conceive,
> Till it shall dazzle pilgrim nations
> And stammering tribes from undiscovered lands,
> Allure the living God out of the bliss,
> And all the streaming seraphim from heaven.

The work of Charles Rann Kennedy is also significant from the literary point of view. Lecturer on dramatic literature at a great English university, he follows Greek models in the structure of his plays; in their simplicity, as also in their stark realism combined with the deep notes of true tragedy, and with an allegorical meaning that makes the particular situation the expression of universal values. Over against the brevities of colloquialism are set in sharp contrast the swinging undulations of rhythmic passages worthy of the best days of classic English prose, as when The Servant in the House describes the real and invisible church:

> You must understand this is no dead pile of stones and unmeaning timber. *It is a living thing.* When you enter it you hear a sound—a

sound as of some mighty poem chanted. Listen long enough and you will learn that it is made up of the beating of human hearts, of the nameless music of men's souls—that is, if you have ears. If you have eyes, you will presently see the church itself—a looming mystery of many shapes and shadows, leaping sheer from floor to dome, the work of no ordinary builder! The pillars of it go up like the brawny trunks of heroes; the sweet human flesh of men and women is molded about its bulwarks, strong, impregnable; the faces of little children laugh out from every corner stone; the terrible spans and arches of it are the joined hands of comrades; and up in the heights and spaces there are inscribed the numberless musings of all the dreamers of the world. It is yet building—building and built upon. Sometimes the work goes forward in deep darkness, sometimes in the blinding light; now beneath the burden of unutterable anguish; now to the tune of a great laughter and heroic shoutings like the cry of thunder. Sometimes, in the silence of the night-time, one may hear the tiny hammerings of the comrades at work up in the dome—the comrades that have climbed ahead.

Still another striking instance of the literary worth of some contemporary drama is the work of Josephine Preston Peabody, whose allegorical dramatization of the old legend of The Pied Piper of Hamelin was the prize play produced at the opening of the Shakespeare Memorial Theater at Stratford-on-Avon. There is a delicate charm about some passages in this play, where the very language, like the concepts of the plot, has an elfish character. Thus the Piper describes his mother, like his father, a strolling player, on whom the ban of the church rested heavily:

> And she starved and sang;
> And, like the wind, she roved and lurked and shuddered
> Outside your lighted windows, and fled by,
> Storm-hunted, trying to outstrip the snow,
> South, south, and homeless as a broken bird—
> Limping and hiding! And she fled, and laughed,
> And kept me warm; and died!

Nor is there lacking the strength of expression that wields words as weapons in a holy cause. Thus the Piper characterizes Hamelin town:

> It stands for all unto the end of time
> That turns this bright world black and the Sun cold
> With hate and hoarding; all-triumphant Greed
> That spreads above the roots of all despair
> And misery, and rotting of the soul!

And thus he prays to the Christ upon the Cross:

> 'Tis hearts of men You want. Not mumbled prayers;
> Not greed and carven tombs, not misers' candles;
> No offerings more from men that feed on men—
> Eternal psalms and endless cruelties!

Another aspect of recent drama, still more significant than its literary worth, is the character of the themes it is developing and the point of view from which it treats them. Indeed, this is one secret of its literary merit. No great themes, no great literature. From billboards, from magazine pages, from book covers, comes the evidence that the drama is concerning itself with those social questions which are the chief consideration of our times. This concern is not now merely with those general problems which lie at the foundations of our social structure, and which have been treated by a group of European dramatists. It looks as though the hands of the dramatic timepiece had at last moved from the point where they have stood so long that a witty critic said "in dramatic literature it is now sex o'clock." A growing group of playwrights are concerning themselves with the same concrete questions that occupy the attention of the social scientist. They are dealing not simply with social philosophy, but with the tools and material of social reconstruction. An instance of such work is Galsworthy's "Justice"; an exposure of the failure of present penal methods and a terrific arraignment of the neglect of society to provide the means whereby the discharged prisoner can restore himself to citizenship and respect. This play is said to have led the Home Secretary of Great Britain to visit the English prisons and order some vital changes in methods. Such themes are being treated with a strenuous purpose. This is not "art for art's sake," but a propaganda. Not since the old morality plays has the stage seen its like. It has been holding up the mirror to society for a long time; now it is seeking to change society. A group of dramatists have arisen who take themselves seriously, who believe that they have a preaching function. Even Bernard Shaw pronounces that his latest play is a "religious tract," and the critics are talking about the younger playwrights as a "band of preachers" and referring, with respect, to the possibilities of the

"footlight pulpit." The proportion of dramatists who purpose to take a hand in shaping social progress may perhaps be smaller than the proportion of preachers who have the same determination, but they have the advantage of wider access to the social mind and conscience. Those who mingle much with the "common people" know to what extent their moral standards come from behind the footlights. Now that the drama is concerning itself with social ethics, it is another challenge to the pulpit.

"The Piper" is an example of the preaching of a social gospel in dramatic literature. It is an allegory showing the need to deliver child life from the crushing oppression of the industrial city. Child labor, street waifs, starved, stunted, sickly, ignorant, immoral children of the tenements—for these the modern city comes to judgment as the Piper tells why he took the little ones away from Hamelin town:

> What's breath and blood, what are the hearts of children,
> To Hamelin, while it heaps its money bags?
>
> They deal with men
> As, far across the mountains, in the south,
> Men trap a singing thrush, put out his eyes,
> And cage him up and bid him then to sing—
> Sing before God that made him, yes, to sing!
>
> There is not one
> Old huddler-by-the-fire would shift his seat
> To a cold corner if it might bring back
> All of the children in one shower of light.

"The Servant in the House" preaches the gospel of brotherhood, proclaims the service of men, the removal of social ills, as a function of the true church. "I love God and *all* my brothers" is the religion of the Servant. The rough drain-digger and the cultured clergyman are joined together in the dangerous work of cleaning out the putrid burial vault beneath the church—allegory of the union of church and labor in the difficult task of cleaning away the evils that lie deep in our social structure—and with them in loving fellowship, their inspiration and their uniter, is the Servant, the Elder Brother, typifying the Christ, the incarnate God.

A still more significant aspect of some of this modern drama

which proclaims a social gospel is the fact that it presents as the method of social progress the transformation of human nature and character. Thus it presents the great religious fact, the central fact, of Christianity. Still more striking is it that this transformation is made to depend upon the personality of the Christ. In "The Piper," little lame Jan, the child most beloved by the wandering musician, calls the Christ on the Crucifix in Hamelin town "The Lonely Man." So is he in any city of greed. When Jan's mother finds the place where the Piper has hidden the children, she begs for their return, only to be denied. When she has gone, the Piper finds himself face to face with Christ on the Cross at the crossroads. He fights out the issue with the Lonely Man:

> I will not, no, I will not, Lonely Man!
> I have them in my hand. I have them all—

Long and tenderly he argues, and then,

> *I will not give them back!*
> And Jan for Jan, that little one, that dearest
> To Thee and me, hark, he is wonderful.
> Ask it not of me. Thou dost know I cannot!

He offers the Lonely Man the service of all children and wandering singers and outcasts, and makes his last struggle—

> No, no, I cannot give them all! No, no—
> Why wilt Thou ask it? Let me keep but one.
> No, no, I will not. . . .
> *Have thy way, I will!*

After the children are back home again, and all is joy, they beg the Piper to stay. But he has to find somebody, every day and everywhere, and always to be piping. He promised. The children ask: "Who is it?" He answers: "Why, the Lonely Man."

This transformation of character is the theme of the "Passing of the Third Floor Back." A mysterious stranger who comes to a typical boarding house transforms the characters of its typical inmates by arousing the better self within each of them. His final victory is with the young woman, "a sleek, luxury-loving animal, quite willing to sell herself to the bidder who could offer her the finest clothes, the richest foods, the most sumptuous surroundings." This is his final word to her:

There are those whose Better Self lies slain by their own hand and troubles them no more. But yours, my child, you have let grow too strong; it will ever be your master. You must obey. Flee from it and it will follow you; you cannot escape it. Insult it and it will chastise you with burning shame, with stinging self-reproach from day to day.

Although the transformation of the various characters proceeds so easily and rapidly as to create the impression of a piece of spiritual legerdemain, this defect in the method of developing the theme does not diminish the fact that it is a serious attempt to dramatize the great religious fact. The suggestion cannot be escaped in the story, and is reported to have been made even stronger upon the stage, that the Mysterious Stranger is a modern presentation of the spirit of the Christ. The same thing obtains in the Servant in the House. Here is another and much stronger attempt to create a modern reincarnation of Him who proclaimed his purpose "to minister, and not to be ministered unto." The one weakness in the drama is the attempt to introduce little occult touches around this central character. On the other hand, one source of the strength of the drama lies in the fact that, with the unfolding of the social gospel, there is the gradual transformation of the characters under the spiritual influence of the Servant until they become fit warriors against social evil. Therefore can they all join in fellowship with the Servant, as brothers, together to do the Father's work on earth.

Again it must be said that defects of method, natural prejudices against any attempt to even remotely suggest in dramatic form how the spirit of Jesus would express itself in modern life, must not obscure the fact that in modern drama there is a serious and extended effort to rouse people to the tasks of social reconstruction, to proclaim the greatest of spiritual facts, to move the souls of men to action. Here is something for the pulpit to ponder over. What bearing has it upon the future relationship of church and stage? Once they were allies. Long they have been enemies. Are they now to be rivals?

Harry F. Ward.

Art. VIII.—JOSEF ISRAËLS (1824-1911)

An Appreciative Memoir

When the fisher-folk of the Netherland coast
On perilous cruises sped,
When the howling wind and the swirling foam
A message of danger read—
There was one to measure the dread of the sea
For the helpless women then,
Whose bread was found on the crest of the wave
By the sturdy fishermen.

There was one to read the cry of the heart,
As it sobbed to the lonely stone,
On the mound of the man who came no more,
Who left her all alone—
Alone to the wind and the sea and the storm
That had claimed their murderous fill;
Alone to the break of the taunting deep
And a cottage void and still.

There was one to sound the plumb of despair
In the wandering martyr race
That flies with the wind in the fearful round
Of an everlasting chase;
To note the patient shoulder shrug,
The pathos of mind and eye,
In the form of the man with the mortal wounds
Who yet disdains to die.

Be good to the soul of the master, Lord,
Who limned, with a deathless hand,
The woes of the men whose mettle you try—
The waifs of the sea and the land.
Be good to his artist soul, O Lord,
For he ate of the bread of tears
And drank from the bitter cup of those
Who count the leaden years.

Elias Lieberman.

In the New York Times, August 16, 1911.

On Saturday, August 12, 1911, died Josef Israëls, *doyen* of his profession in the Low Countries, and one of the most successful artists of his age. For more than seventy years he painted with unflagging zeal and enthusiasm, and in recent times every new canvas from his studio was awaited with eagerness and expectancy. He rarely left that section of Holland in which he resided, traveled practically not at all, but gave over his days and years to

the pure enjoyment of his work. Right to the end of his eighty-seven years, Israëls was as enthusiastic as when a young student—always at his easel, laboring with an unwearying delight.

The story, both of the man and his work, is an engrossing and delightful study, while even the bare record of the phenomenal success which came to him within the compass of his own lifetime reads like a piece of financial fiction. With the exception of Meissonier, no man ever lived to see his pictures bring such splendid prices or to find his canvases in such universal demand. Unlike the work of the great Frenchman, however (which may be said to have already passed its zenith of popularity), it is almost certain that not only in a material way will the output of Josef Israëls increase in value with the passing of the years, but that in a purely artistic sense it will acquire an enhanced distinction and significance of the highest possible sort. By the death of this great Dutch Jew art has sustained its most serious loss since George Frederick Watts went to his rest, for during his wonderful career he has proved himself the ablest, the truest, the most sympathetic portrayer of lowly life that the world has ever known.

Josef Israëls was born in Groningen in 1824. His father was a small Jewish banker in that little town of northern Holland; and although the lad studied the Talmud assiduously, with a view to becoming a rabbi, nothing came of it, and when he was old enough he entered his father's office. The call of the arts, however, soon began to manifest itself in Josef, so, at twenty, his parents sent him to Amsterdam to study with a then fashionable painter of academic tendencies named Jan Kruseman. The boy proved himself a good scholar and a faithful pupil, and, under these influences, produced a series of uninteresting historical pictures. A year later he went to Paris to be still further impressed by the "grand style," and while in the French capital he worshiped fervently at its altars. Returning to Amsterdam, after three years' absence, he sent historical compositions to the exhibitions, but had difficulty in disposing of them. Health failing, he went to Zandvoort, a fishing village near Haarlem, to recuperate, lodging with a ship's carpenter and living the simple life of the people there.

Here it was that Josef Israëls found himself and his life's

work. Here he discovered materials for real pictures—pictures that should give out the life of men and women about him, their joys, sorrows, pastimes, occupations. Thus, from being saturated with academic traditions, he became the opposite. He began to paint around the homely figure of the sturdy Dutch peasant; he entered immediately into a discerning sympathy with his countrymen by the sea, on the farms, in their homes; and, with it all, he filled himself with the beauty of real landscape, which made his compositions absorbing and compelling. Henceforward, to the end of his great career, Josef Israëls was to take his place as the foremost delineator, in pictorial art, of scenes wherein men and women are destined to love, to labor, to suffer, and to die.

Having gotten a vision of what his work was henceforth to be, Israëls continued to fashion things "after the pattern shown him in the mount." He began to present to the world a matchless series of humble interiors, with the family gathered about the table at meal-time, the mother crooning over her infant, the old people with their grandchildren, the fisherman at his toil, the housewife in her tears. Invariably he succeeded in catching the strong human note that touched the heart of the spectator, and drew him, almost unconsciously, toward the work. Although always a most fecund man, he never seemed to slight his labors, while he obtained a deep, rich tone and breadth of treatment that enabled the onlooker to enter into the canvas with him. Occasionally he would be dramatic, as in a famous work, The Shipwrecked Mariner; and again he would move to tears, as in his Alone in the World. In short, with delicious simplicity he played on the world's heart-strings, being lyric or dramatic as the occasion called for. It did not take collectors and art-lovers long to discover that here was a man, like Millet, with a genuine message to deliver, and one who knew his business; who could paint with the best of them and in a manner all his own.

The great Dutchman now became the vogue. Dealers stood ready to buy his pictures off his easel, at unusually high prices, long before they were completed, and, indeed, had to wait their turn, impatiently, to secure examples. Israëls himself, while not, of course, indifferent to material gain, and knowing the market

value of his wares so as to hold them at their top figure, was, above all, a painter for the pure love of painting. With success assured, he settled down in a charming house on a thoroughly typical Dutch canal—the Kôninginnengracht, one of the waterways leading to the famous park midway between The Hague and Scheveningen. This abode he fitted up luxuriously, and with rare taste amassed a superb collection of art-treasures of every kind. His beautiful home became a kind of shrine for English and American amateurs when traveling on the Continent, where they were received with courteous welcome and charming hospitality by the kindly, gracious artist. Here, with rare modesty and unfailing industry, he continued to work for more than a generation until, in August last, death came to crown a life of happy labor.

The compositions of this great master are painted in a manner truly mysterious, almost suggesting the vigor of an untaught hand. With heavy, sweeping shadows and thick slabs of color, which stand out in a wonderful mixture of sharp relief and dim, confused distance, with soft hesitation and touches of crude certainty, with broad outline and incisive emphasis, are his effects produced. Ruggedness and tenderness, severity and sweetness, whimsicality and decision, are magically mingled in dignified depth, and with the most refined and subtle harmony—the most ductile language of the brush that has spoken in our time.

Yet Israëls was no draughtsman—all his pictures, in this particular, lack precision. He was not an accomplished technician—his brush revealed no beauty of finish. He was not a distinguished colorist—his medium lacked purity and depth, in spite of its somber harmony. He evinced no love of beauty, considered merely as such; indeed, it was his life-long custom to ridicule *la belle peinture*. Decorative treatment made no appeal to him. In very few of his pictures did he make the slightest effort to incorporate the elements of grace and charm. There was little that was learned in his scope, little that was fixed in his style. His ways of working led over hill and dale, his methods of execution were ever uncertain. The great traditions of decorative composition in painting found scant acceptance with him. The veriest novice in things artistic, entering an exhibition where a picture

by Israëls had place, would discover instantly that there were elements in it lacking from every other picture in the gallery, and also that the Dutchman's composition was executed in apparent defiance of certain general principles governing all the other artists' work. As Max Rooses very truly says, Israëls was ever in revolt against the part hitherto unquestionably played by light and color. In his work these are no longer dominant—no longer independent in their strength and brilliancy, but mingled, dissolved, melting mysteriously into a whole, in a manner latently suggesting a limelight view, at the precise moment when its sharp outlines begin to fade. This coördination of all parts of his composition, this masterly blending of light and shadow with a subtle impression akin to neutral effect, this studied striving for a desired compression in which there are the fewest elements on which the mind has to concentrate in the attempt to appreciate a picture, were essential characteristics of the art of Josef Israëls, which grew more and more pronounced as the great painter's work grew more mature. This citation of personal limitation is no reflection on the art of the great Dutchman. Rather it is a tribute to his splendid genius that he should have been able to dispense with so many of the elements of popularity and power, on which other men are accustomed to rely, and still preserve his grandeur; to still have his canvases so compellingly impressive, so imbued with veracity and strength, so wonderful in their simple directness, in their pristine appeal. In Israëls we are furnished with the astonishing spectacle of a man who systematically ignored or violated every principle and practice by which other men have won fame—draughtsmanship, technique, coloring, beauty of subject, decorative treatment—yet who, by an interpretative genius and power peculiarly his own, succeeded in making himself the acknowledged central figure in his nation's art.

What was it, then, that, among the moderns, made Israëls one of the greatest and most powerful of painters? This—that, aside from his power as an artist, he was a profound and tender poet. Surrounded, as he was, by all the deft painters of technique and virtuosity, he stood out from them all as an artist whose sentiment never merged into mere sentimentalism, but which was sin-

cere enough to make a lasting impression without the aid of artistic legerdemain. He was just a simple poet in paint, great in the art of depicting humble people and little things; an artist who penetrated his material until it yielded him its most intimate emotion; a man whose heart had been moved by the scenes he painted and who had therefore the power to give them an entirely personal utterance. Israëls never made a retrograde step, was never ensnared by the commercial instinct, but grew greater continuously; and it is largely to the force of character that imposed a scathing self-criticism that he stood, at his death, the recognized head of Dutch painting and the recipient of reverent homage from the whole wide world of art. Concerning this same self-criticism, his friend of many years, Jan Veth, tells us that he would smear over in a moment a piece of work he had toiled at for months! What need for technical skill in that bit of canvas? The grand expressive idea must be conveyed by other means and he would set about the task. When it was finished, if it sighed and wailed, pined, panted and sang, the picture would be an Israëls—a transcript of sheer humanity, a thing of amazing power.

Beauty for Josef Israëls lay in the silent woe with which survivors stand in the house of death; in the attitude of the old wife left alone, who spreads out her hands stiffly to the fire as though she might win a spark of life from the smoldering hearth; in the way in which the decrepit old man crouches in resigned dejection in his gloomy hovel, staring into his dog's eyes; in the stupefied laborer huddled on a broken bench, where, behind him, his dead wife lay stretched on the bed; in the woeful gleam in the eyes of the huckster who sits in front of his dingy booth looking out of the picture so mysteriously; in the sad old woman who, with elbows wide apart and hands quietly folded, sits, weary and alone, in front of her scanty meal; in the kindly but hard-set woman, trudging along through wind and mud, by the side of her jolting dog-barrow; in the business and simple labor of fishermen and sea-going folk; in the dignity of a patriarchal family gathering around the dish; in the almost indescribable pathos of the lonely widower as portrayed in Passing the Graveyard—in everything that lays bare what lies mysteriously latent, amid poverty, privation, and

suffering, at the roots of human life. Moreover, he has been able, in an almost incredible degree, to communicate this vision to the world. No man worthy of the name, having once looked on a collection of Josef Israëls's pictures, can pass out into the world around him and view toil and poverty with cold detachment, or

> . . . hear with a disdainful smile
> The short and simple annals of the poor.

Israëls has, ere now, been described as the Dutch Millet, which is more or less unfair to both men. The Hollander was a far better craftsman than the peasant-painter of France, equally serious, quite as inspired, and much more fertile in ideas. That Millet most certainly exercised a tremendous influence over Israëls is patent to every student of their respective compositions. In the Dutch painter's earlier canvases, such as Children of the Sea, Knitting Girls, and Fish-women, there is no somberness, no emphasis of the sad and sorrowful; and many admirers of those bright creations have found themselves regretting that those studies of happy life were not persisted in, and wishing that the artist had not, in later years, drank so deeply at the fount of French realism. Apart from the question of influence, however, the cases are in no way comparable. Millet was born, brought up—and painted all his life—a peasant. He felt the pinch of poverty and hardship, and had ever thrust upon him a poignant, overwhelming sense of the sorrow and sadness of his class. Given the power to paint, nothing was more natural than that he should turn out the kind of work he did—a portrayal of the abject, hopeless life of the French peasant. Israëls, on the other hand, was not born poor, never felt the pinch of poverty, did not have thrust upon him, in positive experience, the labor and sorrow of the peasantry and fisher-folk of Holland. He possessed, however, what Thomas Hardy possesses—the power to depict and portray the sorrow and tears of a class with which—save for the relationship that an interpretative deep-seated sympathy establishes—he had nothing in common. Thus, whatever must perforce be conceded to the glory of the genius of Millet, Israëls was the greater artist.

There is abundant evidence in the work of this great painter to warrant the assumption that, had he so desired, he might have

been one of the greatest landscape artists of all time. No man since Rembrandt has succeeded in making the world of cloud and firmament (which, indeed, both of them have drawn upon but sparsely) so palpitant with emotion and sympathy, or in giving it an interpretation so entirely human. For instance, if the central figure of one of his pictures be that of an old man dragging laboriously a barge along a sluggish Dutch canal—thereby indicating the long and weary way that runs through age to death—then the skies above him are quivering with the pictured moments in which afternoon fades slowly into eventide. Many painters of scenes and subjects such as Israëls strove so earnestly and successfully to portray paint skies with such passivity and detachment from the main incident of their compositions that it matters little or nothing whether that incident be one of comedy or tragedy. The landscape is in no sense essential to its presentment. Israëls's method was the utter antithesis of this slipshod tendency. With him, nature-transcripts were always an indispensable, integral part of his work. As a result, he transferred to his canvas a replica of sea and sky throbbing with the psychological atmosphere proper to the subject of his picture.

This desire for unity and harmony is really what establishes (despite Israëls's independence of traditional methods) an undeniable family likeness between the twentieth century master of Dutch art and its classical exponents of bygone days. Like the old Dutchmen, Israëls always aimed at the sober general harmony of his work. Nothing really obtrudes; there is nothing detached, nothing that plays any part except that of strengthening the whole. Each portion of the picture is born of the rest, and from the first appears to do nothing in it but contribute to the whole and give deeper vitality to the effect aimed at. Even when he made his figures strongest in expression, and filled them with the most eager life, never were they out of place in the picture; the whole is in keeping, a firm and simple arrangement of line and tone. And in Israëls this was of first importance, because he profited, more than any other man of his time, from an unerring intuition rather than from conscious knowledge.

For the most part this article has been written in the arts

room of the new library building, New York city, where the curator very considerately placed at my disposal a large, loose-leaved portfolio containing a magnificent series of etchings of Israëls's pictures. There were more than fifty superb reproductions of originals I had, years before, seen in Europe—seen, never to forget. The plates were arranged in chronological order, thereby demonstrating the great Dutch painter's ever-ripening powers—each picture being, in every sense, the superior of its predecessor. All his masterpieces were there—*From Shadow to Sunlight, Round the Dish, Returning Home, The Frugal Meal, Watching and Waiting, Reminiscences,* and *Passing the Graveyard.* As I came to the end of the series this one thought obsessed me: Could it be possible that mere physical dissolution had halted the onward march of a genius that grew—palpably and manifestly grew—after more than eighty years had gone over and through him, to all that his Saul and The Scribe stand for in wonder-compelling power? Surely it could not be. "Thou hast been faithful over a few things, I will make thee ruler over many," so runs the promise, and the mouth of the Lord hath spoken it. Man's life is a letter, brief, fragmentary—its postscript is eternal.

Josef Israëls's work is not yet done. He will paint again—permit one to indulge the dream who for many years has loved the art of this great painter—with enlarged and heightened vision, and from subjects new. I turn again to that portfolio of etchings. Here is his life-work—a series of canvases in which sickness, sorrow, loneliness, shipwreck, squalor, toil, drudgery, decrepitude, and death are the burden. These pictures belong only to Time; they find no place in the galleries of High Heaven. The post-mortem creations of this great artist-soul will sweep a wider horizon, strike a fuller, richer note than anything he brought forth here. Commissions of eternal import await his expanding powers,

When the Master of all good workmen
Shall set him to work anew.

Art. IX.—THE MORAL MEANING OF ITALIAN ART

On the altar wall of the Sistine Chapel is that great fresco of the Last Judgment, which is perhaps the most elaborate effort which Michael Angelo ever undertook. It is a work of agony and mystery. There can be no calm enjoyment of it. It is only slowly that one can make out the artist's plan at all. The dark colors of the gloomy background are relieved by the white of unclothed and tormented bodies writhing in the throes of a mortal conflict, struggling to free themselves from the clutches of demons who seek to pull them down into the horrors of hell, while muscular angels reach down from above to lift them up. It is the reflection of a mind struggling with the problems of pain and of evil, of man and God. The simplicity of faith has departed, and with it the serenity of the soul. It is a work that belongs to the age of struggle and of doubt. In striking contrast is the tiny little chapel of Nicholas V, which opens off the Constantine chamber in the same great palace of the Vatican. In its soft and obscure light one sees some of the choicest work of Fra Angelico, the saintly monk who painted for the love of God. He has adorned the walls with scenes from the lives of Saint Stephen and Saint Lawrence. The figures are all in calm and easeful repose. There is no indication of passion, strife or tumult. The quiet faces of all Angelico's saints are full of peace and piety. Indeed, this is the source of our chief criticism of his work. His figures seem too much like perfect dolls, unreal and passionless, but as one comes to know Angelico's work better, he begins to see that this artist could express every shade of emotion, but always leaving upon us the impression that it is the emotion of a soul mastered by the quiet of unquestioning faith.

It was in the year 1387, in the beautiful valley of the Mugello, only a few miles from Florence, and in the home of a peasant farmer, that there was born a little lad named Guido. Just about one hundred years before, and not far distant from this very spot, another barefooted little peasant boy was found sketching his sheep upon a stone. This was Giotto, who was destined to become

the father of Italian art. But in the period of which we write Giotto had been many years in his grave, and the Renaissance was in the full swing of its glowing dawn. Everywhere there was an intense enthusiasm for the revival of classic art. Everyone, from the Pope upon his throne to the clerk in his counting house, was a lover and a judge of art. It is not surprising that in the glow of this universal enthusiasm for beauty and culture young Guido should have felt himself called to be an artist. His youth was spent in the study and the practice of his craft. About this time came the great Dominican preacher, traveling from one end of Italy to another, speaking in the towns and cities and urging the people to a holier and nobler life. His eloquence appealed to many of the best youth of the land. Among those who applied for admission to his order were Guido and his younger brother, Benedetto. After a year's novitiate they were admitted to the Dominican Convent on the slopes of Fiesole, which overlooked the fair city of the Lily and the Arno hurrying toward the sea. It will be remembered that the Dominican order encouraged the development of both literature and art. In this quiet retreat then, far from the ignoble strife of his fellows, the young monk devoted himself with tireless energy to his craft. He was not troubled by a desire for money, or fame, or worldly power. Indeed, Vasari tells us that at one time the Pope decided to appoint him archbishop of Florence, but he declined, having no desire for immediate and temporary rewards which most men seek so eagerly. He regarded his work from a profoundly religious point of view. Just as his brethren, the preaching friars, were sent out into the world to edify the holy and convince the sinner, so he felt it his mission to preach through his art, reminding men of the life and love of Jesus Christ their Lord and directing their attention toward high and holy things. It was his custom to take his brush in hand only after prayer and meditation, and there are some who tell us that he never painted the face of Christ except upon his knees, and never represented the agony of the crucifixion that his cheeks were not wet with quiet tears. In his middle life he and his comrades of the order made a solemn entrance into Florence and took up their abode in the reconstructed buildings of the Convent

of San Marco. These were at length repaired and beautified at considerable expense, and Fra Giovanni, for so he was known among the Dominicans, was given the task of decorating the walls of the cloisters and cells. One cannot doubt that the commission was fulfilled with loving diligence. To many there is no place in Florence which can compare in interest with this old convent of San Marco. Its very name suggests the crowding memories of great men like Antonio, the good prior who afterward became archbishop of the city, and would have none of the luxury and finery of his predecessors, but turned the palace lawns into gardens planted with vegetables for the poor; and Fra Bartolomeo, another of these artist-monks, who has enriched the world with his visions of religious truth; and Savonarola, who paced these cool and quiet cloisters, his deep-set eyes burning with fiery indignation against the evils of his time. A spirit of quiet peace broods over the old convent as if it were a garden full of shelter and of fountains. No sooner inside than you find the hand of Fra Angelico upon the cloister walls. There stands Christ, a weary pilgrim, leaning heavily upon his staff, a tired look in his sad eyes as though he had just come, dead spent, from toiling up and down the world; and here are two Dominican brethren who advance to the doorway of the convent with outstretched arms of welcome, and in their quiet kindly faces there is the promise of the warmth of their hospitality and love. Surely the good Master thus so warmly welcomed at the door was a constant guest in this quiet house of prayer. Did he not walk and talk with these pure-minded men, as they paced the cloisters, until their hearts burned within them? Did he not commune with them in the night seasons in their silent cells? Was he not an unseen guest at their table as they gathered for their simple meals in the refectory hall?

Yonder is a door which opens into the chapter hall, and there we find ourselves in the presence of the most elaborate work which Angelico undertook—the great fresco of the Crucifixion. There is in it none of the passionate tragedy and repulsive pain which is so often pictured in this event. It is full of majesty and calmness. Every degree of grief and sorrow is pictured on the faces of the saints and martyrs who were grouped about the cross, but

it is a sorrow too deep for violent expression. We gaze our fill upon it and the warm tears unconsciously brim the eyes. Then we climb the stairs and enter the long corridor from which open the tiny little cells where the brethren slept and prayed—each one in the presence of a picture painted by the artist-monk suggesting an event connected with the life and love and death of Christ. At the far end of the corridor we lean against the wall and gaze a long time at the fresco of the Annunciation, perhaps the finest of them all. It is full of the breadth, the simplicity, and the calmness which befit a high and elevated religious art. The lines are severe, but graceful. The color scheme is tender and pure. Daisies lift their heads in the green grass beyond the portico and garlands of roses are relieved against the dark green of the cypress trees. It is the cool of the eventide, and Mary listens with calm submission to the announcement of the celestial visitor whose wings still shimmer with the iridescence of the sky. It would be impossible to feel anything but calmed and steadied in the presence of that scene. Indeed, the whole place seems like a quiet backwater away from the foam and the spray of the roaring current of our lives.

When we turn from Fra Angelico to Guido Reni we have turned from the dawn to the twilight of Italian art. The work of the Dominican monk was done in the warm glow of the morning of the renaissance, while the work of Guido falls in the decadent evening. In Angelico we found one who painted for the love of God and for the pure love of his pure art. In Guido we have one who painted for the greedy lust of gold. Instead of the quiet cloister of San Marco, pervaded by the atmosphere of piety and peace, we find ourselves now in a world of strife and tumult where the seething forces of contending passion are at work. In the last days of the sixteenth century the shadows began to gather about the art which for three hundred years had made Italy glorious. Michael Angelo, Titian, and Raphael were dead. Tintoretto and Veronese had shed a sort of sunset glory, but now the twilight of the renaissance was really deepening into the darkness. It was at this juncture that a group of artists in the city of Bologna shed a faint after-glow of mediocre genius. Among

these was the youthful Guido Reni. He first sprang into prominence by the frescoes that he painted for his native city in honor of the visit of Pope Clement VIII. His fame rapidly spread through Italy, and because his work was rich in promise he was everywhere admired. He was both flattered and envied, and indeed it seemed for a time as though he might arrest the progress of decay; but ere long his own moral weakness sapped his strength, dimmed his vision, and reduced him to the level of the dreary and the commonplace. Spoiled by the flattery which had been heaped upon him, proud and arrogant, the victim of an inordinate passion for the gaming table, he found he must win with his brush what he lost at his gambling, and so he abused his genius, gave himself up to hurried and unworthy work, flooding Europe with ill-conceived and poorly executed pictures. "Talent," says Emerson, "sinks with character. Your loss of faith will be the solstice of your genius." Only the pure in heart can see God or truth or beauty. The mind is like a telescope, and the moral character is the lens which gives the instrument its power. If there be a stain or a flaw upon the lens, only dimly—if at all—can one see the far-off star of beauty and of truth. It was so with Guido. The deterioration of his character dimmed his vision. He seemed to care for nothing but the price which his pictures brought. He sold his time in the studio for so much an hour. We are not surprised, then, to find that, with this sordid and commercial spirit, the spontaneity and naturalness of his art vanished and his work became artificial and dramatic. He sought to produce that which would please the popular taste and command a ready sale. The only outcome of such a career, where genius was prostituted to the demands of a commercial and materialistic spirit, must be a sense of failure and disappointment. Old age gloomed down upon Guido Reni with weariness and confusion. Oppressed with superstitious fear and financial care, he became an object of pitiful misfortune, and in the sixty-ninth year of his age, mourned by the city of his birth, to which he returned, he fell asleep in the arms of the Capuchin fathers, for whom he had always had peculiar reverence. Perhaps it was this unusual attachment for the order which explains the fact that in the Capuchin Church at

Rome one finds to-day the noblest example of Guido's work, completed in the best period of his art. In the crypt beneath the walls where this picture hangs the Capuchin monks are buried in holy soil brought from Palestine. Unfortunately the supply of soil was limited, while the supply of monks was unlimited, so finally the long dead were disinterred to make room for those more recently deceased, and their bones, yellow with age, are arranged in rude and fanciful shapes to remind one of the brevity and feebleness of mortal life. From the dust and ashes of this gloomy and oppressive chamber it is a great relief to come up into the church and look upon the fair and youthful face of Saint Michael glowing with the joy of a triumphant spirit. The moment of victory has been chosen by the artist. The archangel has planted his heel squarely upon the head of Lucifer, the arch enemy of truth and righteousness. In the left hand he holds the clanking chain with which to bind his foe, while in his right is the uplifted sword. Against the dark and stormy background his body, in blue cuirass, red mantle, and violet scarf, trembles with the excitement of his triumph, and upon his fair face is that rosy glow of victory which once seen can scarcely be forgotten. Of course, the picture suggests that eternal and irrepressible conflict between good and evil, truth and falsehood, which Guido himself felt so keenly and so sadly, and which every man must know in his own experience. We sometimes wonder at the necessity and meaning of this conflict. When first one sees this picture, he gazes at that uplifted sword and wonders why it never falls to dispatch the enemy. Why does the Divine hand bear so patiently with the evil of the world? Why does not God in his divine omnipotence issue the decree that would banish sin forever from his presence? And henceforth in response to that divine decree there might leap up in every heart such a flame of goodness as would scorch away the evil in our natures. No more jails, prisons, and penitentiaries; no more giving way to passion, lust, and pride; no more quarreling, brawling, or international confusion, but everywhere the peace of perfect harmony and love. Ah, that would be a great day, and we do not wonder that men have prayed for it and dreamed of it—this triumphant blotting out of sin. But, alas! the sword of

the archangel never falls, the divine patience is still unexhausted, and Lucifer is still at large.

The reason is not far to find. It depends altogether upon what God is at in this world. If he is merely trying to create a race of moral automata who will do righteously because they cannot do otherwise—that is one thing; but if, on the other hand, God is trying to create a race of free moral beings who will do righteously because they have triumphed over iniquity and have learned through struggle to achieve virtue—then we can understand why the sword never falls, why Guido must ceaselessly struggle with the evil in himself, and why each one of us must run the awful risk of conflict with forces which seek to rob life of its purity and strength. Only thus can there come to us that glow of spiritual triumph which Guido must have yearningly coveted for himself when he painted it so vividly upon the fair face of Michael.

Lucius H. Bugbee.

Art. X.—AN ANCIENT WITNESS OF CHRISTIANITY FROM CENTRAL ASIA

The great missionary conference of Edinburgh has called again our attention to the different portions of the globe which remain, as far as the church of Christ is concerned, yet outside of the range of missionary activity. The condition of such countries is doubly sad if they represent ground which has been lost by the church. Of recent years the North of Africa—once so important a center of Christian endeavor—has been reoccupied by the bearers of good tidings; still it has not yet been reconquered for Christ. It cannot be denied that Egypt, Tripolis, Tunisia, Algeria, and Morocco present a pathetic spectacle to all whose historical knowledge is vivid enough to picture to themselves the panorama of the countries in bygone days. To an even greater extent is this true of a country into which neither preaching missionary nor toiling colporteur has again projected a ray of that light which had illuminated its inhabitants at an age when British and German nations were steeped in utter paganism. I mean the sand-covered regions of Central Asia, north of Tibet and south of the Altai chain of mountains, now sparsely inhabited by nomadic tribes chiefly of Kirghise and Turkoman nationality. In the closing years of the last and the first years of the present centuries scientific explorations have here taken place and have brought to light some remarkable remnants of a comparatively high culture. A variety of works of art and, especially, written documents have been deposited in the museums of Europe which are now the subject of painstaking study by a number of scholars, and the progress in the decipherment of whatever has been found of manuscripts of the past, has been, to say the least, encouraging.

While the written documents are in most cases but fragmentary, they indicate, by the variety of languages represented, how important those now almost deserted tracts of country must have been to the wayfarers of antiquity down to the early Middle Age. Many years before the Venetian traveler Marco Polo, who passed through these parts between the years 1271 and 1294, these regions must have formed the highway to China. We know from

Chinese history and from the so-called Nestorian Tablet of Singanfu, dated A. D. 781, that the Syrian Church had established a mission in western China, but not till our own day have these deserts favored us with Manichæan and Christian monuments of literature, which are, however, far less numerous than the more recent Buddhistic writings from this ancient domicile of the Turkish nation. Russian and German scientific expeditions, especially to Turfan and its neighborhood, have been particularly successful in enriching our knowledge of this country. Whole stacks of papers of the most varied contents have been unearthed and largely await the decipherer and commentator. The Chinese and Syrian documents have attracted the larger number of savants, but quite recently the Soghdian, middle Persian, and Parthian manuscripts have been studied, and, last of all, the most ancient monuments of the Uiguric, or old Turkish, language have been made to reveal their secrets. They are written in a character derived from the Syrian, from which also the Manchu people have received their alphabet. Professor F. W. K. Müller, of Berlin, has been in the foremost ranks of these students, and in 1908 he published in the proceedings of the Royal Prussian Academy of Science several specimens, of which he calls one a Christian document, while the others are translations of the Buddhistic Suvarṇa Prabhāsa Sūtra, or the Sutra of the Golden Splendor; a version not based upon the original Sanskrit, but made from an early Chinese translation, as some of the titles are actually transliterating or transcribing in Uiguric letters the sounds of the Chinese terms. Interesting as the study of the latter might prove to my readers, I will in the following pages treat of the "Christian document" which was found at Bulayik, together with Syrian and Soghdian papers of doubtless Christian origin. It consists of four well-preserved pages which must have belonged to a book or booklet. The writing excels in the uniformity, elegance, and clearness of letters. I subjoin a translation of the interesting text based largely upon Professor Müller's version:

"Let us go to adore his great majesty," so they said reverently. At this time King Herod (Hirodis Khan) commanded them thus, saying: "All right now, my beloved sons, go in peace. Take much care, seek, in-

quire. If it is he, return to me and I will go and worship him," so he spake. Hereafter, these Mages, as they had gone proceeding from Jerusalem (Urishlim; Syraic: Aurishlem), that star went together with them. When the Mages had reached Bethlehem (Bidilkhim), the star remained standing still without moving. Forthwith there they found Messias (Meshikha), the God. At that time approaching joyfully (Müller: tremblingly) they entered in. They opened their trappings and having opened they presented what they had brought with them, three kinds of valuables, gold, myrrh (zmurna) and also frankincense. They performed adoration, they presented praise and blessing to the prince and king Messias, the God. Those Mages thus thinking had entered in: "If he be the Son of God, he will take the myrrh and the incense; if he be a king, he will take the gold; if he be a physician and a Saviour (ämchi), he will take the remedy (that is, the myrrh). Thus *thinking*, they laid *the gifts* on a platter and carried them in. But the Son of the Eternal God, the king Messias, deigned to take all the three kinds of valuables, and thus he spake to them: "O Mages, you came here with three kinds of thoughts: I am as well God's Son, a king, also a physician and Saviour." Thus he spake: "Having been freed from grief go your way." Thus he spake. Then having broken off the corner of the stone-manger for those Mages, he gave the broken lump of stone to them.

When now those Mages had taken the stone, their bodies were unable to carry it; when they had loaded it on the horse, the horse even was unable to carry it. So they consulted together: "This stone is extremely heavy, what shall we do with it? The horse is even unable to carry it, we shall not be able to remove it *far*." Thus they spake one to another. Hereupon in that region a well was observed and they carried the stone and threw it into the depth of the well. Now proceeding, what did they see? In the depth of that well an awfully great splendor accompanied by flames of fire, rose up and remained reaching to the blue ether. So when they had seen this wonderful token, the Mages understood and saw and were *frightened*, and fell upon their faces and performed adoration. Hereupon they said: "He had given us a glorious and adorable jewel, but we were unworthy of the glorious *gift*, and because we did not recognize it, we have thrown it into a well." Thus they repented together. In consequence, up to this day the Mages worship the fire. This is the reason of it. At that time became visible to them the angel (Persian: Vrishti) of God and led them thence; by another way made he those Mages go; they did not meet King Herod.

Further we will undertake to relate that the high priest Zacharias suffered death at the hands of the wicked King Herod. What time King Herod saw that those Mages had turned back: "Having taken another way, those Mages have fooled me." Thus he spake and was very wroth. Thereupon he commanded his henchmen and assassins and executioners, saying: "Go ye through the whole extent of my kingdom, and as many boys and girls as there may be under two years, kill them all." Thus he commanded. Then an angel of God appeared to Joseph (Yausip) in a dream, and thus speaking, he brought a command. . . .

Here the interesting pages close before the end of the story, but we are very fortunate in having so much of it. The same legend was known to Marco Polo, who probably heard it in these regions, and it is mentioned by the Arab geographer Masudi, who wrote in the middle of the tenth century. See Sir H. Yule's edition of The Book of Ser Marco Polo, London, 1903, vol. i, pp. 78ff.

The little story is probably quite clear in its meaning to all of my readers; still, a word might be said about the way in which the Mages hoped to get the information what kind of a person the new-born child was going to be. It is a common custom prevailing in the East, especially in China, to divine by certain means the future position of a babe. A child will, for example, be offered a pen, a toy sword, and a dollar, and the doting parents will be careful to watch what the little darling will first take into his hand. If it is the pen, it will mark him as a future scholar of renown, the toy sword will proclaim him as a famous warrior or soldier, the dollar as a shrewd man of business. In the case of our Mages, the scheme failed because the Christ-child took all three presented tests, which baffled the surprised inquirers, until the child himself vouchsafed them a declaration of his supernatural character.

While it is still impossible to fix the date of this remarkable manuscript with any degree of certainty, we may hope that in the near future dated documents will be found and deciphered which will help us decide this question from the evidence of palæography. Up till then I would suggest the following: This "Christian" story seems to have a purpose which does not altogether seem to agree with the "Christian" exclusiveness of the Syrian Church, which alone can be considered as a possible vehicle of the information here presented. It might have been an effort to ingratiate the Christian religion among the confessors of Mazdaism. If we accept this as probable, and a number of reasons might be adduced for it, our story, not our manuscript, would go back to that decisive epoch of Nestorianism in the first half of the fifth century. The tenor of the story seems, however, rather to favor the thought that we have here a vindication of the religion of the fireworshipers, derived, of course, from Christian sources. Save for the inroads upon it by Manichæans and Christians, Mazdaism, as

a religion, remained almost untouched until the commencement of the Mohammedan era, which was inaugurated in Persia by the battle of Kadesia in the fifteenth year of the Hejira, or A. D. 636. From that date the Mages were called upon to defend their religion not against the peaceful remonstrations of teachers of a new religion, but against untaught fanatics who propagated their creed with the energy of zealots, and, if need were, at the point of the sword. At such a time it would have been a clever scheme to thwart the ardor of the Moslem missionary by proving an early contact of Mazdaism with the religion of the "people of the Book."

The year 650, when the last Sassanide King of Persia, Yezdegird, died, Islam had practically gained its present strong position in Persia. A few years later the last of the fire-worshipers who had resisted the appeals of Mohammedan missionaries and the more convincing logic of Moslem swords had left the country and settled on the hospitable soil of India. The conversion to Islam of the Turkish tribes who spoke the language of our manuscript was accomplished about the same time, or a little later. From that time the Arabic alphabet supplanted the old Syrian character, and the language was enriched by numerous Semitic expressions imported by the Mohammedan conquerors and converters. An apology of Mazdaism would then have been unthinkable. The complete absence of Arabic expressions is an additional proof that the story related in our manuscript originated in Persia toward the end of the first half of the seventh century of our era. The language is remarkably pure, and but for the Greek (?) word for myrrh (zmurna—*σμύρνα*), and the purely Persian word *vrishti,* for angel, there are no other foreign expressions in the language of our text except the proper nouns.

Let us hope that the near future will disclose to us many more such witnesses of the past which will call up from long oblivion a people, now slumbering in their desert graves, whose hearts once beat like ours, longing for freedom from grief, and finding it in the faith of God's Son, a king, a physician, and a Saviour.

H. L. E. Luering

Art. XI.—THE BALLAD

A BALLAD, strictly speaking, must have one essential quality, a quality which is by no means possessed by *all* artistic literature: it must have a sense of the narrative about it. It is essentially a song that tells a story or a story told in song. In a small copy of Old English Ballads edited by William Dallam Armes, such selections as "O Gin My Love Were Yon Red Rose," which is purely lyrical, "The Bonny Earl Of Murray," which is the expression of grief at the fate of an unfortunate nobleman, and "Fair Helen" are included. While to a certain extent these tell stories, they have as their paramount purpose the impression of emotion. They are, therefore, lyrics, and not ballads proper, and are excluded from Mr. Child's edition. Furthermore, a ballad must tell itself, and anything "told" (in every sense of the word) must be a narrative. If the narrative shows the conscious hand of the deliberate and artistic composer it no longer falls in the range of the ballad. For example, Chaucer's "Pardoner's Tale," although it deals with the same material as ballads are composed of, shows the conscious hand of the workman molding and shaping the material.

In the second place, the ballad must be short. Were it long, like Browning's "Saul" or Tennyson's "Guinevere," it would have to produce mood in some places. It makes one think of the "moving pictures" of our times. One moment it is daylight and the next it is darkness. In the ballad "Hind Horn," between the first and second stanzas Hind Horn has grown up. Between the fifth and sixth he has gone abroad. In artistic literature the case is different. The purpose is not to compress, beat along to reach the end, but rather to show a conscious potter at his wheel. Tennyson's "The Coming of Arthur" gives every detail of the birth of Arthur, and quickly, yet thoroughly, narrates events of his life until he is a man. In the "Bloomfield Hill" ballad a girl has just been given directions how to honorably meet her lover at Bloomfield:

Take ye the rings off your fingers
Put them on his right hand,
To let him know, when he doth awake,
His love was at his command.

The first verse of the next stanza is

She pu'd the broom flower on Hive Hill,

and the last verse of the same stanza,

That maiden she had gone.

In one stanza the witch has told the maiden what to do, in the interval between this stanza and the next the maiden has reached the Hill, and at the end of the two following verses she is on her way home. The quick beating and compression bring the action quickly to an end. Hence the ballad must be short. Unlike certain masterpieces of artistic literature, Coleridge's "Hymn Before Sunrise" and Milton's "Paradise Lost," the ballads are never in unrhymed verse. As the ballad has unconscious treatment, there is a uniformity of rhyme. The "beats" naturally force the rhyme to occur at certain intervals. As there are really only two stanzaic forms—a rhyming couplet with four accents in each line, such as,

Wol ye lure a wonder thynge
Betwyxt a mayd and the fowle fende?

I saw her through a whimmel bore
And I ne'er got sight of her no more,

and a quatrain the first and third lines of which have four accents each, while the second and fourth have three each—the most common rhyme is end rhyme, where the quatrain may be treated as a septenarian couplet, the second and fourth lines rhyming. There are rare attempts at assonantal rhyme, as

I am a poor squyar of lande;
And stande my selffe and loocke on.

and vague attempts at internal rhyme, as

'Twas on an evening fair I went to take the air.

but this seems rather a conscious effort on the writer's part. There are also rare cases where there is no rhyme, as,

She was na fifteen years o' age
Till she came to the Earl's bedside.

The case is entirely different in artistic literature, where the conscious hand of the artist has modified medium to fit material. There cannot be uniformity of rhyme—that is, absolute uniformity—if the ballad shows conscious treatment. The second stanza of Wordsworth's "Ode" is a fit example of this:

> The rainbow comes and goes,
> And lovely is the rose,
> The moon doth with delight
> Look round her when the heavens are bare;
> Waters on a starry night
> Are beautiful and fair;
> The sunshine is a glorious birth;
> And yet I know, where'er I go,
> That there hath passed away a glory from the earth.

The next consideration is that of setting. The ballad setting is short and trite. In the Robin Hood ballads the scene is generally in Sherwood Forest or in Nottingham town. There are very few instances of "pathetic fallacy" in ballad settings. In the earliest ballads there is practically no setting; in the later ones there are such attempts as

> Mery it was in grene forest
> Among the leves grene,
> Where that men walke both east and west,
> Wyth bowes and arrowes kene.

or,

> Through a garden greene and gay,
> A seemlye sight itt was to see
> How flowers did flourish fresh and gay,
> And birds doe sing melodiouslye.

How different is the "setting" in artistic literature, where it is really woven in the material of the production. Take, for example, the setting of Keats's "Hyperion":

> Deep in the shady sadness of a vale
> Far sunken from the healthy breath of morn,
> Far from the fiery moon and eve's one star—

or the setting of Adelaide Procter's "Legend of Bregenz:"

> Girt round with rugged mountains
> The fair lake Constance lies;
> In her blue heart reflected
> Shine back the starry skies;

And, watching each white cloudlet
Float silently and slow,
You think a piece of heaven
Lies on our earth below.

A highly important feature of the ballad is repetition. It may be said that some ballads are built of repetition. The ballad-makers lacked invention. The same plots and groups of characters occur and reoccur. The "Lord Randall" ballad is an example of simple repetition:

O where ha' you been, Lord Randall, my son?
And where ha' you been, my handsome young man?

The "Hind Horn" ballad is built of repetition. Verses five and six are good examples of incremental repetition:

When this ring grows pale and wan
You may think by it my love is gone.

One day, as he looked his ring upon,
He saw the diamonds pale and wan.

In the ballad, if a message is given to a messenger he always repeats it to the person—repeats it just as it was given, so that one feels like hastily reading over it. Shakespeare has carried out this plan in "Romeo and Juliet." Although the audience knows all of the secret marriage, Shakespeare makes the friar repeat it. The friar repeats it in such an artistic manner that it greatly adds to the play. Artistic literature of all sorts is full of repetition. For example, in Keats's "Isabella":

Fair Isabell, poor simple Isabell!

This repetition casts a somber atmosphere and puts the reader in a sympathetic mood. In Tennyson's "Lyric" from the "Princess"—

We fell out, my wife and I,
And kissed again with tears.
And blessings on the falling out
That all the more endears
When we fall out with those we love
And kiss again with tears—

the repetition is tender and beautiful and seems to link the different thoughts to the beautiful result of the "falling out"—"the kissing again with tears." The repetition in "Œnone" shows emotion and makes a sweet music in itself:

O Mother Ida, many-fountained Ida,
Dear Mother Ida, hearken ere I die.

One of the best examples of the quality of music produced by repetition is indicated by

Sweet and low, sweet and low,
Wind of the western sea,
Low, low, breathe and blow,
Wind of the western sea.

Thus repetition in artistic literature gives the reader the mood intended, puts one in sympathy with the character and adds music. All these things the repetition of ballads does not do. The refrain has often no connection whatever with the ballad, as,

A gentleman came over the sea,
Fine flowers in the valley;
And he has courted ladies three,
With the light green and the yellow.

Sometimes the refrain fits with the subject treated; for example, "The Fair Flower of Northumberland" and the "Edward" ballad. Exactly opposite to its use in the ballad is the purpose of refrain in artistic literature. One of the most musical refrains in the English language is in "Princess"; "Blow, bugle, answer, echoes, dying, dying, dying." The dying cadence seems to linger until it is caught up again by the same refrain. Another superb example is illustrated by Poe's "Raven." The refrain is not identical at the end of each line, but the long sound of the "o" in "more" occurs in each refrain and seems to add a melancholy effect and exactly describe the feelings of a lover for a never-ending love:

Sorrow for the lost Lenore,
For the rare and radiant maiden whom the angels name Lenore,
Nameless here forever more.

Also in Tennyson's "A Farewell," the final line of each stanza, "Forever and forever," gives a feeling of vastness which lingers on through the following stanza to be caught up by the next. Also the "Far, Far-Away" refrain of Tennyson's like-named poem seems to give the gentle sound of some elfin bell which the breeze has blown over the meadow. The refrain, "O the Earl was fair to see," of "The Sisters," at once gives a clue to the cause of the tragedy. It heightens the tragic effect and visualizes. In Long-

fellow's "Old Clock on the Stairs" the "Forever, never—never, forever," seems to keep time with the ticking of the clock and gives the reader an indescribable mood.

The ballads are impersonal. By this is meant that they have not a mark or characteristic to distinguish them from each other. It is true that the pronoun "I" rarely occurs. This is noticeable in the "Gil Breton" ballad. The expression, "I will sing if ye will hearken," has occurred. But, laying aside the use of the pronoun, the conscious hand of the writer is never seen in any modes of expression. One may say the ballads are very simple in expression, which accounts for this impersonal element. To counteract this it may be said that the thought and feeling of the ballad are far more simple than the expression of the same. Blake wrote poems of unusual simplicity in expression, but of a very brief suggestive meaning, as,

> Ah, sunflower weary of time,
> Who counted the steps of the sun,
> Seeking after the sweet golden clime
> Where the traveler's journey is done.

This stanza carries a pathos and reflection the ballad never knew. The "Erlkönig" is personal throughout. The very question introducing the poem—"Wer reitet so spät durch Nacht und Wind?" —shows a personal note. The writer shows interest. Keats's "Ode to Psyche" shows that the artist is a being with unimpaired senses. It shows conscious treatment indeed. The use of figures shows a personal note in artistic literature. In the examples,

> I wandered lonely as a cloud

and

> As idle as a painted ship upon a painted ocean,

the artist has gone out and focused a mass of interests on the object. In the ballad there is simply the narrow circle of the deed itself with an occasional metaphor, such as "lily-white hand." Every detail is narrowly connected with another. The artist suggests so that one deed links itself with a mass of others, as,

> The ships went down like lead,
>
> I pass, like night, from land to land.

Personification is commonly used in artistic literature, as shown by Keats:

> Bright star! Would I were steadfast as thou art,

and by his "To Sleep":

> O soft embalmer of the still midnight,
> Shutting with careful fingers and benign
> Our gloom-pleased eyes, embowered from the light
> Seal the hushed casket of my soul.

Rarely do we have a ballad symbolical of something hidden in its depths. "The Rose of England" is a late ballad and therefore can claim artistic treatment. Nevertheless it has symbolism. A garden of flowers and a boar are represented as the Lancaster House and Richard. But artistic literature is steeped in this sort of thing. Poe's "The Fall of the House of Usher" symbolizes the fall of accumulated wealth; the latter part of "Lycidas" is symbolical; Milton tells of the ruin of corrupted clergy then in their height; "Merlin and the Gleam" is symbolical of the reaching and aspirations of every human heart; Dryden's "Absalom and Achitophel" is symbolical of Monmouth and Shaftesbury. The absence of expression of feeling is evident in the ballad treatment of the supernatural. The ballads introduce talking birds, the Three Ravens; witches, and quick transformations, the Marriage of Sir Gawain; the talking worm and fish, The Laily Worm and Machral of the Sea; fairies, Thomas Rhymer, and the return of the dead as ghosts, "Wife of Usher's Well" and "Proud Lady Margaret." But how different are "Christabel" and "Erlkönig," where the supernatural element is woven in the very atmosphere. It is a like case with the "Ancient Mariner." Poe's "Raven" does not stand out utterly cold and alone; it forms the very atmosphere of the poem. The ballad, too, is full of trite expressions, of stock words and phrases. The descriptive phrases are selected in about the same way as the type-setter chooses his letters of the alphabet to form words—taken from pigeon-holes. Eyes are blue, hair yellow, hands lily-white. One exception to the blue eyes is found in "Robin Hood's Birth," which is not a true ballad in every sense of the word:

> Her eyebrows were black, ay, and so was her hair.

How lovely in contrast is the description by James Whitcomb Riley:

> Her face and brow
> Are lovelier than lilies are
> Beneath the light of moon and star;
> White lilies in a pallid swoon
> Of sweetest white beneath the moon.

or Scott's "The Violet":

> I've seen an eye of lovelier blue,
> More sweet through watery luster shining.

In the ballad there is never such minuteness of description as is found in the following passage from "Christabel";

> Her blue-veined feet unsandaled were,

or,

> Her eyes were deeper than the depth
> Of waters stilled at even

from "The Blessed Damozel."

Lastly, one can by no means say of any ballad-makers as Charles Lamb said of Coleridge, "You cannot open your mouth unless you preach a sermon," nor can it be said of the ballads that, like Gray's poetry, the production of a mood is predominate; nor, like Poe's and Keats's, that beauty is an essential characteristic. The ballads simply have nothing for their object except narration. But we must consider that the subject of the ballad poet was not his own, and he has no desire to utter his peculiar feelings about it, and that he is a voice rather than a person. We must consider, too, that among productions of literature those most highly valued are those which show the individual artist, "who," as Professor Kittredge says, "in the solitude of his sound-proof study writes down his own thoughts and feelings."

Edna Brown Sterner

EDITORIAL DEPARTMENTS

NOTES AND DISCUSSIONS

THE METHODIST REVIEW AND ELIZABETH BARRETT'S POETRY

For nearly a century this Review has held high rank and rendered eminent service in the world of periodical literature, known among English-speaking peoples in all lands. A few typical incidents give glimpses of its standing as an influential power in the realm of thought and letters: Louis Napoleon, when emperor of France, becoming interested in the great Frenchman Auguste Comte and his theories, read an article on them in this Review, and declared to Dr. John McClintock that it was the ablest discussion of Comte's Positivism that he had seen. Prime Minister Gladstone, when collecting collateral reading upon an important subject which he was studying with intent to write upon it, sent to our editorial office a request for all articles on that subject which had ever appeared in this Review. A few years ago Edmund Clarence Stedman, for years the dean of American literary critics, who was familiar with the significant literature, periodical and other, of the nineteenth century, referred in writing to this Review as "the grand old Methodist Quarterly."

Recently the New York Browning Society, in its celebration of this centenary year of Robert Browning's birth, gave one of its meetings to Mrs. Browning and her poetry, and in connection with that meeting brought to light the fact that one of the first, if not, indeed, the very earliest, critical study and appreciation of Elizabeth Barrett's poetry published in America appeared in this Review in January, 1846.

The American edition of her early poems was published in New York in 1845 by Henry C. Langley in two volumes under the title, A Drama of Exile; and Other Poems, and was noticed almost immediately in this Review in an article written apparently by Luther W. Peck, whose uncle, Dr. George Peck, was at that time editor of the Methodist Quarterly, as it was then called. To this fact public attention was drawn thirteen years ago when Harper & Brothers pub-

lished the two volumes of Letters of Robert Browning and Elizabeth Barrett, in which Miss Barrett, in two letters written about four months prior to their marriage, speaks to her lover about an article in this REVIEW on the first volumes of her poetry issued in America. The article evidently pleased her greatly, though she modestly protested that its praise was excessive. On May 15, 1846, Elizabeth wrote to Robert: "I have just had American letters of the kindest from Massachusetts, and a review on my poems, quite extravagant indeed, in the Methodist Quarterly of New York."

Robert, when he had read that review of the poems of the woman he was in love with, wrote back to Elizabeth, rather critically, as might have been expeeted; "I like it very much. The introductory abstract remarks might be better, but so it always is when a man having really something to say about one precise thing (your poems) thinks he should preface it by a little graceful *generality*. All he *wanted* to write I agree with, thoroughly agree—though I cannot but fancy better my own selection—that *might* be—of passages and single poems for quotation." The article, thus referred to in the love letters of these two gifted poets who became one a little later, and freshly recalled to notice now by the Browning centennial, may be, not improperly, reprinted here as part of our contribution to the celebration.

Readers of the article should bear in mind that it is one of the earliest attempts to estimate a new, and then unmeasured, poet, and therefore is probably, indeed inevitably, more impulsive, less thoroughly studied, and less soberly critical than many matured judgments which were easily made in later years after full discussion when Mrs. Browning had become an accepted figure of high distinction in the world of literature. That this REVIEW had a very early share in helping Elizabeth Barrett to that recognition is but typical of the character of its literary usefulness through nine decades; and is now, sixty-six years after, a source of legitimate satisfaction.

Here follows the review reprinted from the New York Methodist Quarterly of January, 1846:

A DRAMA OF EXILE AND OTHER POEMS. BY ELIZABETH B. BARRETT.

THERE are many who regard the chief end of poetry to be amusement or recreation. They think it well enough, in the intermissions of life's toil, to spend a few leisure moments in listening to the soft melody and the harmonious numbers of the poet's song. Now this is a most false and

lamentably low estimate of the design and use of poetry. It is true, there are songs of a nature peculiarly fitted for the hour of the soul's repose from action; such as have magic power

"To quiet the restless pulse of care."

But poetry has a higher object than this. It is the language of the soul's loftiest aspirations and its deepest feelings. It has power to nerve the warrior's heart to action in the great moral, as of old it did in the physical, strife; to support us when the agony of suffering is heaviest, and to cheer and elevate our spirits when life's mysteries envelop us in their darkest gloom. Nor is its ideal false. We all need that heart-faith in the ideal to which poetry lends strong aid. Every pure ideal of the soul is but a more distant real. Our brightest imaginings of it cannot deceive us. If earth never realizes what it calls our dreams, yet shall they all have a sure fulfillment in that better land, the extent of whose glories "it hath not entered into the heart of man to conceive." No: the imagination is *not* "a fraud upon the reason"; but the winged messenger of the soul, that in its flight stretches far out over the ocean of mystery, and brings from beyond a promise and assurance, bright, though but a symbol, of the future.

Greatly has man suffered from the separation of æsthetics and theology. The true and the beautiful are one. "What God hath joined together let not man put asunder." Let poetry join herself to Christianity, and then shall she receive a depth, a sublimity, and a truth she never knew before; while she lends her own loveliness and beauty to Christianity. It is one of the most encouraging signs of the age, to find how much more *earnest* our literature, and especially our poetry, is becoming. Our best poets no longer content themselves with the stirring songs of battles; the old legends of chivalry; the oft-told tale of "lady won in courtly bower"; or the mere description of the outward beauties of nature —but take *man* as their theme, and from the daily struggles, joys, sorrows, and hopes of life derive their inspiration. Humanity is the poet's subject. Christianity has gradually infused itself into our literature, and given it a deeper spiritualism.

At the very head of this class of spiritual poets we should place Elizabeth Barrett. There are no two qualities more manifest in her than *intensity*, and *deep religious feeling*. One of the most gifted of our American writers calls her the "*strongest* woman that has yet written." We not only agree with this praise, but think *intensity* the fitter word to characterize her power; and esteem her without a rival in this quality among our living poets of either sex. The impress of Christianity is on almost every piece in the volumes before us; while the main poem is on a mighty theme, akin to that for which, in solemn prayer, Milton invoked the inspiration of the heavenly muse. It is most eminently true of Miss Barrett, as evinced in all her works, that

—Sion hill
Delights her most, and Siloa's brook that flow'd
Fast by the oracle of God.

She is the most subjective and personal of our poets; and at the same time has been but recently known at all beyond the immediate circle of her friends. As she says herself, her poetry is "the completest expression of her being"; and it is therefore necessary to a full enjoyment of it, that we should know something of her history. Fortunately, in addition to what we can learn from her preface and from her poems, Mr. Horne, in his "Spirit of the Age," has furnished us with the main facts of her life. And, certainly, had her poems no other interest, we should hope to enlist the reader's sympathy for them, when we state that they are the productions of one, confined for years by a hopeless sickness to her solitary chamber, scarcely seen by any but her own family, and compelled often to pass days, and even weeks, in almost total darkness. Those who have themselves enjoyed, or perhaps still better, have imparted to some poor invalid the holy consolation and heroic cheer of Miss Martineau's "Life in a Sick Room," will be interested to know that the friend to whom the letters are addressed is one who was then her companion in affliction, and, unlike her, seems destined yet to pass long years in the vale of sorrow—Miss Barrett. Yet from her sick-room she has sent forth her poems, written with no feebleness of spirit, but with a strength to which suffering seems to have lent a stimulus—though she herself tells us, "If this art of poetry had been a less earnest object to me, it must have dropped from exhausted hands before this day." Of the variety and extent of her acquirements, authorities concur in saying that she is one of the most learned and accomplished scholars among the writers of England; having a thorough knowledge of Greek, even to the mastering of the immortal Plato; a critical knowledge of the Oriental languages, necessary to a thorough reading of the Bible in its original tongues; and at the same time "as wide and diffuse acquaintance with literature, that of the present day inclusive, as any living individual." It is with such varied attainments and extensive culture, with the influence of suffering in developing her genius and character, sanctified by the deepest religious faith, that she has devoted herself with unwearied labor to those poetical productions which, at the same time, have consoled her in her own affliction and elevated her thoughts above the body's sufferings; while they have secured her a loving memory and an affectionate gratitude among a circle of friends daily increasing in number, and established a poetic reputation which time will largely increase.

With the exception of a few miscellaneous articles, translations, etc., in various periodicals, her first publication was entitled *"The Seraphim, and other Poems"*; and was issued in 1838. Of this there has been no American edition. Her other work, which we propose to notice, was given to the American public—for whom, she says, "I have felt love and admiration as long as I have felt proud of being an Englishwoman, and almost as long as I have loved poetry itself"—some little time in anticipation of its publication in England.

The "Drama of Exile" is a poem of about one hundred and twenty pages: the foundation being blank verse, interspersed with chants and choruses of irregular meters. The object of the work, as stated by her-

self, is, "the new and strange experience of the fallen humanity, as it went forth from Paradise: with a peculiar reference to Eve's allotted grief, which, considering that self-sacrifice belonged to her womanhood, and the consciousness of being the organ of the fall to her offense—appeared to me imperfectly apprehended hitherto, and more expressible by a woman than a man." The time occupied is the twilight after their expulsion from Eden; and the action of the drama is not too long for this space, when we consider that we have scientific reasons for believing twilight before the flood to have been longer than at present; besides, Miss Barrett's poetic excuse, that she can "never, for her part, believe in an Eden without the longest of purple twilights." The scene commences where Milton closes; when the guilty pair

> —hand in hand with wand'ring steps and slow,
> Through Eden took their solitary way.

They are seen in the distance, flying along from the sword-glare which shut them for ever out of Paradise, and seeking the wilderness before them. Lucifer opens the poem with a taunt on Gabriel, the keeper of the gate. Gabriel bids him depart. Lucifer claims the earth for his; and exclaims,

> "Here's a brave earth to sin and suffer on!
> It holds fast still—it cracks not under curse:
> It holds like mine immortal. Presently
> We'll sow it thick enough with graves as green
> Or greener, certes, than its knowledge tree.
> .....The red sign
> Burnt on my forehead, which you taunt me with,
> Is God's sign that it bows not unto God:
> The potter's mark upon his work, to show
> It rings well to the striker. I and the earth
> Can bear more curse."
>
> *Gabriel.* "O miserable earth!
> O ruined angel!"
>
> *Lucifer.* "Well! and if it be,
> I CHOSE this ruin: I elected it
> Of my will, not of service. What I do,
> I do volitient, not obedient."

The reply of Gabriel to the boasted independence of Satan, is, for its metaphysical acumen (though Miss Barrett has generally chosen more to display feeling than logic), worthy of Milton—we had almost said worthy of the personage who uses it.

> Spirit of scorn!
> I might say, of unreason! I might say,
> That who despairs, acts; that who acts, connives
> With God's relations set in time and space;
> *That who elects, assumes a something good*
> *Which God made possible; that who lives, obeys*
> *The law of a Life-maker.*

At length Gabriel asks Lucifer whether he knows aught of the future of mankind; he replies,

> "Only as much as this:
> That evil will increase and multiply
> Without a benediction."
> *Gabriel.* "Nothing more!"
> *Lucifer.* "Why so the angels taunt! What should be more?"
> *Gabriel.* "God is more."
> *Lucifer.* "Proving what?"
> *Gabriel.* "That he is God,
> And capable of saving."

Unheeding this intimation of God's gracious providence, Satan at length goes his way, leaving this terrible threat behind him:

> "I assert my will,
> And peradventure in the after years,
> When thoughtful men bend slow their spacious brows
> Upon the storm and strife seen everywhere
> To ruffle their smooth manhood, and break up
> With lurid lights of intermittent hope
> Their human fear and wrong—they may discern
> The heart of a lost angel in the earth."

Now is heard the "chorus of Eden spirits"; and the "spirit of the trees," the "river-spirits," the "bird-spirits," and the "flower-spirits," chant their mournful, plaintive farewell, and the awful "nevermore," to the hearts of the exiles. This imbodiment of the feelings suggested to Adam and Eve by the thought of the joys of nature left forever behind in Paradise, and its expression in the spirits' voices is most exquisitely beautiful and pathetic; while it is full of poetic power.

Adam and Eve are now first introduced as pausing a moment in their flight as they reach the extremity of the sword-glare. Here Eve bitterly bewails her transgression, and especially reproaches herself as the cause of the curse to Adam. She beseeches him to put her straight away and seek God's mercy thereby—"thy wrath against the sinner giving proof of inward abrogation of the sin." Adam replies, that he is "deepest in the guilt, if last in the transgression"; having also sinned against the "last best gift of God," his Eve; and comforts her, declaring it is God's will they should bear the curse together. Eve recovers her strength, and tells him,

> "Because I comprehend
> This human love, I shall not be afraid
> Of any human death."

Yet she now confesses that all day long in their desolate journey this prayer had trembled on her lips:

> "O Lord God!
> ('Twas so I prayed) I ask Thee by my sin,
> And by thy curse, and by thy blameless heavens,
> Make dreadful haste to hide me from thy face,
> And from the face of my beloved here,

For whom I am no helpmate, quick away
Into the new dark mystery of death!
I will lie still there; I will make no plaint;
I will not sigh, nor sob, nor speak a word,
Nor struggle to come back beneath the sun,
Where peradventure I might sin anew
Against thy mercy and his pleasure. Death,
O death, whate'er it be, is good enough
For such as I.—For Adam—there's no voice,
Shall ever say again, in heaven or earth,
It is not good for him to be alone."

Adam. "And was it good for such a prayer to pass,
My unkind Eve, betwixt our mutual lives?
If I am *exiled*, must I be *bereaved?*"

Eve confesses that "'twas an ill prayer; it shall be prayed no more"; and taking courage, the woman's heart within made strong by Adam's love, she declares,

"Since I was the first
In the transgression, with a steady foot
I will be first to tread from this sword-glare
Into the outer darkness of the waste—
And thus I do it."

As they go on, a faint song of the "invisible angels," the love-angels that ministered to them in Paradise, breathes a sad lament; but yet with tender pity assures them, that though "this pure door of opal God hath shut between us," that still,

"Yet across the doorway,
Past the silence reaching,
Farewells evermore may,
Blessing in the teaching,
Glide from us to you."

As the tones of the angels die away, Satan meets Adam and Eve. Most beautifully, with a single stroke of the pen, has Miss Barrett here delineated the trusting, confiding nature of woman, and her instinctive disposition, since she was first overcome, to ever cling closer to man in the hour of danger. Eve calls to Adam,

"Adam! hold
My right hand strongly. It is Lucifer—
And we have love to lose."

Lucifer proceeds to taunt them; his first salutation is,

"Now may all fruits be pleasant to thy lips,
Beautiful Eve! The times have somewhat changed
Since thou and I had talk beneath a tree;
Albeit ye are not gods yet."

It is here that we are almost inclined to place the greatest power of the drama; in this picture of Satan coming to taunt the guilty pair with the fruits of their obedience to him. Milton has been charged, and we

cannot but think with some degree of truth, with giving too much grandeur, gloomy though it be, and too much nobility of character, to his Satan. The stern resolve, the unbending will, the high-wrought courage, do show too much of "the arch-angel still, though in ruins"; and with some temperaments might operate to lessen their abhorrence of his rebellion, in their admiration of his seeming heroism; and in spite of their wishes, their sympathy they may find at times half with him. But Miss Barrett's portraiture of Satan is open to no such objection as this. The last shade of blackness is added to him when he comes after the curse, and not only exults over the ruin he has accomplished, but after taunting the holy angels of Paradise with his fancied success, he seeks out the wandering exiles, to insult those he has ruined—to feast himself with the sight of their misery—to mock at their sufferings—to scorn their sorrows—to laugh over their tears. We see here a personification of evil that cannot be made darker. For such a spirit, we can feel nothing but the most intense disgust; no sympathy or pity divides our feelings. Adam well exclaims,

"Ay, mock me! Now I know more than I knew.
Now I know thou art fallen below hope
Of final reascent."

Lucifer. "Because?"

Adam. "Because
A spirit who expected to see God,
Though at the last point of a million years,
Could dare no mockery of a ruined man
Such as this Adam."

As Lucifer departs, there is heard the song of his "morning star." The burden of the song is ever,

Ai, Ai, Heosphoros!

The whole lament is full of pathos and sublimity; but we have not room for it. While the sad refrain is sounding over the fallen glory of Lucifer, the pair approach a wild country, over which the shadows of night begin to gather darkly. Eve's heart grows chill with the gloom around, and she declares it better to return and "stand within the sword-glare till we die." Adam replies that they must not "pluck death from the Maker's hand as erst we plucked the apple," but patiently await God's will. Surrounded by the darkness, out of it shapes, and images, and awful phantasms appear to rise; and at length from the ground spring up two earth-spirits. They commence reproaching our first parents for the curse the world bears on their account. This reproach is full of terrible power. One of the spirits represents the animals, and the other nature; and from them both there comes a "groan of the whole creation," awful in its solemn accusation. It is a most forcible conception of the bitter feelings of remorse which Adam and Eve must have experienced, when they looked abroad on the world so lately filled with God's best blessings everywhere, and saw all now cursed; and felt, bitterest of all, that it was *for their sake.* No fancy picture is this representation of the

reproachful voice of the world; deeply must it have entered the soul of the exiles. Miss Barrett's design here is highly poetical, for it has the poetry of truth; while its execution is powerful. Their wail gradually changes to bitter invective and threats. How eloquent is their voice—here is the eloquence of *sorrow:*

First Spirit. "I feel your steps, O wandering sinners, strike
A sense of death to me, and undug graves!
The heart of earth, once calm, is trembling, like
The ragged foam along the ocean-waves:
The restless earthquakes rock against each other—
The elements moan 'round me—'Mother, mother'—
And I wail!"

Second Spirit. "I wail, I wail! I shriek in the assault
Of undeserved perdition, sorely wounded!
My nightingales sang sweet without a fault,
My gentle leopards innocently bounded;
We were obedient—what is this convulses
Our blameless life with pangs and fever pulses?
And I wail!"

Now changed into defiance, here is the eloquence of their *scorn:*

First Spirit. "And we scorn you! . . .
And the elements shall boldly
All your dust to dust constrain;
Unresistedly and coldly,
I will smite you with my rain!
From the slowest of my frosts is no receding."

Second Spirit. "And my little worm, appointed
To assume a royal part,
He shall reign, crowned and anointed
O'er the noble human heart."

No wonder the agony of such reproaches was terrible; and that Eve, feeling her "punishment greater than she could bear," should, after in vain beseeching them to be gentler, exclaim,

"I choose God's thunder and his angels' swords
To die by, Adam, rather than such words."

But the violence of the earth-spirits at length rouses up the human passions of Adam, and he says to them,

"Do ye scorn us? Back your scorn
Toward your faces gray and lorn
As the wind drives back the rain,
Thus I drive with passion strife.

"By my free will that chose sin,
By mine agony within
Round the passage of the fire;
By the pinings which disclose
That my native soul is higher
Than what it chose—
We are yet too high, O spirits, for your disdain."

Still the spirits claim their triumph:

"We triumph—triumph greatly,
When ye lie beneath the sward!
There my lily shall grow stately,
Though ye answer not a word."

Adam at length charges them into silence:

"Down to obedience—I am king of you!"

But the spirits laugh him to scorn, and mock him yet more bitterly:

"Ha, ha! Thou art king!
With a sin for a crown,
And a soul undone."

At last, wearied and exhausted with these reproaches, and with the words of Lucifer, who, while the spirits were speaking, comes again and adds another pang to their suffering, scorning their "petty griefs," Adam makes his appeal to God and his *power*. Eve appeals to his *pity;* and prays for a token of the promised seed; for now

"My soul is bruised before the serpent's head."

Soon CHRIST appears in a vision, and stills the rebellious voice of creation. He shows the earth-spirits man's supremacy though fallen, and bids them serve him yet:

"Be ye to man as angels be to God,
Servants in pleasure, singers of delight,
Suggesters to his soul of higher things
Than any of your highest. So at last,
He shall look round on you, with lids too straight
To hold the grateful tears, and thank you well.

"Go serve him for such price."

Christ then commands Adam "to bless the woman, for it is thine office." Thus commissioned, Adam foretells to her the future, with its sufferings, its joys, and its promises; and exclaims,

"—Henceforward, woman, rise
To thy peculiar and best altitudes
Of doing good and of enduring ill—
Of comforting for ill, and teaching good,
And reconciling all that ill and good
Unto the patience of a constant hope—
Rise with thy daughters! If sin came by thee,
And by sin, death—the ransom—righteousness,
The heavenly life and compensative rest
Shall come by means of thee. If wo by thee
Had issue to the world, thou shalt go forth
An angel of the wo thou didst achieve;
Found acceptable to the world instead
Of others of that name, of whose bright steps
Thy deed stripped bare the hills. Be satisfied;

Something thou hast to bear through womanhood—
Peculiar suffering answering to the sin;
Some pang paid down for each new human life;
Some weariness in guarding such a life—
Some coldness from the guarded; some mistrust
From those thou hast too well served; from those beloved
Too loyally, some treason; feebleness
Within thy heart, and cruelty without;
And pressures of an alien tyranny,
With its dynastic reasons of larger bones
And stronger sinews. But, go to! thy love
Shall chant itself its own beatitudes,
After its own life-working. A child's kiss,
Set on thy sighing lips, shall make thee glad:
A poor man, served by thee, shall make thee rich;
An old man, helped by thee, shall make thee strong;
Thou shalt be served thyself by every sense
Of service which thou renderest. Such a crown
I set upon thy head—Christ witnessing
With looks of prompting love—to keep thee clear
Of all reproach against the sin foregone
From all the generations which succeed."

This is a most vivid and affecting picture of woman's mission on earth. Though given here by Adam, none but a *woman* could have been its author—from the deep experiences and the inmost records of her heart, alone, could it have proceeded. Eve's reply is full of angelic, patient submission:

"I accept
For me and my daughters this high part
Which lowly shall be counted. Noble work
Shall hold me in the place of garden rest:
And in the place of Eden's lost delight,
Worthy endurance of permitted pain;
While on my longest patience there shall wait
Death's speechless angel, smiling in the east
Whence cometh the cold wind. I bow myself
Humbly henceforward on the ill I did,
That humbleness may keep it in the shade."

Christ is now gradually transfigured before them into humanity, and gives them the promise of his future coming as their Saviour, and of his suffering for their sake on earth. As he leaves them he gives a parting blessing for their support:

"—Henceforth in my name
Take courage, O thou woman—man, take hope!
Your graves shall be as smooth as Eden's sward,
Beneath the steps of your prospective thoughts;
And one step past them, a new Eden-gate
Shall open on a hinge of harmony,
And let you through to mercy. Ye shall fall
No more, within that Eden, nor pass out
Any more from it. In which hope, move on,

First sinners and first mourners. Live and love—
Doing both nobly, because lowlily;
Live and work, strongly—because patiently!"

The earth-spirits now, obeying the Saviour's voice, renew to man their "homage-oath once broken," and ask his forgiveness; promising instead of scorn and injury, gentleness, kindness, and solace:

"Ye shall find us tender nurses
To your weariness of nature;
And our hands shall stroke the curse's
Dreary furrows from the creature."

There is then a final vision of the last taming and conquering of the "wild horse of death," by the Saviour; it is full of terrible strength and of glorious triumph: but we have no room for extracts.

Thus soothed by nature's influences and harmony again, and sustained by the holy promises of Christ, the agony of sorrow is lifted from the exiles' hearts; and with "sadness that is calm, not gloom," they commence their life-pilgrimage. The chorus of the "invisible angels" attends them, and the last strain cheers them with sweet consolation:

"Listen how we love you—
Hope the uttermost—
Waiting for that curing
Which exalts the wounded,
Hear us sing above you—
EXILED, BUT NOT LOST."

We have thus attempted to give an outline of this noble drama; a work which merits the high praise of being worthy of its relationship to "*Paradise Lost.*" Our sketch of it can no more convey an idea of its beauty as a whole, than would fragments of a beautiful statue give an idea of the fair proportions of the work; or, to borrow an illustration from Lowell, we might almost as well hope to convey an idea of the power of Niagara by exhibiting a specimen of its waters in a vial. We can only hope to have called attention to, and excited an interest in it.

Our most difficult task yet remains; and that is, to compress our notice of the remaining poems within the proper limits of this article. We can scarcely do more than merely indicate our favorites, giving a few extracts only; and even this selection is difficult enough—for of many of Miss Barrett's poems, we feel that to be true which is asserted of Shakespeare's Plays; that the *last read* is always the *best.* But to proceed. We have already alluded to Miss Barrett's strength: in no other writer have we ever seen this quality so beautifully and harmoniously united with womanly tenderness. The "CRY OF THE CHILDREN" well illustrates this. We hardly know which strikes us most forcibly; the power or the pathos of the poem. It is an attempt to give utterance to the sorrowful wail which comes up from the children's hearts, who are employed in the dismal mines and factories of England. Sorrow never touches us more affectingly than when it speaks in the voice of childhood; and we feel that the thunders of God's providence cannot long be

far off, but will avenge the miseries of his "little children." How terribly powerful and yet how tenderly pathetic is this:

"How long," they say, "how long, O cruel nation,
Will you stand, to move the world, on a child's heart—
Stifle down with a mailed heel its palpitation,
And tread onward to your throne amid the mart?
Our blood splashes upwards, O our tyrants,
And your purple shows your path;
But the child's sob curseth deeper in the silence
Than the strong man in his wrath!"

"L. E. L.'s LAST QUESTION" is a beatiful poem founded on an expression in one of her last writings sent home: "*Do you think of me as I think of you?*" The closing turn of the sentiment, by which the *Saviour* is represented as making this appeal to each one of us, is peculiarly touching. "CROWNED AND BURIED" is a most magnificent picture of Napoleon's grandeur in life, and of his grave in death; and at the same time is most just and discriminating in its view of his character.

I do not praise this man; the man was flawed
For Adam—much more, Christ!— . . .
. . . But since he had
The genius to be loved, why let him have
The justice to be honored in his grave.

As a specimen of *intensity of feeling*, we know nothing to surpass the following from the "CRY OF THE HUMAN." Before such love as this, even the most hallowed phrases of earthly affection seem cold and lifeless. After reading what follows, one may well feel that the solemnity of our marriage service can never again impress us as it was wont with its promise of life-long faithfulness.

We sit together, with the skies,
The steadfast skies, above us:
We look into each other's eyes—
"And how long will you love us?"—
The eyes grew dim with prophecy,
The voices, low and breathless—
"'Till death us part"—*O words, to be*
Our best for love the deathless!
Be pitiful, dear God!

After all, however, we think our copy of Miss Barrett will testify that the SONNETS are our favorites, by exhibiting marks of most frequent reading. We would especially advise all readers to begin with these, rather than undertake the "Drama" at first. They are the most *personal* of all her poetry. Though deeply tinged with the coloring of her suffering life, they are full of Christian consolation and heroism. It has been well said of a poet whose admirers claim for him the highest place among his contemporaries, Alfred Tennyson, that "he comes *out of himself* to sing a poem, and goes back again: or rather sends his song out from his shadow under the leaf, as other nightingales do; and refuses to be expansive to his public, opening his heart on the hinges of music." In this

characteristic, which we think belongs to no *true* poet, Miss Barrett is precisely his opposite; and in these Sonnets, particularly, she has indeed given us her "heart and life in them." They could never have been written except by one made strong through suffering by the sanctifying influences of exalted, ardent, Christian faith. Their mere titles will afford some idea of their nature: "*Grief*," "*Tears*," "*Substitution*," "*Comfort*," "*The Look*" (Christ's on Peter), "*Futurity*," "*The Soul's Expression*," "*A Thought for a Lonely Death-Bed*," etc. Our choice of the few of these we can give here as specimens has wavered and vacillated so much, nearly as much as a mother's would if called to select from her children, that we almost let chance determine.

"TEARS"

Thank God, bless God, all ye who suffer not
More grief than ye can weep for. That is well—
That is light grieving! lighter, none befell,
Since Adam forfeited the primal lot.
Tears! What are tears? The babe weeps in its cot,
The mother singing: at her marriage bell,
The bride weeps: and before the oracle
Of high-faned hills, the poet hath forgot
That moisture on his cheeks. Commend the grace,
Mourners, who weep! Albeit, as some have done,
Ye grope tear-blinded, in a desert place,
And touch but tombs—look up! Those tears will run
Soon, in long rivers, down the lifted face,
And leave the vision clear for stars and sun.

"COMFORT"

Speak low to me, my Saviour, low and sweet
From out the hallelujahs, sweet and low,
Lest I should fear and fall, and miss thee so
Who art not missed by any that entreat.
Speak to me as to Mary at thy feet—
And if no precious gums my hands bestow,
Let my tears drop like amber—while I go
In reach of thy divinest voice complete
In humanest affection—thus, in sooth,
To lose the sense of losing! As a child,
Whose song-bird seeks the wood for evermore,
Is sung to in its stead by mother's mouth;
Till, sinking on her breast, love-reconciled,
He sleeps the faster that he wept before.

Lowell well says, "The first voice that is heard after the reading of good poetry comes ordinarily from the shallowest heart in the company." Such poetry as the above we cannot praise. It stirs "thoughts that lie too deep."

We have aimed not so much to eulogize Miss Barrett, as to let her speak for herself. We have also purposely forborne to notice any faults of style or otherwise, because we are a firm believer in the propriety of Coleridge's maxim: "Never admit the faults of a work to persons inca-

pable of appreciating its beauties"; and as we think the public yet insensible to the merits of these poems, we deem it not only the most pleasant, but the most appropriate work of the critic to call attention to their beauties. If we have succeeded in introducing her to the heart of one loving friend, who will give her the same warm homage of grateful tears she has already won from others; better still, if we have introduced her to a sister in suffering, who may from her receive consolation, and learn better the holy lessons of the sick-room; we shall have been more than abundantly repaid.

To this reprint of the article of 1846 we append an autobiographical bit from Elizabeth Stuart Phelps's "Chapters From A Life." "In the year when my father read De Quincey and Wordsworth to me on winter evenings *I happened for myself on Elizabeth Barrett Browning.* The first event opened for me distinctly the world of letters as a Paradise from which no flaming sword could ever exile me; but *the second revealed to me my own nature.*

"The Andover sunsets blazed behind Wachusett, and between the one window of my little room and the fine head of the mountain nothing intervened. The Andover elms held above lifted eyes arch upon arch of exquisite tracery, through which the far sky looked down like some noble thing that one could spend all one's life in trying to reach, and be happy just because it existed, whether one reached it or not. The paths in my father's great gardens burned white in the summer moonlights, and their shape was the shape of a mighty cross. The June lilies, yellow and sweet, lighted their soft lamps beside the cross—*I was sixteen, and I read Aurora Leigh.*

"A grown person may smile—but, no; no gentle-minded man or woman smiles at the dream of a girl. What has life to offer that is nobler in enthusiasm, more delicate, more ardent, more true to the unseen realities which govern our souls, or leave us sadder forever because they do not? There may be greater poems in our language than Aurora Leigh, but it was years before it was possible for me to suppose it; and nothing else could have done for that girl what that poem did at that time. I had never a good memory—but I could have repeated a large portion of it; and I often stood the test of examinations on the poem from half-scoffing friends, sometimes of the masculine persuasion. Each to his own; and what Shakespeare or the Latin Fathers might have done for some other impressionable girl, Mrs. Browning—forever bless her strong and gentle name!—did for me. I owe to her the first distinct aspiration to do some honest, hard work of my own, in the World Beautiful, and for it."

THE ARENA

GOD'S PART IN LIFE'S BATTLE

MANY years ago an Indian village nestled among the tall pines on the banks of the Umpqua, not twenty-five miles from the enterprising city of Roseburg, in southern Oregon. The Indians, though far from being civilized, were on friendly terms with the few white settlers in that region. Although in a state of barbarism, the Indians had their code of morals and their forms of religious belief and worship.

One day the chief of the village informed a neighboring settler with whom he was quite friendly that they would hold a feast to the Great Spirit on a certain day. Acting upon this suggestion, the white settler and several of his cowboys went to the village to witness the ceremonies. They found all the warriors and old men seated on the grass in a great circle around a towering pine tree, while the chief sat with his back to the tree. All had their heads bowed, as if in silent prayer.

The Indians sat in solemn silence for some time, when the chief arose and began walking around the tree. Then he commenced his oration. It was a stirring and eloquent apostrophe to the sun and to the ground, as to the father and mother of all living things. "O bright sun, O noble sun, Chief of the world!" he said; and then he praised the sun for rising every morning to drive away the darkness and to fill the world with light. He praised the sun for his power to bring rain, and make the buds burst into bloom, and to make the young leaves grow, and to cover the land with green grass. He praised the sun for his power over the sea to send the red salmon up the river, that the Indians might have fish to boil over their fires and to smoke for winter food. The stalwart chief then addressed the ground. "O Ground, the Mother of all living!" were his impassioned words. Then he gave praise to the ground for feeding grass to the elk and deer that the Indians might have abundance of meat to make them strong and brave. He thanked the ground for the wild fruits and berries which gave them health and gladness. Then the chief halted and ceased speaking. Looking about him he called loudly upon the wild fowl, upon the deer and elk and bear of the forests, upon the fish in the river, and upon every living creature to offer praise and thanksgiving to the sun and the ground. He loudly commanded the rocks and the trees and the river to praise them. He then spoke with eloquence to his people. He commanded them to honor and praise the sun and the ground as the father and mother of all mankind. He urged them to beg the sun and the ground ever to remember and do them good, and never do them harm. The chief ended his oration. Drawing a flint arrow from his quiver, he slashed his naked breast with its keen point. When the blood flowed down from the wound, it was the Indian's oath and token to the sun and the ground of the sincerity of their worship and praise.

This was the worship of the red man, the savage groping after God and seeking his favor and protecting care. How like the one hundred and forty-eighth psalm was this psalm of the Indian chieftain! Savage and civilized men in all ages have recognized an overruling power in human affairs; and all men have, by adoration or sacrifice, endeavored to gain the favor of that overruling power. It has been the universal belief that, if this supreme power could but be enlisted in behalf of the worshiper, victory and happiness would constantly attend him. But does God take an active interest or part in the problems and struggles of humanity? Some infer, from the evils in the world, that he does not. Others, reasoning from the order and stability and beneficence seen in Nature, infer that he does. But who shall tell us? God himself might tell us and thus quickly solve a great problem.

Where shall we find such a message from the Supreme Being to mankind? We turn to the Bible, that ancient volume of mystery and inspiration. It purports to contain revelations and messages from God. These messages impart information and instruction on the most vital themes. But is this Bible worthy of our confidence? There is a horde of skeptics and little infidels in the land who discredit the Scriptures. Such men, however, might find instruction in the words of men great in the realms of science and philosophy, and yet who have been hailed as the champions of infidelity. Let the critics weigh the words of Renan, the brilliant French agnostic, concerning Jesus. He declares, "Whatever may be the surprises of the future, Jesus will never be surpassed. His worship will grow young without ceasing; his legend will call forth tears without end; his sufferings will melt the noblest hearts; and all ages will proclaim that among the sons of men there is born none greater than Jesus." Jesus is the grand central character, and Christianity is the consummation of the Scriptures. Until the world produces a nobler character than Jesus, and a philosophy superior to Christianity as he taught it, they will remain unshaken in the confidence of mankind.

Enemies of the Bible may also find instruction in the words of Professor Huxley, a man eminent in science, but a great unbeliever—in religious bigotry. Listen to his estimate of the Scriptures in his great lecture on Science and Education: "I have always been strongly in favor of secular education—education without theology; but I must confess I have been seriously perplexed to know by what practical measures the religious feeling, which is the essential basis of conduct, is to be kept up in the present chaotic state of opinion on these matters without the use of the Bible. Take the Bible as a whole, make the severest deductions which fair criticism can dictate for shortcomings and positive errors, and there still remains in this old literature a vast residuum of moral beauty and grandeur. And then consider the great historical fact that for three centuries this book has been woven into the life of all that is best and noblest in English history; that it has become the national epic of Britain; that it is written in the noblest and purest English and abounds in exquisite beauties of mere literary form; and finally, it forbids the veriest hind to be ignorant of other countries and

civilizations of a great past. By the study of what other book could children be so humanized and made to feel each figure in that great historical procession fills, like themselves, but a momentary space in the interval between two eternities, and earns the curses or blessings of all time according to their efforts to do good and hate evil? I am in favor of reading the Bible, with such grammatical, historical, and geographical explanations as may be needful, and with the rigid exclusion of any further theological teaching than that contained in the Bible itself."

All men have been endowed by the Creator with religious feeling or a religious element. It is through the exercise of this religious element that men keep in touch and harmony with God and so attain the best character and greatest good. In all this we see God is taking part in life's battle. But God takes a personal and aggressive part in the warfare of human souls. It is by the ministry of the Holy Spirit. God fights for us when the Spirit "convinces men of sin, of righteousness, and of judgment." He fights for us when he places upon us the restraints of innate and revealed law. He would keep our feet from wandering into the paths of sin. He fights for us when he commands repentance. Remorse for wickedness is the divine weapon which drives the sinner back to God. He fights for us when he offers pardon and the regeneration of the sinful heart. He battles for man when he turns earthly woe and adversity into spiritual and heavenly prosperity. But upon the cross on Calvary we see the blood-stained wounds of a suffering God, and we realize his mortal wounds were received while battling for our salvation. And then we see the dawning of that Easter morning, when the powers of death and hell were routed and Christ came forth triumphant from the place of the dead. And now behold our risen Lord leads the world to final victory over sin and death.

But men often inquire, "If God fights for mankind, why do not tyrants fall and oppression cease?" Slavery long cursed the human race and even left its stain upon Christian America. We are still in the bonds of industrial slavery. It is all because men fight God. They fight their sense of duty and battle with their own consciences in their lust member God is fighting to win and save men, not to destroy them.

Some seem to think God ought to kill the devil and abolish evil. But when we remember God has endowed all men with conscience, and with will, and has placed upon them the restraints of law, and holds before them, through the religious feeling, the sense of duty and of impending judgment, it will appear the Lord is dealing fairly with men. When it is remembered the devil has no power over men except as they freely give him that power, and that no man can be overpowered with evil against his own consent, there appears no necessity that God kill the devil.

Newark, Ill. GEORGE H. BENNETT.

THE ITINERANTS' CLUB

THE SPIRIT OF THE GENERAL CONFERENCE

THE General Conference of 1912 has passed into history. Its record is made up. The first thought of those who interpret its action will be with reference to the modifications which have been made in the laws of the church and the persons who have been selected to fill its responsible positions. But there is something deeper than that which the thoughtful Christian and Methodist must consider in order to understand its movements or to judge the merits of its work. It is the spirit which animated the body and which, in a measure at least, determined its activities. The body was composed of more than eight hundred delegates coming from all parts of the world. It was a picturesque as well as an inspiring sight to note the costumes of the various missions which were represented there. We could imagine ourselves in India, or in China, or in Africa, or in Europe, or in our own land, and feel that we were in communion with the world.

The spirit of the General Conference was manifest in its evangelistic character. The meetings, so ably conducted by Bishop Berry, were full of religious power. The singing and the experiences and the addresses were eminently worthy of the occasion. The morning addresses at 8 o'clock were largely attended, and the afternoon meetings abounded in interest. The reader of the Daily Advocate could not fail to note the gospel tone which pervaded all the addresses, both of the bishops and of the other eminent speakers who from time to time delivered exhortations and instructions.

The second manifestation of the spirit of the body which we note is the tone of the discussions. They were marked by recognition of the rights and of the motives of others in an unusual manner. Perhaps the most exciting and interesting topic to the majority of the delegates was the amusement question. It commanded the attention of the public press to a remarkable degree and the people thronged the auditorium to hear the debate. It was conducted with great ability on both sides. The thing, however, which we wish to note is the spirit which animated the speakers. That they were intensely in earnest no one could question. Every word seemed to be spoken with deep conviction, and yet there was no recrimination, no charge of insincerity, no suspicion of un-Christian motives. Each one seemed desirous that the rights of those who differed from him should be respected to the utmost extent; and when, after a long and able debate, the decision was reached, there were no words spoken that the writer heard which would cause discomfort to those from whom they differed. This spirit of friendliness animated largely all the debates of the Conference. Many questions of stirring interest arose, and marked differences of opinion were manifest, but all recognized the sincerity of those from whom they differed and their deep love of the church whose interests they had come together to serve.

The spirit of the body was also manifest in the matters which engaged their attention. The social movements of the times occupied a very prominent place. So far as the writer recalls, in his experience in the General Conference there was never an occasion when the social aspects of Christianity occupied so prominent a place. This was partly due to the spirit of the age. Economic questions had forged to the front in recent years outside the church as well as within the church, and a great deliberative body like the General Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church could not, if it would, ignore them. The report was elaborate and showed the spirit of the Conference to be that of intense devotion to the social welfare of the people. They regarded Christianity as a part of the economic movement of the world as well as of the religious life of humanity. Indeed, they realized that vital religion and social life and the economic conditions of the people could not be separated from each other.

The federation of the churches marked a great advance in the spirit of union. The denomination lines, at least in their antagonistic elements, were shown to be largely obliterated. The spirit of the churches is one of brotherhood, and not of hostility, and all the minor differences certainly should disappear. Every body of Christians, however, stands for something specific out of which it originated, and one cannot at once dislodge from the mind the historic convictions of the individual church. Whether the movement in Canada, in which the Presbyterian, and the Congregational, and the Methodist bodies are uniting to form an organized church in which the original denominational differences are obliterated, shall spread to other parts of the country is a question still to be solved. One act of the General Conference, however, constitutes a forward step in that direction. It was decided to recommend that where two churches were in the same community which could be served by one of the churches, the weak church should give way and the stronger church should occupy the field. If, for instance, a Congregational and a Methodist church were in the same community, the Methodist church being very small, it should give place to the Congregational, and vice versa. This action may prevent the formation of new bodies in places where they are not necessary and prevent many differences among good people.

The spirit of the General Conference was further shown in its attitude toward the aged or disabled minister. It has been a grief to many that the word superannuated has been applied to our ministers who are not engaged in active service after a preliminary period with designation supernumerary. With regard to many persons who have retired from the active ministry the term does not at all apply. Superannuated implies worn out, exhausted, unable to work. This is not true in every case. Persons sometimes cease the ministry at an early age from disablement which does not affect their continued usefulness. It may be that they have been laid aside because of some throat difficulty, or some other ailment that does not affect their general health but disables them from preaching. That term, therefore, is not applicable to them, and is an injustice. The General Conference passed a resolution that the word

"superannuated" should be stricken from the Discipline in every place where it occurs and the word "retired" be substituted. This is in harmony with the practice of other churches and also of the various departments of government service, and also of commercial life. In the army, officers are retired, we believe, at sixty-four years of age, while they are yet in strength, and after retirement often occupy places of great responsibility. The writer recalls that the first President of the Panama Commission was a retired army or naval officer. The word retired carries with it no sense of exhaustion, but it may take place voluntarily or from any satisfactory cause. Further, in the case of those who are, in a literal sense, worn out, it is an unnecessary humiliation to be labeled thus among their fellows. The true wisdom is to use the mildest term, and at the same time it should express the truth. This is done by the word retired. We are sure that the fact that the phrase superannuated bishop or superannuated minister will no longer appear in our nomenclature will be a gratification to the church, and it should be credited to the General Conference of 1912.

We may not further enlarge upon the many things done and not done by the General Conference. Perhaps some of the things they did not do may be regarded as favorably as those which they accomplished. Of one thing, however, we may be well assured, that the spirit of the General Conference cannot fail to meet the approval of the church which it represented.

ARCHÆOLOGY AND BIBLICAL RESEARCH

ARAMÆAN PAPYRI FROM ELEPHANTINE

THE island of Elephantine, in the river Nile, nearly opposite Assuan, has been for several years a fertile field for the excavator and archæologist. Papyri were discovered by Professor Sayce at this place as early as 1898, and then again three years later. Many of them were in the Aramaic script and language. In 1904 a number of Aramæan papyri said to have been dug out of the ruins of Elephantine were offered for sale by some native dealers. Fortunately the greater part of these were purchased by wealthy Englishmen, then on the ground, and at once donated by them to the museum at Cairo. These were subsequently edited by Professor Sayce and Dr. Cowley. It seems that the treasure-hunters who had unearthed these old documents revealed to Professor Sayce the exact spot whence they had been taken. Inspired by this information, the Oxford professor went to work with zest and carried on extensive and painstaking excavations, without, however, discovering another single papyrus.

It is well known that learned societies, as well as private individuals, vie with each other in wresting from the mounds and ruins of Bible lands whatever they may hold concealed. It was but natural, therefore, that the reports of Professor Sayce's work should have incited French and German archæologists to commence work at this old Jewish garrison on the Nile. Thus in 1906 both France and Germany had their representatives busily engaged in a thorough investigation. They were full of faith, believing that where so much had been found other interesting material was still awaiting the patient efforts of the excavator. In order that the work might be done in the most thorough way possible, it was agreed between them that the French should excavate the eastern portion, while the western part fell to the Germans.

Dr. Rubensohn, in charge of the German excavations, more successful than his predecessor, Professor Sayce, who had expended time and money without material results, made a rich haul on almost the very spot, yes, within a few feet of where the Oxford professor had worked in vain. Dr. Rubensohn was the successful discoverer of the papyri now under discussion. They were unearthed in the ruins of two old Jewish houses, evidently the former abodes of some well-to-do and literary Jews. The French were less fortunate, at least as far as unearthing papyri was concerned. They did, however, find a large number of ostraka. As these have not been made known or published, no inference can be made as to their importance.

The objects brought to light by the Germans, small and great, ran up into the thousands. The bulk of them were of no great value, being for the most part ordinary business and commercial documents, such as contracts, leases, bills of sale, and the like. It is worthy of mention that these Aramaic finds prove conclusively that women had some rights in those

days, for many of the parties to these contracts are women. This fact leads to the inference that Elephantine was inhabited by Jews generations before these documents were written. The fact that they bear the signatures of women justifies the inference that they were the widows or daughters or the legitimate heirs of deceased male Jews.

Before proceeding further it should be stated that all these documents have been published—translated and elucidated by Professor Eduard Sachau, a German archæologist of no mean reputation—in two large volumes, entitled, Aramaische Papyrus und Ostraka aus einer Juedischen Militaer-Kolonie zu Elephantine. Fortunately for students of small means, and those remote from the great libraries, there is also a much cheaper edition of the text by Professor Ungnad. Three of these documents deserve special mention: 1. The Story of Achikhar. 2. Darius's Behistun Inscription. 3. The petition of the Jewish colonists at Elephantine to Bagoas, the Persian governor of Palestine.

The story of Achikhar, the Achiacharus of the Book of Tobit, sometimes called the Æsop of the East, is a didactic romance well known to Oriental scholars and accessible to those interested, and for that reason need not be discussed in this article.

The same is true, only in a greater measure, of the great inscription of Darius I, in three languages, which was written, or cut, on a lofty rock near the little village of Behistun, now called Bisitun, in the Zagros Mountains. The inscription on this rock is in three languages only; we knew, however, before, from an Elamite text, that copies of it were made into other languages and sent to various countries where one of the three on the rock was not known. The discovery of this Aramaic copy is therefore of special interest.

The petition from this Jewish garrison on the Nile to Bagoas, the representative of the Persian empire in Palestine, is of prime importance, perhaps one of the chief discoveries, as far as Pentateuchal criticism is concerned, in recent years. This explains the great interest taken in Professor Sachau's learned volumes in this and European countries. We learn from this document, dated at Elephantine on the twentieth of Marcheşvan, B. C. 408, that some Egyptian priests hostile to the Jews and their religion had influenced a certain Waidrang to destroy the temple of Jaho, or Jahu—that is, Jahwe, or Jehovah—at Elephantine. The soldiers under Waidrang razed the very foundation of the Jewish sanctuary, breaking in pieces its beautiful columns and gateways, and, to make the destruction complete, burned all that was combustible. The gold, silver, and other treasures, as a matter of course, became the booty of the soldiers.

It was but natural that the Jews at Elephantine, upon finding their temple in ruins and their worship interfered with, should appeal for aid to their coreligionists at Jerusalem, and especially to Jehohanan, the high priest, and through him to Bagoas, the Persian governor, who, like other Persian officials, might have been kindly disposed to the Jews and their worship. The policy of Cyrus toward the Jews is well known. We also read that Cambyses destroyed the temples of the Egyptians, though he suffered no evil to befall the Jewish sanctuary.

It is not clear that Jehohanan interested himself at all in his brethren on the Nile. Indeed, it is possible that the high priest at Jerusalem did not look with favor upon this petition of the Jews. It is possible that he, as a strict Jew, regarded the temple of Jehovah on the Nile as an institution not in exact accordance with the teaching of Moses. Though the ceremonies and ritual at Elephantine were in the main the same as those in vogue at the temple at Jerusalem, yet there were some marked differences. As was natural, laxer views prevailed in Egypt. It has been argued, whether logically or not, that the many Jewish proper names in the Elephantine papyri justify the inference that monotheism did not have full sway at this Jewish sanctuary on the Nile. The Jews at that place, if not out-and-out polytheists, seem to have recognized other divinities or inferior gods. And yet we must not draw too rigid conclusions from this argument, even if we could prove that in addition to the chief altar there were others at which sacrifices were offered. For, after all, these side altars may prove no more than altars erected and consecrated to saints, notably to the Virgin Mary and Joseph, her husband, in Roman Catholic churches of our own day.

A part of the petition reads: "If it seem good to our Lord, think upon this temple to build it again, because we are not permitted to rebuild it. Look upon us who receive thy kindnesses and mercies who are here in Egypt. Let a letter be sent from thee concerning the temple of the God Jahu, that it may be rebuilt in the fortress of Elephantine as it was built before, and we will offer meat offerings and frankincense and burnt offerings upon the altar of the God Jahu in thy name, and we will pray for thee at all times, we and our wives and our children, and all the Jews who are here, if thou doest this, until this temple be built again, and thou shalt have a share before Jahu, the God of heaven, from everyone who offers unto him a burnt offering and sacrifice to the amount of one thousand silver talents."

It is not certain, though Bagoas replied favorably to the request, that the temple was ever rebuilt. Along with his reply there was a "memorandum" to Arsames in upper Egypt. It reads: "Thou art to say in Egypt before Arsames concerning the altar-house of the God of heaven, which was built in the fortress of Elephantine, before our time, before Cambyses, which Waidrang, that rebel, had destroyed in the fourteenth year of Darius, that it shall be built again in its place as it was formerly, and meat offerings and frankincense shall be offered upon this altar as was done formerly."

The first thing revealed by these papyri is that there was a temple dedicated to the worship of Jehovah, God of Israel, in Egypt some time before, and, indeed, during the Babylonian captivity. This being so, Jehovah was worshiped in Egypt while the temple at Jerusalem was in ruins and the worship suspended. Now, when was this sanctuary destroyed in B. C. 410 first built? This question cannot be answered with absolute certainty, though we know that it was in existence long before the Persian dominion over Egypt, when that country was governed by its own kings.

The Jews, from the earliest times in their history, had more or less connection with Egypt. The alliance of Solomon and Pharaoh is well known. There were Jewish colonies in upper Egypt in the days of Jeremiah (44. 1), and even Isaiah writes of four cities of Egypt in which the language of Canaan was spoken. He also says: "In that day there shall be an altar of Jehovah in the midst of the land of Egypt."

There is a letter of Aristeas to Philocrates which has been considered by many as unauthentic, but which may yet be worthy of better treatment. Professor Sayce quotes the following from that epistle: "Already also before (the reign of Ptolemy I) a good many (Jews) entered Egypt with the Persians, and before this, others, too, had been sent as allies to assist Psammeticus in fighting the king of the Ethiopians."

The war referred to in this letter may have taken place about B. C. 655, or toward the latter part of Manasseh's reign. If, then, the temple was built in the days of Manasseh and not destroyed till B. C. 410, Jewish worship, with all its ceremonies, did not cease at the destruction of Jerusalem, but was carried on according to the prescription of the Jewish law in a distant city on the Nile, not in a little synagogue, but in a magnificent temple where practically the same ritual was observed and the same offerings were sacrificed as at Jerusalem in its palmiest days.

When was the temple at Elephantine built? Certainly not later than the reign of Psammeticus II, though Professor Sayce claims that it was in existence at the time of Psammeticus I. More thorough study of the Elephantine papyri and the possible discovery of other documents in the same ruins may bring us additional light in the near future.

But, whether the temple was built under the first Psammeticus or the second, it is indisputable that Jehovah had a magnificent temple in Egypt while Jerusalem was in ashes. This new discovery is bound to have some influence upon the final results of Pentateuchal criticism, especially upon the subject of a central place of worship and the date of Deuteronomy.

There are those who, like Professor Margoliouth of Oxford, would discredit the genuineness or authenticity of the papyri, and suggest that they are nothing more or less than a clever forgery by some learned man of our own time. His recent article in the Expositor favoring such a view is weak and fanciful, notwithstanding its learned setting. Now, if these documents were forged, there must have existed a group or company of forgers, for the handwriting differs very materially in the several papyri.

Then there are those, like Professor Sayce, who find in these papyri very damaging testimony against the critical theory that the priestly code is a post-exilian product. Their argument is based upon the fact that the offerings prescribed in this code were made at Elephantine, not only during, but even before the Babylonian captivity. It seems that the order of worship and the various sacrifices offered, as described in Lev. 2. 1ff., were the same in Jerusalem as in Egypt in the sixth century before Christ.

The critics will at once reply that the ordinances of the priestly code antedate the code itself, and that they insist only upon the fact that the

priestly code in its present form is much later than the ordinances therein prescribed.

What influence, then, will these papyri have upon Old Testament criticism? Practically none. For, while the conservatives will see in them another proof that the Pentateuch in its essential features is not the late thing supposed by the radical critics, the disciples of Wellhausen and Kuenen, on the other hand, will continue in their position, weakened perhaps, and will readily admit that the Jewish institutions described in the Pentateuch may be very ancient in their origin, but that the codification of the laws governing them was comparatively late. One thing is certain, the wide gap dividing the conservative and radical camps is becoming narrower every day. Indeed, but few will care to maintain that Moses has given us the books bearing his name, just as we now have them. On the other hand, proof has not yet been satisfactorily furnished that the great legislator had nothing to do with the composition of the five books bearing his name.

One thing is established beyond contradiction, the discovery of the Elephantine papyri, like that of the Tel-el-Amarna tablets, and the code of Hammurabi, has weakened the so-called critical position much more than it has strengthened it.

BOOK NOTICES

RELIGION, THEOLOGY, AND BIBLICAL LITERATURE

Sources of Religious Insight. By JOSIAH ROYCE, Ph.D., LL.D., Professor of the History of Philosophy in Harvard University. 12mo, pp. 297. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. Price, cloth, $1.25, net.

SEVEN lectures on the Bross Foundation before Lake Forest College. William Bross, once Lieutenant-Governor of Illinois, desired to stimulate "the best efforts of the highest talent and the ripest scholarship of the world to illustrate from science, or from any department of knowledge, and to demonstrate the divine origin and the authority of the Christian Scriptures; and, further, to show how both science and revelation coincide and prove the existence, the providence, or any or all of the attributes of the only living and true God, 'infinite, eternal, and unchangeable in his being, wisdom, power, holiness, justice, goodness, and truth.'" He desired also to create a memorial to his deceased son, Nathaniel Bross. For this twofold purpose he gave forty thousand dollars to the trustees of Lake Forest as a fund, the income from which should be used to incite and secure the best books and treatises "on the connection, relation, and mutual bearing of any practical science, the history of our race, or the facts in any department of knowledge, with and upon the Christian religion." In fulfilling this double purpose, William Bross accomplished a third result—he made his own name "a light and a landmark" in the world forever. We concur with the opinion that Professor Royce's volume on the sources of religious insight is "worthy of profound consideration." Whoever reads and ponders this earnest and eloquent book will recognize its moral and religious value. Its theme and its authorship make it of moment to all students and teachers of religion. It gives the preacher a footing beyond his accustomed standpoint and annexes fertile fields whose fruitage may feed his assurance in the reality of the spiritual. It will lengthen his cords and strengthen his stakes with larger reasons for the faith that is in him. We agree with another reviewer that "this book, though from the hand of a master of technical metaphysics, is no mere logical analysis of concepts, no coldly theoretical presentation of epistemological considerations. It is evidently intended as a real gospel—almost as a religious appeal—and though clearly reasoned and never 'emotional,' it is suffused with a fervor and a warmth commonly deemed impossible for a technical philosopher. It is not the philosophy of religion that he gives us here; it is the religion of philosophy. It is as though the philosopher were purposely calling our attention to the fact that the one unifying and controlling interest of all his intellectual life has been religion. Religion for Professor Royce is inseparable from the idea of salvation; and salvation, as he understands it, is itself constituted of two simpler

ideas: 'The first is the idea that there is some end or aim of human life which is more important than all other aims, so that, by comparison with this aim, all else is secondary and subsidiary, and perhaps relatively unimportant, or even vain and empty. The other is this: That man as he now is, or as he naturally is, is in great danger of so missing this highest aim as to render his whole life a senseless failure by virtue of thus coming short of his true goal.' The religious insight is concerned both with the realization of the need of salvation and with the way in which it may be attained. The realization of the need is, of course, fundamental, and it is this that is furnished by the first source of religious insight, namely, the experience of the individual. On this point the individual may be trusted—alas, only too well! To all who reflect upon their own experience it is plain enough that *there is something wrong with the natural man as he stands alone.* But except for this recognition of need, Professor Royce does not rate the individual's experience as very trustworthy; and if we would find not only the need, but the way of salvation, we must have recourse to other sources of insight. Social experience is here of some assistance, to keep individual experience sane and steady. But the two great sources are what Professor Royce calls reason and loyalty. In his treatment of reason as a source of religious insight, he falls back upon his own previously published treatment of truth (and incidentally of pragmatism), and he repeats in popular form the arguments for the Absolute technically expounded in The Religious Aspect of Philosophy and The Conception of God. But this philosophical view Royce admits would be insufficient as a source of religious life if it were not brought into touch with our activities and interests by the 'Religion of Loyalty.' Loyalty is the essence of all morality and the very condition of an individual, personal life. But loyalty to any cause logically thought out necessarily points to the one great cause and presupposes a reality that transcends any merely human experience. And 'however far you go in loyalty, you will never regard your loyalty as a mere morality. It will also be in essence a religion. . . . It supplies in its unity the way to define, in harmonious fashion, the ideal of what your individual experience seeks in its need, of what your social world, groaning and travailing in pain together, longs for as our common salvation, of what the reason conceives as the divine unity of the world's meaning, of what the rational will requires you to serve as God's will. Through loyalty, then, not only the absolute moral insight, but the absolute religious insight, as you grow in grace and persist in service, may be and will be gradually and truthfully revealed to you.' Such loyalty can never fail. He who has set his will upon loyalty to the Eternal has found the way of salvation. 'From out the lonely and darkened depths of his personal finitude, from out the chaos of his social promptings and of his worldly ambitions, amid all the storms of fortune, "midst of hell's laughter and noises appalling," he has heard the voice of the Spirit. He has heard, and—however unlearned—he has understood. His own lamp is burning, and through his deed the eternal light shines in the darkness of this world.'" We ex-

tract the following concerning the universally recognized need of salvation: "Whole nations and races, and countless millions of men, have conceived of their need for salvation, and have sought the way thereto, while they have known nothing of Christian doctrine, and while they have not in the least been influenced by those dogmas regarding the fall of man, the process of redemption, or the future destiny of the soul of man which are brought to your minds when you hear the word salvation. The cry of humanity for salvation is not a matter of any one time or faith. The pathos of that cry will become only the deeper when you learn to see why it is so universal a cry. The truth, if there be any accessible truth, regarding the genuine way of salvation will become only the more precious to you when you know by how widely sundered paths the wanderers in the darkness of this world have sought for the saving light. So let me next attempt to define salvation in a sufficiently general sense. Man is an infinitely needy creature. He wants endlessly numerous special things—food, sleep, pleasure, fellowship, power in all its Protean shapes, peace in all its elusive forms, love in its countless disguises—in brief, all the objects of desire. But among these infinitely manifold needs, the need for salvation stands out, in the minds of those who feel it, as a need that is peculiarly paramount, so that, according to their view of life, to desire salvation is to long for some pearl of great price, for the sake of which one would be ready to sell all that one has. Whoever has been led to think that there is for man some sort of highest good, by contrast with which all other goods are relatively trivial, and that man, as he is, is in great danger of losing this highest good, so that his greatest need is of escape from this danger —whoever, I say, thus views our life, holds that man needs salvation. Now, I beg you to observe that such a view of life as this is in no wise dependent upon any one dogma as to a future state of reward and punishment, as to heaven and hell, as to the fall of man, or as to any point of the traditional doctrine of this or of that special religion. Philosophers and prophets, and even cynics, learned and unlearned men, saints and sinners, sages and fanatics, Christians and non-Christians, may agree, yes, have agreed, in viewing human life in the general spirit just characterized." The author then gives examples to show how widespread this longing for salvation has been and how manifold have also been its guises. Writing of the feeling of guilt as an element in man's need of salvation, the author says: "We all know how the sense of guilt may take the form of a feeling of overwhelming loneliness. Now the sense of guilt, if deep and pervasive and passionate, involves at least a dim recognition that there is some central aim of life and that one has come hopelessly short of that aim. I may regret a blunder and yet have no hint that there is any unified and supreme ideal of life. For a blunder is a special affair involving the missing of some particular aim. I may even bitterly repent a fault, and still think of that fault as a refusal to pursue some one separate moral purpose—a violation of this or of that maxim of conduct. But the true sense of guilt in its greater manifestation involves a confession that the whole self is somehow tainted, the

whole life, for the time being, wrecked. But the bankruptcy of the self implies that there is one highest purpose which gives the self its value; the sense of total failure is itself a revelation of the value of what was lost. Hence the highly idealizing tendency of the great experiences of moral suffering. They lead us to think not of this or of that special good, but of salvation and perdition in their general bearing upon life. The depth of the despair shows the grandeur of what has been missed; and it is therefore not surprising that experiences of this sort have been, for so many, the beginnings of religious insight. To believe that one is cut off from salvation may be the very crisis that in the end saves. Now some of those who feel this overmastering might of their guilt lay most stress upon their assurance that God has condemned them. And religious tradition has, of course, emphasized this way of stating the case. But it is perfectly natural, and is surely a humane experience, to feel the sense of guilt primarily in the form of a belief that one is an outcast from human sympathy and is hopelessly alone. The more abnormal types of the sense of guilt, in nervous patients, frequently exemplify this terror of the lonely soul, this inner grief over the homelessness of the remorseful outcast. But actual guilt may be present with or without the more abnormal nervous conditions just mentioned, and, when present, may bring home to the rueful mind the despair of the awakened but forsaken sinner, and may bring it in the form of the feeling of guilty solitude. A well-known expression of such a mood you find in Kipling's lyric of the 'Poor little sheep that have gone astray.' In these verses the outcast sons of good families, the 'gentlemen-rankers,' dwell together in an agonized companionship of common loneliness. Their guilt and their lost homes are for them inseparably associated. Or again: Beneath all the fantastic imagery of Coleridge's 'Ancient Mariner,' the poet uses a perfectly recognizable type of the sense of guilt as the means to make his tale of wonders seem, despite all its impossibilities, human and even plausible. The incidents are the miracles of a magic dream; but the human nature depicted is as real as is the torment of any guilty conscience. Somehow—no matter how, or under how arbitrary conditions—the hero has committed a crime without precisely intending it to be a crime. His tale is one of a young man's adventurous insolence. His deed has all the too familiar characters of the typical sins of wayward youth. And that is why the gay young wedding guest must hear his tale. He—the mariner—in his own youth, had consciously meant to be only a little wanton and cruel. He awakened, as many a light-minded youth later awakes, to find that, as a fact, he had somehow struck at the very center of life, at the heart of love, at the laws that bind the world together, at the spirit of the universe. When one thus awakes, he sees that nature and God are against him. But, worst of all, he has become a curse to his fellows; and in turn they curse him; and then they leave him alone with the nightmare life-in-death of utter solitude. To his mind there are no living men. He sees about him only 'the curse in a dead man's eye.' What life he can still see is no longer, to his morbid eyes, really human;

The many men, so beautiful!
And they all dead did lie;
And a thousand, thousand slimy things
Lived on; and so did I.

The Ancient Mariner's escape from the horrors of this despair, the beginnings of his salvation, date from the first movings of love in his heart toward all living beings. His salvation is won when, at the end, he finds God along with the goodly company at the kirk. In brief, the curse of his guilt is to be 'alone on a wide, wide sea.' His salvation comes in preaching love and companionship, and in uniting himself hereby to the God who loves all things both great and small. Now one does not often think of the 'Ancient Mariner' as a poem of religious experience; but apart from its brilliant play with natural magic, its human charm actually depends upon this well-founded picture of the loneliness of guilt and of the escape through loving union with one's kind. And the poet deliberately gives to this picture the form and the sense of a religious process of salvation. If you turn from the dreamy product of Coleridge's youthful fancy to the opposite pole of modern literature, you find an instance of almost the same motives at the basis of that most impressive romance of the Russian Dostoieffsky 'Crime and Punishment.' Dostoieffsky had himself lived long in what he called 'The House of the Dead,' in Siberia, before he learned how to write this masterpiece. He had been forced to sojourn among the guilty of the most various grades. He had come to universalize their experiences and to struggle himself with one form of the problem of salvation. Those who, like Dante, have looked upon hell, sometimes have, indeed, wonders to tell us. Dostoieffsky condenses the whole problem of salvation from guilt in this picture of an individual. Raskolnikow, the hero, after his thoughtfully conceived crime, and after his laborious effort at self-justification, finds himself the prey of a simply overwhelming sense that he walks alone among men, and that, in the crowded streets of the city, he is as one dead among specters. There is nowhere, I think, a more persuasive picture of the loneliness of great guilt. Raskolnikow could not be more the victim of supernatural forces if he were Coleridge's Ancient Mariner. Like the Ancient Mariner, Raskolnikow in the end finds the way to salvation through love—the love which the martyred Sonia teaches him—herself, as our Russian most persuasively pictures her, at once outcast and saint. The author uses religious conceptions which are both ancient and, in his use of them, unconventional. But the central one of these is the familiar conception that salvation involves a reconciliation both with the social and with the divine order, a reconciliation through love and suffering—an escape from the wilderness of lonely guilt to the realm where men can understand one another." This profoundly reasoned book makes its argument vivid and clear by frequent illustrations from actual life. Here are two showing how some men view their personal relations to the divine reason: "A former college student of mine, some of whose papers upon his own religious experience I was not very long ago privileged to read, undertook, in one of these papers, to explain how, at the time, he viewed

the place of prayer in his own life. He was a man capable, upon the one hand, of deep emotion and of rich inner life, but on the other hand highly self-critical and disposed to doubt. After a somewhat plentiful early interest in religion, the result of home training and of personal experience, he had come, as he studied more, and looked about his world more critically, to part company almost altogether with positive faiths about religious matters. His childhood beliefs had dropped away. Doubts and disbeliefs had taken their place. In opinion, when he wrote his papers for me, he was mainly disposed to a pure naturalism. The gods of the past had vanished from his life almost altogether. 'But,' said he, in his account (I follow not his exact words, but their general sense), 'one old religious exercise I have never quite given up. That was and is prayer. A good while ago I dropped all conventional forms of prayer. I did not say my prayers in the old way. And when I prayed I no longer fancied that the course of nature or of my luck was going to be altered for my sake, or that my prayers would help me to avoid any consequences of my folly or my ignorance. I did not pray to get anybody to mix in my affairs, so as to get me things that I wanted. But this was, and is, my feeling about prayer: When things are too much for me, and I am down on my luck, and everything is dark, I go alone by myself, and I bury my head in my hands, and I think hard that God must know it all and will see how matters really are, and understands me, and in just that way alone, by understanding me, will help me. And so I try to get myself together. And that, for me, is prayer.' I cannot repeat my student's precise form of expression. I think that I express to you the spirit of what he wrote. In any case, this form of prayer is not peculiar to that man. You see in what way the thought of the divine wisdom became a practical thought for him—a thought at once rational and, as far as it went, saving. When life shattered his little human plans—well, he lifted up his eyes unto the hills. He won a sort of conscious and reasonable union with the all-seeing life. He did not ask its aid as a giver of good fortunes. He waited patiently for the light. Now I do not think that to be an expression of the whole insight of reason; but, so far as it went, that sort of prayer was an essentially religious act. And for that youth it was also a very practical act. Let me turn to another case. Many years ago I well knew a man, much older than myself, who has long since died. A highly intelligent man, ambitious for the things of the spirit, he was also beset with some defects of health and with many worldly cares. His defects of health made him sensitive to the sort of observation that his physical weaknesses often attracted. In addition, he had enemies, and once had to endure the long-continued trial of a public attack upon his reputation—an attack from which he at length came forth triumphant, but not without long suffering. Once I heard him telling about his own religion, which was the faith of a highly independent mind. 'What I most value about my thought of God,' he in effect said, 'is that I conceive God as the one who knows us through and through, and who estimates us not as we seem, but as we are, and who is absolutely fair in his judgment of us.' My friend had no concern for future

rewards and punishments. The judgment of God to which he appealed, and in which, without any vanity, he delighted, was simply the fair and true judgment, the divine knowing of us all just as we are. Now do you not know people whose religion is of this sort? And are not all such forms of religion, as far as they go, practical? Is the recognition of an all-seeing insight, as something real, not in itself calming, sustaining, rationalizing? Does it not at the very least awaken in us the ideal which I repeatedly mentioned in our last lecture, the ideal of knowing ourselves even as we are known, and of guiding our lives in the light of such a view of ourselves? Can such an ideal remain wholly a matter of theory? Is it not from its very essence an appeal to the will? Was not my elder friend finding a guiding principle of action in a world where he was often misunderstood? Could one steadily conceive God in these terms without constantly renewing one's power to face the world with courage? Surely you all know many people who value the divine as they define the divine, mainly because they conceive God as what they call the Great Companion. And, for many such, it is the intimately perfect insight of this companion that they seem to themselves most to value. The ways of this companion are to them mysterious. But he knows them. They repeat the word: 'He knoweth the way that I take.' He sees them. He is close to them. He estimates them. So they view the matter. Is not such a conception a vitally important spring of action for those who possess it?" A notable book, worthy of profound consideration!

Dynamic Christianity. By Levi Gilbert. Crown 8vo, pp. 403. New York: Eaton & Mains. Cincinnati: Jennings & Graham. Price, cloth, $1.50.

Of all the good books from Dr. Gilbert's pen this seems to us the most important, most effective, and most notable. It should have the widest sale. It is earnest and aglow with enthusiasm, rich with treasures of literature, bright with living illustrations, tense and urgent with high purpose; and is well named, because it is charged with dynamic Christianity. Dr. Goucher, in his Growth of the Missionary Concept, reminds us that Paul calls the gospel "the power of God," that is, the "dunamis," the *dynamite* of God "unto salvation." That is the gospel that vitalizes, warms, and empowers this book of Dr. Gilbert, which is full of a sane, intelligent, red-blooded religion—as sensible, practical, and helpful as it is attractive and engaging. Whatever this author writes is readable; he does not know how to be dull and dry; and one thing especially noticeable in this book is the wide range of choice prose and poetry which he has at command and utilizes for service in his setting forth dynamic Christianity. The preface says: "This book has been written under the conviction that the mystical element in Christianity has been of late years too much neglected, with quite serious results; that there must be a return to the clear recognition that the religion of Christ depends for its effectiveness and triumph upon a divine, supernatural power, defying all naturalistic explanations. Christianity is the religion of power. Its true nature can be understood only as it is interpreted in terms of power. Its earliest apostles were to be endued with 'power from on high.' That

pentecostal endowment is the indispensable requisite of the church in every age. That power, proceeding from God through Christ and creating its own specific product, has manifested itself through the centuries in the recreation and radical transformation of human lives. It is mysterious, inexplicable, but undeniably real, self-attesting—an emanation from the Almighty. The religion of Jesus is ethical, but when it is portrayed purely as a system of ethics it loses its main value, essence, and forcefulness. It is profoundly philosophic, but is vastly more than a philosophy. It contains a lofty theology, but its vitalizing efficiency lies not in a compilation of dogmas. It is more than any theories, abstractions, or intellectualisms; it is dynamic—an effluence from the Omnipotent." Dr. Gilbert emphasizes with all his force "the central, fundamental truths which give steadiness and courage and cheer to the heart of man." He emphasizes the need for preaching the hideousness and deadliness of sin: "Again we repeat our conviction that what our age needs most urgently is to have the tragedy of sin shown it from the pulpit. The sentences of the gospel need to be translated into the language of to-day, and the persistence of hell needs to be enforced until apathetic consciences shall awaken from dormancy and look in repentance to the Christ who saves both from sin and the hell which sin creates. This word 'the persistence of hell,' which we have used above, is the title of a sermon preached by that scholar and fine Christian gentleman among the liberals, the Rev. John White Chadwick, and printed where evangelical and orthodox Christians would scarcely expect to find it—in a Unitarian religious journal. After reading his delineation of the consequences of evil thoughts and actions, it seems to us that, as regards this doctrine, the Unitarians and the Evangelicals are not far apart. Dr. Chadwick quotes from the Unitarian Channing: 'Can he [the gospel minister] read of that fire that is never quenched, of that worm which never dies, and yet see without emotion fellow beings with whom he sustains the tenderest connections, hastening forward to this indescribable ruin?' Dr. Chadwick then proceeds to show the ethical and spiritual results of sin in the heart—the hell within and the punishment within—in terms similar to those which are heard from our orthodox pulpits of to-day. He repudiates mushiness in the presentation of essential facts—the overemphasis on the love of God and the dream of forgiveness by which the laws of moral retribution are obscured. The Father is no 'Infinite Complacency.' As there is a right and healthy fear of earthly parents' displeasure, blame, grief, disappointment, and punishment—a fear profitable to the boy or girl; as there is in men the wholesome fear of social disesteem, the rebuke, by look or word, of noble friends, and the legitimate fear of the law with its penalties, so there may be a reasonable fear of God. Indeed, these earthly fears may be a part of the fear of the Lord which is the beginning of wisdom or goodness. Then there is the fear of the inestimable losses which make part of the inventory of hell's horrors; 'the unmitigable stamp a brutish vice may brand upon the body or the face'; 'that entanglement in which every secret wickedness involves the doer soon or late'; the 'being what we hate, missing those beatitudes which have been pledged to us.'

Wicked men become aware that they have miserably squandered life's golden opportunity, and an accusing memory dims the luster of bright, immortal years which might have been. They fear meeting those in the future whose generous expectations they have not fulfilled. They fear the revelation of themselves as souls in hideous nakedness. And there is more than this: 'The hell of physical penalty, with its abounding misery and degradation and defeat,' which 'burns for those who sin against the body's temperance and purity.' 'There is many a face which is now hateful and repellent which might have been beautiful and attractive but for some secret shame, some tolerated fault, some fatal tendency of thought and will, some fond adultery of the heart.' Sensuous and sensual vices, greed, vanity, pride, all stamp their image and superscription upon soul and countenance alike. 'Such is the unity of soul and body that it may well be doubted whether there is any moral aberration which does not register itself upon the physical man, not his face only, but his whole organism. Yet the physical penalty is but the smallest part of the penalty. . . . 'Besides that, there is the public shame, apart from any formal arraignment, the consciousness of pitying or averted eyes, the visible grief and shame of precious friends, the dread of sinking to some lower deep, the sense of inward banishment from the society of the good and true, whom still the weak and erring often reverence in their inmost hearts. . . . For every sensual fault there is a hell of correlated shame and sin. The secret fault escapes the social penalties that wait on discovered vice or crime only to plunge into a vortex of temptations to new forms of guilt.' These secret faults are 'mothers of lies, of insincerity, of dishonesty, of faithlessness.' The punishment is often indescribably awful. 'Once let a man depart from the right way, and there seems to be some terrible fatality by which, at every turn, he is reminded of his fault. He walks a hall of mirrors which flash back to him his new misshapenness on every side. Things that are peace and blessedness to other men are grief and pain to him. The most dreadful punishment of sin is not anything that comes upon us from without, but to fall short of the high calling of our possibility, to be so little when we might be so much.' . . . 'It is hell enough to be a brute when one might be a hero, to be a hinderer of social good when one might help so much, to destroy or depress men's faith in God or man when we might exalt it so gloriously.' Such are some of the searching sentences we have culled from this noble sermon. Are we not right in saying that the presentment of these truths—the hideousness of sin and of its natural consequences—is too much neglected in our pulpits to-day? Would that all our evangelical ministers could portray as masterfully the penalties of the hell that sin itself builds as does this Unitarian! Would that the Unitarian preachers might proclaim as powerfully and persuasively as do their evangelical brothers the atoning grace of Christ, by which men may be saved from the hell of vice to the heaven of holiness!" "We once received a letter from a young lady in a certain college where she is pursuing one of the regularly prescribed courses of study in the Bible (a most interesting and profitable course it is too). She writes us: 'We have been spending some time on the history of the

kings of Israel and Judah. I like the prophets very well, but those old kings make me tired. They nearly all followed in the way of Jeroboam, who made Israel to sin, and it becomes slightly monotonous.' Yes, there is a dreadful monotony about sin. We thought of it one day when, taking up the daily paper, we saw the same old, thousand-times-repeated grist of stories about divorce, drunkenness, lust, and murder. Even suicide has become so frequent that people are bored in reading about the same old morphine, carbolic acid, or strychnine 'route.' There is a fearful sameness and tiresomeness about the records of 'drunks,' 'assaults,' and 'hold-ups,' and we should think the judges of the police courts would go mad with the daily recurrence of the same old list of 'horribles.' Now, if one wants to do something original, something which has a flavor of individuality to it, let him make out a course of pure and noble daily conduct far above that of the average crowd, and then work to it day by day. Mr. Frank T. Bullen has given us a remarkable book entitled With Christ at Sea—an autobiographical narrative of the personal experience of the author in trying to lead a Christian life on a large number of ships and among the common sailors. Being converted himself, he labors for others, and here is the prayer for one of his shipmates: 'Dear Father, here's poor Willie Ballantyne brought face to face with you at last. You've done it yourself, and no one but himself can prevent him from being set free. I needn't ask you to save him, you've done all that; but I do ask you to make him see that it is so. Loving Lord, you've been pleading with him for a long time; make him give up struggling against you; make him as happy as you make everybody who gives himself right up to you. And we'll bless you and praise you with all our hearts, with all the new words and powers you've given us. Amen.' His account of what followed we give in his own words: 'I had no sooner finished speaking than Ballantyne broke in: "Lord Jesus Christ, I ken you've sauvit me. I canna feel't; ma heid's all dizzy like; but I'm believin' wut ye've said about nut ca'asting oot ony puir wretch 'at comes t'ye. Ah'm bad's can be, a drucken, swearin,' feckless loun; there is na onything tae be said fur ma 'at's guid. But ah ken fine' 'at ye love me, fur all ah'm sae bad. Here ah aam, tak ma, an' make something oot o' ma, fur ah've made an awfu' mess o' mysel'. Amen."' The author then tells what happened next: 'Then, springing to his feet, he kissed me, while I hardly knew whether I was in the body or out of it. All I knew and realized most profoundly was that He who came to do the will of his Father was doing it now, and no one else had any hand in the wonderful work at all.' Again, another of his mates, a gigantic Norwegian, who had been a drunken, swearing, brutal terror, is converted. We have seen like cases in the sailors of Seamen's Bethels, and know it can be done. Jem, in praying, subsequently, for another, said: 'Dear Fader Gott, you know I haf been so bat, zo fery bat. I haf been blag lige pitch. I tink bat, speak bat, do bat, all day, efery day. Unt den you make me know you lofe me; you make me see mineselluf yoost as I vas, but I benn afrait. But now I know, Glory to Gott! I know the blag sin is gone; I am all nice unt vite inside, unt I don't afrait any more.' Afterward Jem spoke in a pub-

lic religious meeting in this style, and a more forcible, pointed, and effective style has never been employed by any doctor of divinity: 'Dear Vrients: You hav asked me to tell you vat de Lort haf done for me. How can I dis do? Ven I tink of his gootness unt lofe, I hav not vorts efen in mine own langridge to speak of it; how den can I tell you in Engelisch, vich I only talk like any oder sailor-man? But yet I not can say no. I vas a teufel—I dink vorse, because de teufels dey haf no hope, und I haf shut my soul up from hope myselluf. If dere is anything bad I can do, I haf do it. I haf hate de dear Vater Gott, I haf hate all his peoples. O, is dere anyting bad I haf not do? I vill say not any more aboud my sins, pecause I haf much shame for dem, unt yet I feel dat if I talk 'bout dem, I vill tink mooch of myselluf, pecause I haf been so bad. Unt more, I vas so misbul. I nefer haf no peace, I nefer haf no res', I nefer haf no pleasure, 'cept I ked tronk unt fight, unt dat cos' all de money I vork so hardt for. Den I come to Port Chalmers unt I go into de meetin', unt I hear a man say dat de Lordt Jesus Christ is come to tell man vat Gott is; dat Gott ton't hate me, an' not vant me to die unt go to hell; dat hell ain'd vatin' for me, but Gott vaits alvus, unt dat he ben sorry dat I vas not happy. He tell me dat der is only von man can send me to hell, unt dat is me myselluf, unt dat if I come unt ket into his hants der ain't no von—no, not efen de Sattan himselluf—dat can pull me 'vay agen. Unt vile I lissen unt hear effery vort, beliefing id's all true—'pout somepody elles—I hear a vort in here [striking his breast] dellin' me, "Yes, Yem, you ben de man all dis for." Unt I don't vait anoder minit. I belief id. I say: "Yes, Lord Yesus, I ben de man you die fur. Unt now I ben coin' to gif myselluf all pop fur you." Unt, if any man say to me any more, "How do you know all dis?" I say to him, "How I know? Vat you tink id is keep me frum svearin', from bein' bucko, frum keddin' tronk, frum hatin' myselluf unt eferypody ellas? You ton't know? Vell, I do. Id ben de Lort Gott Almighty. Nopotty ellas can do it." Unt now I vas yoost like a leedle shild. I haf lose de taste for de bad, unt find it for de goot, t'ank Gott. Unt if I, dot vas so bad, unt ton't know anyting 't all, get holt of dis goot ting, who in de vorlt coin' to be left oud? Gott bless eferypody, for Yesus Christ's sake, Amen.'"

PHILOSOPHY, SCIENCE, AND GENERAL LITERATURE

The Hill of Vision. By JAMES STEPHENS. 12mo, pp. 131. New York: The Macmillan Company. Price, cloth, $1.25, net.

A FIRST brief, casual glance at this volume left us thinking: "Not much of a Hill, and no very wide Vision"; and with no expectation of opening it again. Taking it up, weeks after, in an odd moment, some things here and there caught our attention and held us to a more careful reading, which resulted in a mixed impression, because the book itself mixes an odd variety of mood and note and attitude with all the incalculable freakage of a poetic mind. Literally the poet is maker, and there is no telling what he will make. We cannot, however, think this gentleman quite

so much of a creator as he seems to think he is when he claims that he "sowed the stars and threw the clouds of morning and of evening up into the vacant blue." We have a notion that Somebody Else did all that, and that even a poet or an Emersonian transcendentalist, apt as he may be at producing things that never were seen or imagined before, is yet rather more a spectator than a creator. Mr. Stephens's book of verse starts out with a blithe and frolic gladness for ramble and flight and revel through all the beauty and ecstasy of the summer world, with "A Prelude and A Song," to romp with "happy sky and bird and ground, happy wind and happy tree," to find what waits "under the slender interlacing boughs" of gentle, benevolent trees, to keep a merry holiday, leaving behind sad things that make us weep, and to laugh and play with the world of nature, which seems "so free from thought and care, nor ever questions 'Does the sinner sin?'"—the wholesome world, which seems to suffer not, and which may teach us innocence anew and cure us of our painful sense of "good" and "bad" and wave away such troublesome words as "right" and "wrong"; and in that happy out-door world to yield oneself to the season's joy, learning that to be strong is wisdom and to be innocently gay is virtue, and banishing thoughts of good and ill with the laughter of the heart. In this mood our poet would like to forget the Past and get rid of the weights which it has somehow fastened to his wings. Hear him:

> If I had wings just like a bird
> I would not say a single word,
> I'd spread my wings and fly away
> *Beyond the reach of yesterday.*
>
> If I could swim just like a fish
> I'd give my little tail a swish,
> I'd swim ten days and nights and then
> I never would be found again.
>
> Or if I were a comet bright
> I'd drop in secret every night
> Ten million miles, and no one would
> Know where I kept my solitude.
>
> But I am not a bird or fish
> Or comet, so I need not wish,
> And need not try to get away
> *Beyond the reach of yesterday.*

Yet he is resolved that for a time, at least, he will let woeful Misery go moping alone along her mournful way, while he hies to sunny fields and everything that laughs and to the little birds that sing and brooks that babble. There he will wander and tune his happy opera, of which this is the libretto:

> O sunny sky!
> O meadows that the happy clouds are drifting by!

I walk and play beside the little stream
As by a friend: I dance in solitude
Among the trees, or lie and gaze and dream
Along the grass, or hearken to the theme
A lark discourses to her tender brood:
O sunny sky!
O meadows that the happy clouds are drifting by!

There is a thrush lives snugly in a wall.
She lets me come and peep into her nest,
She lets me see and touch the speckled ball
Under her wing, and does not fear at all,
Although her shy companion is distressed:
O sunny sky!
O meadows that the happy clouds are drifting by!

Sing, sing again, ye little birds of joy!
Call out from tree to tree and tell your tale
Of happiness that knoweth no alloy;
Altho' your mates seem timorous and coy,
If ye sing high enough how can ye fail?
O sunny sky!
O meadows that the happy clouds are drifting by!

On every side, as far as I can see,
The round horizon—like a bosom's swell,
Seems brooding in a sweet maternity
Where no thing may be hurt, not even me,
But she will stoop and kiss and make us well:
O sunny sky!
O meadows that the happy clouds are drifting by!

I am the brother of each bird and tree
And everything that grows—your children glad;
Their hearts are in my heart, their ecstasy!
O Mother of all mothers, comfort me,
Give me your breast for I am very sad:
O sunny sky!
O meadows that the happy clouds are drifting by!

Among the leaves of interlacing boughs he sings this pleasant song, and looking into the high sky where abide "the moon peace and the star peace and the peace of sunlight," he envies most of all the peace of the snow-white clouds floating serene above all the discontent and fret and moodiness and anxiety of human life, and thus he talks to the contrasting soft-bosomed clouds:

But you are calm at morning as a dove
Is calm upon her nest, and in the glow
Of midday you are bathed round with joy,
And as a woman looking on the child
Within her arms asleep has no annoy,
So, with contented brows and bosom mild,
You rest upon the evening and its gold,
Its tender rose and pearl and green and gray:
O peacefulness that never has been told!

That the book is not exactly a model of literary art need not be laid up against it. Much may be pardoned by the average reader to verse which is clear, healthy, buoyant, breezy, ebullient with native and contagious exhilaration, and which has nothing morbid, morose, vulgar, or blasphemous, even if its imperfect rhetoric offers some extraordinary figures of speech, such as "an asp that buzzed and stung" and "windy trumpets soaring over the sky" (soaring trumpets being a new and startling sort of sky-flyer), and high waves "rearing to the skies with a terrible tune" and "climbing up the beach of the moon"; and such a line as this, "I ought to be ashamed? Well, ament I?" Being happy and merry seems to be the chief business of the book, yet the moral universe is visible beyond, backgrounding all, and like a distant sea sounding an undertone of seriousness. The author's sometimes antic fancy, sporting even among sacred things, intends nothing irreverent. God and the devil and a few angels, white one and black ones, are in the book, with quite a menagerie of folks—some so wicked they could teach the devil more than he knows. In places there is prayer and kneeling down, and holy altars, and no lack of pathos now and then. Here sits an old man beside a dying fire, holding his trembling hands out to the heat, and in his voice there is a scold informing the Creation he is cold. "Perhaps," he says, "God does not know that I am nearly frozen through; he might not like it if he knew." And then the query is whether, if he knows, God will come to fetch wood for such a poor old chattering and grumbling wretch. Here is the immense might and everlasting wonder of a mother's heart: A homeless beggar woman in the winter air, famished herself, presses her child deep into bosom-warmth and nurses him and cuddles him with crooning song and tender mother-words; whereat our poet cannot see that this beggar woman is clad in misery, "for in her heart there is a glow that warms her bare feet in the snow, and in her heart there burns a sun that would warm the world for everyone." Here is a grumpy man who is growling over his work and wishing he were rich or wise. If he were rich, he would not work; he would buy somebody a diamond brooch and a ring and fling a gold chain around her neck. If he were wise, he would not debate about the skies nor write books nor argue with learned men concerning the How and the What and the Why and the When, but he'd train his tongue to a linnet's song and sing until he won the prize. But having thus blown off steam and relieved his mind and wished his wish and given his imagination a romantic outing, and finding that he is not rich nor wise, grumpy Thomas sensibly concludes to settle down, saying:

> "Since I'm not one nor t'other, I bow
> My back to the work that's waiting now.
> I'll shoe the horse that's standing ready,
> I'll milk the cow if she'll be steady.
> I'll follow the plow that turns the loam,
> I'll watch that the ducks don't lay from home.
> . . . Where's my spade? I've work to do."

And grumpy Thomas, suddenly wise, finds that contentment mixed with industry is riches. Is there not warrant for a beatitude running

somewhat like this: "Blessed are they that labor and are heavy laden? for 'In the sweat of thy face shalt thou eat bread' turns out to be rather blessing than bane." Different from grumpy Thomas is cheerful Danny Murphy, who is as old as old can be, whose little eyes can scarcely see, whose mouth is sunken in between his nose and chin, who is lean and twisted up and withered so that he cannot walk aright; and yet when he laughs you can see that he is as young as young can be. Here is one who knows the fears that torment the imagination of the guilty soul. He is ashamed and dares not lift his eyes. He fancies that everybody knows what he has done; that hands are pointing at him and scornful eyes are piercing the brazen armor of his hardihood; that all the world is jolting on his name and cruel laughter mocking at his shame. But when he looks, there is nobody nigh—no hands, no eyes, no laughter—only his guilty, lonely, miserable soul, God overhead, and the pitying reproaches of the grieved Holy Spirit within. It is not that he is in hell; rather, hell is in him. In his verses entitled "Mac Douhl," James Stephens plays fantastic tricks before high heaven. If the solemnities of the universe imagine themselves safe from familiarities and antic quips, they are notified to the contrary by Mr. Stephens, who in one poem seems to be playing the part of king's jester at the Court of Heaven, frisking and frolicking among the solemn angels so that God is astonished and displeased and all his saints and angels are shocked. Hear what this clown, sporting upon the temple floor, with scarce more reverence than a monkey, says:

Suddenly, silent as a ghost,
I went scooting through the nerveless host
All petrified, all gaping in a hush:
Came to the throne and, nimble as a rat,
Hopped up it, squatted close, and there I sat,
Squirming with laughter till I had to cry,
To see Him standing there
Frozen with all his angels in a stare!
He raised his hand,
His hand! 'twas like a sky!
Gripped me in half a finger,
Flipped me round and sent me spinning high
Through the hot planets: faith, I didn't linger
To scratch myself, and then adown I sped
Scraping old moons and twisting heels and head
A chuckle through the void.

One of James Stephens's poems pictures a hungry tramp saying from door to door, "Give me, with a little bread, absolution for my sin." To him the householders say:

Friend, come in and eat our bread;
Lay you down and rest a while,
Sleep a little time and pray
Unto God and he will smile
All your weighty sin away.

Then the poor man flew up to God and told his Heavenly Father what the people had said and done to him; and this is why God spares the world again another while. A long poem entitled "The Lonely God" tells how God made man because he was lonely, spite of his angels:

Although my angels were prepared to fling
The cloudy incense, all prepared to sing
My praise and glory—yet, in fury I
Then roared them senseless, then threw down the sky
And stamped upon it, buffeted a star
With my great fist, and flung the sun afar:
Shouted my anger till the mighty sound
Rung to the width, frighting the furthest bound
And scope of hearing: tumult vaster still,
Thronging the echo, dinned my ears, until
I fled in silence, seeking out a place
To hide me from the very thought of Space.
And so in mine own image I
Have made a man, remote from heaven high
And all its humble angels: I have poured
My essence in his nostrils: I have cored
His heart with my own spirit; part of me,
His mind with labored growth unceasingly
Must strive to equal mine; must ever grow
By virtue of my essence till he know
Both good and evil through the solemn test
Of sin and retribution, till, with zest,
He feels his godhead, soars to challenge me
In Mine own heaven for supremacy.

Through savage beasts and still more savage clay
Invincible, I bid him fight a way
To greater battles, crawling through defeat
Into defeat again: ordained to meet
Disaster in disaster: prone to fall,
I prick him with my memory to call
Defiance at his victor and arise
With anguished fury to his greater size.
Through tribulation, terror and despair,
Astounded, he must fight to higher air,
Climb battle into battle till he be
Confronted with a flaming sword and me.

So growing age by age to greater strength,
To greater beauty, skill and deep intent:
With wisdom wrung from pain, with energy
Nourished in sin and sorrow, he will be
Strong, pure and proud an enemy to meet,
Tremendous on a battlefield, or sweet
To walk by as a friend with candid mind.

The topmost blossom of his growing I
Shall take unto me, cherish and lift high
Beside myself upon My holy throne:
—It is not good for God to be alone.

That this poet has a mounting soul, which never grovels, but loves high things and scorns the low, is certified by verses like these:

I tore the shackles from my feet,
The bandage from my straining eye,
I spread my wings above the street
And soared upon the sky.
I knew the stars for friends, and knew
The sun and moon more happy grew
To see me flying by.

And they, far down below, who moved
With hobbled ankles, groping mad
Among the gutters disapproved
And said that it was sad
A man should want to leave the sty,
To spread his wings abroad and fly
When garbage might be had.

But I in converse with the sun,
Or visiting the moon on high,
Or joining with a star to run
Mad races on the sky,
Can hardly find the time to spare
A thought for the dull gropers there
Who never lift an eye.

Democracy and Poetry. By FRANCIS B. GUMMERE. 12mo, pp. 328. Boston and New York: Houghton Mifflin Company. Price, cloth, $1,50, net.

SIX lectures delivered before Northwestern University on the Norman Wait Harris Foundation, by Professor Gummere, of Haverford College. The lecturer begins by referring to the long movement of democratic ideals through the past two hundred years, and does not get these pages into his subject before he catches sight of John Wesley as a great democrat, one of those who put fresh life into the word "Humanity" and lifted hands of benediction over the outcast and hopeless of the earth. Professor Gummere recalls how Horace Walpole heard Wesley preach at Bath in 1776, and then says that "to the rising sentiment of that day that great man, John Wesley, who knew so well how to revive the old democratic communal sentiment, the contagious vitality of religion in the social group, was preaching the acceptable year of the Lord, liberty to the captive, and the opening of the prison to them that were bound." But Walpole, listening with the mind and spirit of an aristocrat to Wesley's preaching, objected to the great preacher's "Enthusiasm." On this Professor Gummere remarks that for many years the history of this word "Enthusiasm" told the progress of democracy. Swift, the satirist, hated the "strain or tincture of enthusiasm." Hume, the skeptic, said: "I was resolved not to be an enthusiast." Shaftesbury, the infidel, recommended what he considered "the best security against enthusiasm," "as if," says Professor Gummere, enthusiasm "were an infectious disease." And then our author goes on to say that every democrat, every broad and generous

lover of humanity, is an enthusiast, but that when Wesley began his great work, democracy was at a low ebb. The Tories in religion and in other things regarded enthusiasm as fanaticism and rant, but it "became in a few decades," says the author, "the note of humanity and the sign of men who were really alive." Goethe wrote to his old drawingmaster words which (we agree with Professor Gummere) ought to be carved on the portals of every school and college in the world: "Teaching may do much, but enthusiasm does more." The author tells us that in our own day, when democracy, especially in its political and social practice, has triumphed far beyond the hopes cherished by its pious founders of two hundred years ago, faith in democracy and in its power to realize its ideals seems to be waning. While he explains and illustrates in many subsequent pages what he means, and points out evidences of such waning of confidence on the part of many, he does not make us feel that, on the whole, the forces of democracy, the enthusiasm for human rights, are diminished, or the hopes of the fathers and founders dimmed. One of the points at which democracy, the common interest, is failing to protect itself is noted in this passage: "The failure of democracy to enforce its own laws, which is another way of saying that it cannot set the community above the individual, has been mourned in a recent presidential message. Trials for murder, said President Taft, should be carried on solely to determine the guilt or the innocence of the accused, that is, solely in the interests of the community; but nowadays these trials, though often perfectly clear in such an issue, are become mere 'sporting propositions' between friends of the murdered man and friends of the murderer, with odds, as cynicism might often add, upon the longer purse. The community, all interests of the community, too often quite vanish from the case, and vanish, also, from other causes such as the breaking of a will, the granting of a divorce, the award of damages for injury due to reckless motorists—'sporting propositions' one and all, with that august presence of the community hardly remembered by a phrase, and turned, for all practical purposes, into the shadow of a dream." Illustrating the familiar fad that mere freedom will not make good citizens is the following passage: "The formula of individual freedom has been trusted to perilous extremes. The poet Whittier thought, precisely as Rousseau had thought, that *if a man be set free he will be good*, and that a good man will always be a good citizen. Truth, to be sure, makes men ideally free; but does freedom make men practically true? This question might be put with profit to that most typical of all freemen, the tramp, whose ideal life would correspond in most respects to the ideal conditions demanded by Rousseau. All the explosive literature of freedom relegated service to the slave, and so, by its own program, to non-existence; its main heroes, Saint Preux, a sentimental prig; Werther, a sentimental spooney; and Carl Moor, a sentimental bandit, *know nothing of service, nothing of obligations*. Rousseau's ideal democracy is described in the life of those hill-folk of Valais about whom Saint Preux tells Julie, simple and tranquil people, 'happy through lack of pain rather than through the taste of pleasure.' The inhabitants of the Scilly Islands, by the account of Mr.

Lang, sustain themselves by taking in one another's washing, but the Switzers were in better case; in their paradise one paid no bills and made no charges—an ideal balance of the books. They know, explains Saint Preux, that if they have money they will be poor; just as if they have laws, and precepts, and obligations, they will be slaves. Absurd as the whole description seems, it is Rousseau's invariable tone when he tries to be constructive in his democracy. All the members of that happy family in the second part of the Héloïse are good because they are free. Law and government, moreover, are not really needed in the commonwealth; for the Valais folk, so Saint Preux pointed out, could live their life without authority on one hand and subservience on the other. 'Children at rational age,' runs the report, 'are the equals of their parents; the same liberty reigns in the house as in the republic, and the family is the image of the state.' Laws, indeed, spirit or matter, were not Rousseau's affair; and he puts an old jest very seriously when he says in his first discourse that, bad as the Spaniards were in their colonization of America, a last spark of decency prompted them to forbid the colonies to all men of the law. Rousseau, in short, took the state to pieces, and then tried to put it together with sympathy, instead of law, as its binding principle; if he had been an American, he would have been the first signer of the Declaration of Independence and the most persistent foe of the Constitution. Even the positive part of his Social Contract is quite futile. His passionate plea against the evils of society prevailed, but his plan for social good is a chimera; for in politics, as in life, he was a picturesque tramp, and his reformed state is simply a tramp's paradise drawn to political scale. Freedom of the individual *without any idea of individual service*, and sovereignty of the people without popular subservience to an ideal, but supreme social order, a constitution, the law—that was Rousseau's way." Our author refers to the disposition to perpetrate all manner of individual eccentricities, in literature as in conduct, in hostility to what is stigmatized as "the commonplace," and then says: "The commonplace, as its name implies, is the chief vaunt of convention; it voices social feeling and the sympathy of common emotion. It absorbs the appreciation of countless readers and gives it out again in a fresh power of appeal; witness the English Bible, witness Shakespeare, both saturated with this great outpouring of communal sympathy for three hundred years. . . . A list of the great passages in the great poetry of the world would be a list of commonplaces. . . . Even what is called the grand style is common place. Shakespeare tried the eccentric in Love's Labor's Lost, his ambitious society play; but he never tried it again; he went back to commonplace talk and to very obvious characters—Hamlet, on life and death, Portia, on mercy, Prospero and Macbeth, on the lapse and futility of things in general. A reasoned list of the topics which Shakespeare's folk discuss would bring no surprises.

> O gentlemen, the time of life is short!
> To spend that shortness basely were too long
> If life did ride upon a dial's point,
> Still ending at the arrival of an hour.

Is there a nobler passage in English poetry than these words of Hotspur before his last fight, or a more time-worn iteration of commonplace?" Here is an incident illustrative of much: "A man who had gone from a home where the old communal opinions and standards still ruled, to live in a frontier town where all men were doing as seemed good in their own eyes, complained of his irksome freedom. 'I don't want to be obliged to go to church,' he said plaintively, 'but I want to live where people think I ought to go to church.' He missed the communal ideal; he had found that liberty run to license undoes the state and really disfranchises the citizen." The author sees in some quarters to-day a change, especially in scientific circles, from the mood of hope to one of almost despair. This is what he says: "Without belief in a vital and supreme community which never dies, which carries on our work, which shall succeed where we fail, and attain when we fall short, without belief in that full-blooded idea of our democratic forbears now with God, men lose not only the hope of progress for the future, but the sense of progress in the past. In that great second discourse of Turgot, the young theologian prophesies on one page the independence of America, and on the next tells how poetry had its spontaneous and social origins in the days of primitive men. He takes communal progress for granted; and history for him, despite the reactions, is in the long account a steady advance of civilization upon the retreating forces of barbarism. But history, even of more modern times, must not now, it seems, be regarded from any such democratic point of view. It falls into a series of almost disconnected scenes, each studied most accurately for itself and for the relations of its parts. You shall examine the setting of the scene, note every word and gesture of the actors, and value the combined effect by standard of proof; but you shall not talk of the play and of its plot. Of course you shall commit no such solecism as a reference to some great purpose, whether of fate, of providence, of God, which sustained, let us say, Washington and his army through that winter at Valley Forge. We are told, 'Nobody does that.' But you shall assume no purpose whatever—not even so mild a hint as Renan gives in his account of the Hebrews carrying on their precarious pilgrimage the mighty destinies of monotheism. What you shall do, as some one did the other day, is to explain that Howe, a Whig general, might easily have crushed both Washington and the whole American revolution then and there; but Howe wished the credit of such a triumph to grace a Whig administration, and he waited for the Tories to fall. That is history shorn of the democratic idea; it is a succession of accidents and adjustments. So drifts into chaos and old night, like the sail torn away by a tempest, the steadying and cheering idea of progress set forth by Turgot and Condorcet a century and a half since, and so eagerly absorbed into the thought of those and the following times. Progress, one says now, is the ship that tacks and veers, looms up in the mist and vanishes, always about to double the Cape of Good Hope, and always baffled in its attempt. This stupendous change from the mood of cheer and hope almost to despair is due in part to a clouding of the democratic vision, and in part to the recoil which is inevitable after such great expectations.

The nineteenth century made tremendous promises; far as men had come to see into the past, farther yet should they see into the future; and science, a democratic affair, was to give them a new religion. It turned out to be an age of broken promises; and since the crash of failure, democracy has been cursed and banished from science, in great part because of a disappointment which ought to have been explained away as hope deferred, but which was allowed to settle into a pessimism that borders upon despair. It can be shown, however, that in all this reaction the central and constructive democratic idea has not been damaged, and that only the subordinate intentions, so to speak, of democracy, such as unlimited individual freedom, have really gone to wreck." Ruskin says, in one of his familiar letters to workingmen, that a scientific person of our day gives "lectures on botany to show that there is no such thing as a flower, on humanity to show that there is no such thing as a man, and on theology to show that there is no such thing as a God." Declaring that science has done little for poetry, our author writes: "It must be allowed that promises to poetry from science have not been kept. Chemistry did nothing for Coleridge, who got his best matter for his best poem from an old book of travels and from a superstition that science would have scouted in disgust. Even such reaches and vistas of cosmic force as the romance of geology, the nebular hypothesis, the epic of evolution itself, tremendous idea, have done little or nothing for the other poets. Tennyson's evolutionary verses do not reach the heart of the matter; we only see him falling upon the great altar-stairs, and not even, like Sir Thomas Browne, losing himself in his O Altitudo; and for what is perhaps his finest description of the long development of man he takes his figure not from the shock of systems and the progress of the ages, but from the process of forging steel. The scientific use of the imagination works wonders, but not in poetry, where it has perhaps served to sharpen the sense of tragedy, of human futility, but has begotten no great and recorded verse." Here is a comparison of Religion and Science: "Religion is the affirmation of a miracle, the sublime contradiction in terms which asserts that we can and do know the unknowable. Antithetically, science plumes itself on the not too sublime truism that we can know only the knowable. Each has a kind of romance, savor, essence: in religion there is absolute faith of sufficient knowledge, and in science there is absolute resignation to insufficient knowledge." A fine saying is this: "Poetry (like religion) refuses to stay away from the windows of life and find its entire interest in mere household furnishings, no matter how wonderful they are." In his chapter on "Whitman and Taine," the author quotes the last stanza of Meredith's "Juggling Jerry," verses about the sea and a bird that loves its mate, put into the mouth of a rough old dying tramp, saying good-by to his wife and to the world:

> I mind it well, by the sea-beach lying,
> Once—it's long gone—when two gulls we beheld,
> Which, as the moon got up, were flying
> Down a big wave that sparkled and swelled.

> Crack, went a gun: one fell: the second
> Wheeled round him twice, and was off for new luck:
> There in the dark her white wing beckoned:
> Drop me a kiss—I'm the bird dead-struck.

We are also given a specimen of Meredith's prose, a sketch, or rough essay, in description of crowded wharves and harbor in their focal point of activity—the scene from London Bridge, a very effective massing of the material. "Down went the twirling horizontal pillars of a strong tide from the arches of the bridge, breaking to wild water at a remove; and a reddish Northern cheek of curdling piping East, at shrilly puffs between the Tower and the Custom House, encountered it to whip and ridge the flood against descending tug and long tail of stern-a-jerk empty barges; with a steamer slowly nosing round off the wharf-cranes, preparing to swirl the screw; and half-bottom-upward-boats dancing harpooner beside their whale; along an avenue, not fabulously golden, of the deputy masts of all nations, a wintry woodland, every rag aloft curling to volume; and here the spouts and the mounds of steam, and rolls of brown smoke there, variously undulated, curved to vanish; cold blue sky ashift with the whirl and dash of a very Tartar cavalry overhead." In making these two quotations, he is comparing Meredith with Whitman, not to the latter's advantage. We close this notice of a most engaging book with an extract particularly interesting to our readers: "What poetry has done for religion, what religion has done for poetry, are tremendous questions which touch our present concern only so far as the democracy of the process is involved. It is surely susceptible of proof that institutional religion came before personal piety, and that the great emotional and consolatory utterances which spring from individual experience could not be made until the community, in choral and ritual, formed its dialect of worship and supplication and praise. William James, in his Varieties of Religious Experience, takes account of nothing but the individual. To be sure, he says, fetichism and magic preceded inward piety, but they belong as much to science as to religion; and he defines religion as 'the feelings, acts, and experiences of individual men in their solitude, so far as they apprehend themselves to stand in relation to whatever they consider the divine.' That is the psychologist's way, and a very good way if one is regarding nothing but problems of the modern soul. Once more, however, I must protest against the half truth, so often quoted from Professor Paul against social interpretations and explanations of literature, that 'all psychical processes come to their fulfillment in individual minds, and nowhere else'; for this half truth is sundered from the other half truth, itself not to be used alone, that no psychical process can be uttered or put on record save by the purely social medium of communication; and it is clear that these half truths joined together form the only sound basis for any conclusions about religious experience. The 'man in his solitude' of William James's definition had already detached himself from the throng, from the community, the point where religious experience really began. The communal basis is very clear in survival. Even now the average man is not a mystic, not even a subject for private revivals; he wants to be helped,

and to be steadied in his outlook, not rapt into a new world of experience. For the ordinary personal experience of religion, *one does not take to the woods or the desert; one goes to church;* and this variety of religious experience, very sane, very human, is expressed by some familiar lines of poetry. Sweeter than any wedding feast, says the Ancient Mariner, it is

> To walk together to the kirk
> With a goodly company!
>
> To walk together to the kirk,
> And all together pray,
> While each to his great Father bends,
> Old men, and babes, and loving friends,
> And youths and maidens gay.

This sense of kind in religion, the communal faith and hope and love, can cool into merest habit, or turn to white heat in a public revival; the poetry that voices it can be heartless doggerel, unmeaning chorus as vacant as soldiers' songs on a march, or it can roll out in the covenanters' wild hymn, and in the surge and splendor of those Hebrew lyrics which mask the congregation behind the conventional first-person." Here is a bit of what he says: "Whitman thought that a declaration of independence removes evil from the universe. He frees the individual from what he calls tyranny; but he sets up no law to which the free individual shall submit. He says that he believes poets to be 'the voice and exposition of liberty'; and this liberty is license. He declares outright that his aim is to be 'essentially revolutionary.'"

Authority. The Function of Authority in Life and Its Relation to Legalism in Ethics and Religion. By A. V. C. P. Huizinga. Boston: Sherman, French & Co. 12mo, pp. 270. Price, cloth, $2.25, net.

This book is dedicated to Dr. Francis L. Patton, "Princeton's able and inspiring defender of the Calvinistic faith," and it has fittingly been called "a commanding study of a vital subject." The author shows himself thoroughly competent to deal with this great subject. He is widely awake to the grave significance of his theme. He "has brought to his task ripe scholarship, wide research, and profound thought." "The result is a volume of commanding importance," which is bound to enrich permanently the mind and the heart of its thoughtful reader. Like his other works, this, too, is written from the viewpoint of the devout believer in the Bible as the Word of God. From the broad fields of his extensive reading and intimate familiarity with prevailing views, he has selected with rare skill the material which buttresses his position that "in all the forms of truth in which our faith may abide," the final authority is our self-revealing God. And thus from first to last the old-time "evangelical position" is stoutly maintained. In the preface, the author writes: "One thing is certain: authority must become the most vital question for an age which—rightly or wrongly—tends to challenge its established forms." And on page 107, he continues: "The inquiry how to

reconcile the strictly personal, individual life-elements with the claims to authority of those universal elements incorporated in tradition, in social institutions, in written and unwritten law, is in order in an age of individual assertions and claims, of disruption of systems, of cries of 'no dogmas,' of subjectivity, of pragmatism, of *'Umwertung Aller Werte,'* of the disintegration of all things which claims binding authority, save that of the ego; in an age which, disregarding the old New England consideration of all things 'with reference to eternity,' has come to suggest, at least professedly, all things to the final judgment of the self-important ego; in an age of individual pretensions which clamor loudly against the impotent, wornout, false, mystical, hundredfold-cursed superstitions of former days that cumber the ground over which progress is to march on to higher and better things. In such an age it must be worth our while to reflect on the situation, to find out whether individual sovereignty, personal integrity, cannot be maintained together with the authority of incorporate law." The subject is treated in two parts. Part I deals, in ten chapters, with the "Psychological and Sociological Aspect of Authority." Part II treats the "Metaphysical and Theological Aspect" in fifteen chapters more. "Church and State," "Moral Authority," "Moral Obligation," "The Personal Element in Law," "Individual Will," "Authority and Philosophy," "Authority and Fact," "Bible Authority," "An Objective Source of Authority," are some of the suggestive headings of chapters. But the wealth of its varied material makes anything like a concise intimation of the book as a whole within the limits of this review well-nigh impossible. Only some leading parts of the fascinating chapter on the "Authority of the Bible" are given, therefore, as a specimen of the character of the book. Says the author, page 143: "Subjectivism, pragmatism, and pluralism, as much as agnosticism, logically rule authority out of court. The current attempts to save a kind of authority for the Bible by those who refuse to admit its objective authority are interesting. At best, they simply vest Scripture with their own indorsement, holding that the Bible is not the Word of God, but that the Word of God is in the Bible. The authentication of the Word of God, however, is left to the individual. . . . There is no inquiry more momentous, more fraught with influences that bear directly upon our ethical life, than that which seeks to place before us in authority a reliable, regulative standard for conduct. It can be shown from statistics that in all periods of unsettlement and of social and economic transition the ethical life is agitated and powerfully affected. The facts observed make it evident that where the restraints of authority are less felt they exercise less influence. Is this restraining influence upon the will the whole content of the concept of authority? Or must we necessarily raise questions regarding that before which the will bows in submission? Evidently this latter question must be raised; for the authority cannot be entirely of the individual who bends in homage before the dictates of such authority. It is in us, but not of us. . . . There is always implied, when we consider authority, first of all an objective reference. Of course, in its very dictates and efficacy, this authority is determined and conditioned by the ethical nature of him

to whom its decrees are issued. This disposes at once of the superficial remark which is often made on the strength of this circumstance, for instance, by Professor Perry in The Moral Economy, page 34. There is a phrase, 'liberty of conscience,' which well expresses the modern conception of moral obligation. It recognizes that duty, in the last analysis, is imposed upon the individual neither by society nor even by God, but by himself; that there is no authority in moral matters more ultimate than a man's own rational conviction of what is best. Precisely," observes the author, "this circumstance, this binding obligation, is a personal expression of personal responsibility to God in the definite social forms and specific individual experience. Philosophical inquiry seeks to define the objective nature of authority. After authority has been established, the man of daily doings has something to go by, if he can only rely on his given standard. This practical necessity accounts for the codification of the various and rich contents of the religious and ethical life. We thus find always codes, rules, dogmas, external authorities. Our very sense of authority is their guarantee. . . . The place assigned to faith in the Bible and by Christianity as fundamental and supreme, underlying and conditioning all human knowledge and action, is an acknowledged fact. And if faith, then, must function in all the activities of life, the only question is which form it takes, for some form it must take. We therefore raise the question, Are the objects of faith adequate and justified when looked at without the eyes of faith? The multitudes require demonstration from the faithful, that is, those who have the faith, if they are to be induced to stake life's values on the same principles. We are to verify our credal formulations and beliefs before the men of the world. We are all fighting our battles in this same impartial world. God is no respecter of persons. . . . Is there justification in suspense of assent to the old Christian authority? Not if faith is an essential function in life as actually lived. In life, we have to take chances. We, free moral agents, are in God's vast domain at our own peril. A valuation of conduct, *a posteriori* by others, does not concern me in the brunt of life's battles. Face to face with temptations, I must decide now how to steer. The pilot with chart and compass must be brought on board of my storm-tossed hulk. . . . Nor is the proposal that one should wait until the facts are all in, resting in the assurance that the results will vindicate the reasonableness of the faith, any more satisfactory. To wait till all the facts are in. Can the plummet of my finite intellect fathom the depths of life's ocean? The Bible everywhere assumes sovereign right to authority over man—every man everywhere and always—to command belief and obedience. This is where the skepticism of this age—and of all ages—takes issue with it. Is choice of attitude categorical in this issue? . . . In view of the issue at stake—the soul's endless destiny—the man who is brought to face it is impelled to ask, Just what are the biblical requirements to which it demands my conformity with such sanction? As this question is put, we approach the subject of authority as consisting in a set of propositions, codes to which our assent is required. Such a situation results in the rational formulation and statement of what is involved in this authoritative biblical claim,

if any genuine inquirer is to attain to intellectual satisfaction. Hence the normative standard of our creeds, doctrines, codes, and Bible. Yea, our religion has been to some extent justly classed by the impious mind as a 'police force' in the life of the average believer. It is external, rather than positive and inward; constraint, instead of moving principle. It must be observed, however, that the very conception of authority implies this restraint. Its dictates are not at our discretion; though in us, they are not of us, but refer beyond us. But to admit the authority of a book as 'the perfect rule of faith and practice' is an admission which it is hard for the skeptical mind to make when it does not find itself in these regulative standards. Here is the rule: For the solution of the difficulty we can do no better than repeat the well-known *credo ut intelligam;* and this is begging the question so far as there is concerned a compelling of assent where it is not given. Yet, where the inquiry sincerely comes, 'If thou canst do anything, have pity on us and help us,' there is also in order, and does also follow, the confession: 'Lord, I believe, help thou my un—that is, small—belief.'" According to Dr. Forsyth, "The unity of the Bible is organic, total, vital, evangelical; it is not merely harmonious, balanced, statuesque. It is not the form of symmetry, but the spirit of reconciliation. Strike a fragment from a statue, and you ruin it. But the unity of the Bible is like the unity of nature. It has the living power always to repair loss and transcend lesion. The Bible unity is given it by the unity of a historic gospel, developing, dominant, not detailed. If we are to take the Bible as Christ did, we may not feel compelled to take the whole Bible, but we must take the Bible as a whole. . . . The unity and power of the Bible is sacramental; it is not mechanical." Continues the author: "It is evident that the notion of unity, as held here, is looked upon as brought to the Bible from without. It may be granted that the regnant gospel of a gracious God as moral Redeemer makes the Bible speak with that authority which lays hold of the believer. But the Bible appearing as a whole, as a vital unity, being a sacramental scripture, it must be, indeed, the adequate medium of this gospel of Christ. By what authority is this unity, this wholeness, guaranteed? It would seem only an unjustified assumption unless we concede an intrinsic, objective harmony and unity which makes the Bible indeed God's Word inspired as believed of old." The recognition of the presence of this intrinsic harmony and unity in God's world gave birth to modern science—true science being impossible until the scientific investigator was willing to proceed upon the postulate that "every part of the universe is constructed on principles that will yield clear meaning to his search for unity, law, and order." The beginning of the recognition of a similar objective harmony and unity in God's Word—which, like God's world, is a complete whole—which prepares a way for carrying the same scientific postulate into the study of the Bible, foreshadows and, indeed, introduces a new era in biblical investigation. The current view of biblical unity—as something brought to the Bible from without—must needs be supplemented by this conception, which likewise furnishes a direction and a caution touching the way in which the Scriptures should be critically

handled. Is it sound reasoning to try to justify mutilations of the form of the living original, in however small degree, when we admit that the organism, as a whole, is essential to the individual life, and that this whole is dependent upon its component parts? To say that it will survive, that it has not the "mere symmetry of a statue," is pleading indulgence for a wanton act which is felt to require defense. But the justification of acts of mutilation on this ground can be nothing less than to show an improvement. If this could be shown—as it is not shown—it would destroy both infallibility and real "wholeness," or unity. It is admitted that by striking parts from a statue it is ruined. Yet, does a statue, as a representation, exact copy, and true imitation of life, include superfluous or cumbersome elements which the living original has not? It seems strange that men who admittedly value the Bible as expressive of God's revelation, in some way yet God's book and unique, will, on the other hand, labor under this unwarranted contrast between the Bible as we have it, and what they have called the Bible of the Bible, or God's Word in the Bible. If our terms are, however, to mean anything, it is evident that either God's revelation is adequate, and then authoritative, or we have to proclaim our so-called unassisted reason authority over the Scriptures. And, in the latter case, we do not see why we should specially need a Bible at all. Your choice is between alternatives: you are to submit to its authority, if the Book is to guide you in any real sense, or you may discriminate as to the very validity of the Book and its contents; but in that case it is an illusion to fancy yourself guided at all. If you are to be led, you must learn the "grammar of assent" to your leader and to what he is to lead you. You do not understand all; there are difficulties, mysteries, perplexing things in it—as, indeed, there are in God's world. As you cannot establish your own infallible authority it has come to you. Perhaps you do not fully understand it all, but "God is his own interpreter, and he will make it plain." As to the use of analogy, page 160, suggested by Dr. Forsyth—which is intended for concession to those who discard this biblical authority—we would ask: Though its unity is not mere symmetry or statuesque any more than is that of any living organism, does that justify at all the claim to mutilate the organism, the whole? If there be a whole at all, the parts must in some way function harmoniously in this whole, relate to it in some subservient, tributary way. We can survive the loss of some parts of our body. The loss of some parts whose functioning is not known would not perceptibly change the working of our organism. If this principle is not to be applied so as to mutilate the structure of the living, bodily organism, neither should it be applied to the Bible, if such a unity or wholeness is granted in it. And this expression, the "unity of the Bible"—just as its being "God's Book," "Divine Revelation," "Holy Writ," etc.—would mean simply that its truth stands objectively real over man, with authority. "If the Bible is its own authority, it is well to read the Bible itself, rather than to read about it. There has been so much talking about the Bible that it is only fair to let it now speak for itself. For it is surprising to find how little familiar the average church member, or even the modern preacher, is with the Bible.

This circumstance appears so significant in this connection that it may well give us pause to reflect and repeat the locus classical: Every scripture inspired of God is also profitable for teaching, for reproof, for consideration which is in righteousness, that the man of God may be complete, furnished completely unto every good work." All in all this book on "authority" is the bearer of a great and important message to the world of to-day. When a leading Brooklyn pastor is quoted in the Brooklyn Eagle as saying from his pulpit on Sunday morning, April 14, 1912, that "Christ's good news that was gladly heard by the people was not theological nor dogmatic"; when in September, 1907, Dr. George A. Gordon, in Boston, declared that "The loss sustained by the Christian world through the reign of authority is incalculable"; when the love of God is emphasized in present-day preaching so largely at the expense of the equally vital factor of severity in the glorious Godhead, leading multitudes to confide in divine godliness, rather than goodness; a clear ring of the keynote of divine authority, a virile call to consider once more the significance of the phrases, "Thus saith the Lord," and "Verily, verily, I say unto you," cannot but tend to clarify the religious atmosphere and infuse it with the invigorating ozone of loving submission to the sovereignty of God.

HISTORY, BIOGRAPHY, AND TOPOGRAPHY

Early Letters of Marcus Dods, D.D., late Principal of New College, Edinburgh. Selected and Edited by his son, Marcus Dods, M.A., Advocate. Royal 8vo, pp. vi, 390. New York and London: Hodder & Stoughton. Price, cloth, $1.75, net.

After these letters are read the name of Marcus Dods will have a sweeter fragrance than ever before. This is a record of most arduous struggle in the face of humiliating disappointments. It is also the story of a man of such large and masculine soul that the difficulties which might have driven others to distraction served to ennoble his character and not to embitter it. It is not surprising that Dr. W. Robertson Nicol should have said of him at the time of his death, in April, 1909: "He was the best friend and the most Christlike man I have ever known. He was in his daily work and conversation a living evidence of Christianity. There were many who have never lost their joyful confidence in Christ, and they owe this to him as much as to any." Dr. Dods was born in 1834 in the Presbyterian manse of Belford, Northumberland. At the age of twenty he took the M.A. degree at Edinburgh University. He graduated from New College in 1858 and was licensed by the presbytery of Edinburgh in the same year. He was called to his first pastorate, Renfield Church, Glasgow, in 1864, where he wielded an influence of surpassing power for twenty-five years. He was appointed to the chair of New Testament Criticism and Exegesis, New College, in 1889, and was made principal in 1907. A great deal may be said about his many helpful writings, most of which are Scripture expositions of an unusual order of

excellence. Many of them were first delivered in his own pulpit. They cannot be too highly commended to the preacher as masterpieces of careful exegesis and lucid application to modern conditions, enriched by illustrations from a wide range of literature. Mention may be made of his Genesis; the Gospel of John; Israel's Iron Age; the Parables of our Lord; the Bible, its Origin and Nature; Prayer that Teaches to Pray. Our present concern, however, is with this volume of letters. They were written during his period of wandering between 1858 and 1864, when he was a probationer in the Free Church of Scotland, in search of a settled charge. At this time he preached as a candidate in several vacant churches. In his journal, dated September, 1863, he wrote: "I have now been licensed five years and have preached at the following vacancies: Dalkeith (twice); Irvine; Kennethmont; Old Aberdeen; Kirkcaldy; John Knox, Glasgow; Garwald, Birdhopecraig; Laygate and Saint John's, South Shields; Saint George's, Liverpool; Cheltenham; Helensburgh; Roxburgh Place and Greyfriars, Edinburgh; Bannockburn; Trinity, Aberdeen; South Leith; Dudhope, Dundee; Portobello. Have also had to consider the propriety of going to Singapore, Sydney, Naples, and Bombay." This was truly an ordeal for any man, more especially for one who showed such unusual ability and was modestly conscious of large powers which he could effectually use if he only had the chance. Throughout he had the conviction which kept increasing, in spite of checks and rebuffs, that he was called to be a preacher and to exercise his ministry in the homeland. Many times he was tempted to think that he could be more useful as a teacher. His gifts were such that he could have made a mark as a religious journalist. He was offered the editorship of the Friend of India, a position that was held by Dr. George Smith. But he turned away from all these alluring invitations, because he felt that his place was in the pulpit. It is a mark of heroism and consecration that he should have held on to this conviction in spite of so many rejections by congregations. "This morning I have a letter from Maxwell asking if I would come and preach in Walter Smith's, Free Roxburgh, in Edinburgh, as it will be vacant in a week or two. Of course, I won't refuse, though it be just to go through another course of uncomfortable suspense and botheration, ending in a more thoroughly fixed opinion that nobody will have me." "The smiling manse and the inhabitant thereof of whom you speak are all very nice, but where are they? I rather avoid looking into either your future or mine—my constitution predicts for me long struggles against many things, and were it not for Peg's text (for which thank her), 'Trust in the Lord and do good,' which calls me to work for others now, and leave *them* to God, I would be even more wretched a being than I am." In 1860: "I have made it my almost incessant prayer that I may get work fit for me, whatever it be, and I believe I will; meanwhile, I go on." This sentence partly explains the secret of his endurance during the weary days and years of uncertainty and unrest. His conception of preaching is expressed in these words: "Men who can split the ears of the groundlings; who, for the most part, are capable of nothing but inexplicable dumb shows and noise, are the men to get churches.

But don't say that I think so, for I'd be set down as a soured and disappointed person, which I am very far indeed from being. Only I wish, ardently, that people really did desire instruction at church, and not pleasant excitement and entertainment." This period of waiting was, however, filled with industrious labor. While other men might have bit their lips and eaten out their hearts, he gave himself to hard study and thoroughly mastered the philosophy of his subject. He was a bookman all his life. He writes thus about his books left at home: "Handle them as if you were lancing my eye. Those that are in the lowest shelf of the room press keep at the top of something, as they are most likely to be needed, not the folios, but Turretin and the octavos. Don't let Gesenius's grammar, a square flat book, that lies on Liddell and Scott, go deep." In 1858: "I don't know if I told you that Sir George Home, shortly after his marriage, sent me £5, with part of which I got Cramer's Catenæ Patrum Græcorum, 8 vols., 8vo, Oxonii, and Calvin on the New Testament, your edition. Have you any vacant parishes about you for a poor cove?" His ideal of study was expressed in these sentences when he was a probationer: "A student should not only keep a daily record of what work he does, he should also, at the end of every week or month, ask what he has gained by the work—what he knows better, etc., etc., and whether that gain he has made is likely to be of any use to himself or others." This exacting ideal of severe scholarship was not held by a man who was preparing himself for a professorship, but by one who had consecrated himself to the work of the Christian ministry, and who felt that the pulpit always demands the ripest gifts and the highest attainments of both learning and personal sanctity. Thus he continued at his self-appointed task in a spirit of devotion, believing that "work, hard, necessary, and constant, is what stands between many men and perpetual misery." He was employed in many literary undertakings, always careful to submit nothing for publication that was slipshod or slovenly. The conscientious way in which he edited Lange's Life of Christ is seen in the following sentence: "Every now and then there's an intricate chronological or doctrinal question which takes me a day to examine, and then at the end I find out Lange is right, so all my work goes for nothing, for I can scarcely put a note saying he is all right." It is a long lane that has no turn. The end of a strenuous apprenticeship at last came. In March, 1864, he was invited to preach in Renfield Church, Glasgow. He was resolved that this must and ought to be the last time that he would ever preach as a candidate. It was so, for he won. This volume abounds in illustrations of high and noble friendships. The letters to his sister are a tribute of warm and enduring love. "I am sure had I nothing to be thankful for but my friends, I should have the 'abundant' cause." The real worth of this book is in the testimony of a valiant soul who, through tumult and neglect, kept his soul clean, his vision clear, and his faith in God consistent, until finally the door opened for him through which he entered into a sphere of unusual usefulness, helping many to be strong, and, as these letters again will do, enabling many a discouraged and disappointed minister to be "lael tae the tryst."

The New Schaff-Herzog Encyclopædia of Religious Knowledge. Edited by Samuel Macauley Jackson, D.D., LL.D., with the assistance of Charles Colebrook Sherman [for vols. i–vi] and George William Gilmore. 12 vols. XII., pp. xxvi, 599. New York and London: Funk & Wagnalls Co., 1912.

This volume brings to a completion after eight years this massive and learned work, which is now the only adequate general religious encyclopædia in the language. It is specially full in topics in church history and biography, and for a pastor ought not to take the place of the five volumes of the Hastings' Dictionary of the Bible and the two volumes of the Dictionary of Christ and the Gospels. It is a rich treasury of information, scholarly and up to date, and is indispensable to all seeking information in its realm. Even for those who, like this reviewer, use constantly the great German work of which it is in part a condensed translation, it offers much new material. The publishers claim to have spent more than $300,000 on it. If so, they have done a noble service to all students of religion, and they deserve a sale which will give ample compensation. We have marked a few points in this twelfth volume. The late Professor Kirn on the Trinity thinks it is not revealed in the Old Testament, but is implicitly taught in the New, though not in the full church form. "The baptismal command distinctly points beyond doubt to the faith of the Christian community concerning God revealed as Father, Son, and Holy Ghost." There is a trinity of revelation in the New Testament, but not the trinity of the later dogmatic development. As Kirn was a liberal, this concession that we have the substance of the Christian view of the Trinity in the New Testament is significant. As to the Old Testament, we would reply that we have the beginnings or adumbrations there, and that is all we can expect. We cannot agree with Kirn that the church has added any "essentially new element" when it postulates "eternally differentiated subjects as contrasted with the Father," or that it has "replaced the religious idea of the presence of God in Son and Spirit by the identity of essence of the Son and Spirit with the Father." Because both the New Testament light and the facts of Christian experience go much farther than simply the presence of God in Son and Spirit (is he not present in every believer?), but inevitably lead to the conclusion that Father, Son, and Spirit are essentially, and therefore eternally, one in the life of God. Kirn acknowledges that the "New Testament speaks of the essential unity of the Son with the Father and regards the Holy Spirit as the indwelling of God in the faithful." If that is so, you have the germ and substance of the Trinity of the Nicene Creed. In the article on union of the churches we agree with Beckwith that if the Protestant view of the ministry embodies any "ultimate convictiæ," it is inconceivable that Protestant churches will yield their ministers to reordination. "One cannot imagine conditions in which non-episcopally ordained ministers will discredit and therefore nullify their ordination. Moreover, one does not see how a discussion is even conceivable between the two parties except on the basis of the equality of episcopal and nonepiscopal orders; and that signifies that, while there is something to adjust, there is nothing to adjudicate." Nobly said, my

brother, and we have not the least doubt that our committee on Faith and Order, appointed by the General Conference of 1912 at the request of the Protestant Episcopal Church, will proceed on that supposition. There is a fourteen-page article by Beckwith (professor of systematic theology in the [Congregational] Chicago Theological Seminary) on the Virgin Birth, written with colorless impartiality, or if there is any leaning it is in the fullness and strength of stating the rationalistic side. We cannot agree that the doctrine of the miraculous birth is "not essential either to the incarnation and sinlessness of Jesus or to Christian experience." If Christ were not born as the Scriptures state, while there could be an indwelling of God in Jesus (as in Wesley), there could be no incarnation. We could have a God-led life, but we could not have the fullness of the Godhead bodily. The natural birth makes Jesus the vehicle of God, as was Edwards, to be admired and independently followed, but not the Son of God to be believed in for salvation and worshiped. Nor would the sinlessness of Jesus be possible with the natural birth except by a miracle as great as that of his actual incarnation. As to Christian experience, it looks to Jesus as the source of its life and the end of its faith, and therefore as God, different in origin and in kind (not simply in degree) from the saints of the church. This alone explains and justifies Christian life and worship. A naturally born Saviour contradicts all the postulates and genius of Christianity and reduces it essentially to a level with the heathen religions. Nor is it at all true, as the article says, that Paul and John neither presuppose nor draw conclusions from the fact of the miraculous origin of Jesus. While they had no reason to explicitly mention it, it everywhere forms a background and logical foundation of their view of him. Its denial, it seems to us, must inevitably work itself out, by all the laws of consistent thinking, toward Unitarianism. Such considerations as these seem to have weight with the author, for in spite of his concessions to the rationalistic view he closes his article with the statement that the story of the miraculous birth of Jesus is "one of unique and incomparable beauty, befitting the creative entrance of Jesus into an earthly lot, to live the life of God under human conditions; he who knows the mystery of the beginnings of life, and remembers with what meaning this story has been invested by men of deepest insight through the Christian centuries, will not tear it from the Gospels, but will with the holy catholic church confess, 'I believe in Jesus Christ, who was conceived by the Holy Spirit, born of the Virgin Mary.'" The article on the Westminster Standards (Presbyterian) shows that in 1903 the long-delayed and defeated movement for revision resulted in a declaratory statement which softened somewhat the stark Calvinism of the confession. But you cannot have your cake and eat it too. Your confession cannot be *both* Calvinistic and Arminian. You cannot be a Calvinist and say, except in a sense which "mocks the voices of many men," that "God is ready to confer saving grace on all who seek it." The article on Whitman agrees with Bourne in The American Historical Review, January, 1901, 276-300, that he did *not* save Oregon, that there is little evidence for the belief that he discovered a plot of the Hudson

Bay Company to obtain Oregon for England by colonizing it from Canada, or for the belief that his trip of 1842 was to secure immigrants to forestall such action, and that there is no evidence for the story that when reaching Washington to expose this story, he found the United States about to exchange Oregon for the fisheries of Newfoundland, and that his representations prevented this exchange and thus secured the retention of the territory. We believe, however, that there are able historians who hold to the contrary, and the matter deserves a different statement. The article acknowledges that Whitman "above all others roused popular interest in Oregon and thus largely promoted its settlement." In the appendix there are excellent articles on Lay Preaching, on Mrs. Eddy, on Psychotherapy and Christian Science, on the Orthodox [Old] Catholic Church in America, a supplementary article on Nestorius, giving the latest views, a long treatment of Monophysitism and the Oriental Separated Churches, on men, like Bergson, who have come into prominence since the Encyclopædia was started, and on men and movements omitted in the previous volumes. We again speak of the fullness and accuracy of the bibliographies.

METHODIST REVIEW

SEPTEMBER, 1912

ART. I.—ROBERT BROWNING

As a rule, it is the second quarter century after his death that decides the permanent fame of any author. He is then no longer a contemporary, not yet a classic; old enough to be neglected, not yet old enough to be revered. But Robert Browning is likely to prove an exception to this rule. He has not yet been dead quite twenty-five years, but his place as a poet seems already assured. There is a pretty general consensus of opinion as to his merits and his defects. The period of controversy, of attack and defense, of labored interpretation by the Browning societies, we may trust is now over. Perhaps it is partly because there was so much discussion of his work while he was alive that there is so little now he is dead. The generation of enthusiasts who championed their Browning through thick and thin, and took his poetry as we take our wives, for better and for worse, has now been succeeded by a generation of more discriminating, though no less ardent, admirers. We are all now ready to acknowledge that Browning is often obscure, oftener difficult. We are willing to admit that most of what he wrote before 1840 and after 1870 is not likely to be much read between 1940 and 1970. For this admission, however, we console ourselves by remembering that posterity has been content to forget the earliest and the latest work of many great poets—Wordsworth, for example. Nor are we any longer concerned to deny that, even in his best period, Browning is too often harsh, angular, contorted, ellipitical; that his ventures in arrangement are sometimes very

confusing, and his analogies very remote; that he seems impatient of those humbler parts of speech which serve only the grammar, and goes through his verse with merciless spud to root out all needless conjunctions, prepositions, and relative pronouns; and that his favorite literary form, the dramatic monologue—which might be described with Hibernian accuracy as "a dialogue between one person"—though often very effective, always demands close and sympathetic attention. Of matters of form Browning was never exactly careless, but he was always eagerly impatient of rule and convention, and inclined to insist that the reader should divide with him the labor of expression. The truth is, Browning did not constantly exhibit in any high degree the inexplicable gift of poetic phrase. He did not give to his verse that bloom of beauty which rests upon the truest poetry. Beauty, indeed, he seemed often a little afraid of, lest it should be gained at the cost of strength. It is true that his verse has frequent passages of very great beauty, when his passion is at its height and the intensity of his emotion sweeps away all indirections and melts down all the rougher and more intractable elements of his language into clear and glowing utterance. Then he sometimes has the impassioned charm of our old Elizabethan masters. But the main purpose of poetry in his thought was not to soothe, but to arouse; not to minister to our delight, but to enlarge and intensify our life. He never cared much for effects of grace or merely melodious numbers. On the contrary, he rather liked any device that would shock or startle; he not infrequently shows a positive preference for the harsh or grotesque as a specific against over refinement or softness, a proof of robustness and vigor. He had the broad Gothic taste that, under its loveliest arches, high up among its flowing lines, will carve its capitals into quaint and grinning faces.

Besides these faults of form there are other reasons in plenty why Browning can never be a strictly popular poet. His verse is too deeply laden with thought. He is not concerned with the obvious in human experience that appeals to general comprehension and sympathy. The people who read popular poetry are mostly the young people; and Browning never greatly cared for young readers. In the early days, when Tennyson was practicing his

onomatopœia with Airy Fairy Lilians and Marianas in the Moated Grange, Browning was trying to explore some of the hidden recesses of the human heart in the Pauline, Paracelsus, and Sordello. In this world, full of strange problems and great passions, he never had any mind to sing the hopes and fears of pretty girls and nice young men, whose fancy lightly turns to thoughts of love, to watch the Miller's Daughter bend above the dimpled stream, or Lady Flora take her broidery frame and add a crimson to the quaint macaw. There is a charm in all that sort of thing, doubtless; but not for natures eager, like Browning's, to plumb the depths of human life. So, too, though Browning has written very noble and moving love poetry, it is not exactly the article usually supplied us under that title. Ordinary love verse, like whatsoever else pertains to the springtime of life, is a pleasing form of literature. If philosophy ever quite takes out of us the liking for such poetry as

My love is like a red, red rose,

why, the blood of the race will be getting thin, and the hearts of us mostly changing into gray brain matter. I remember that Browning himself, and that when seventy-five years of age, wrote some lines of graceful reminiscence in which he seems to prize in memory "the kiss of one girl." But we shall have to admit that this kind of verse has an especial attraction for the unriper seasons of life, before years have brought the philosophic mind. The people in Browning's books have attained their majority. The charm of inexperienced youth you seldom find there; and when you do, generally with some hint of slightness and transiency. Ogniben, one of Browning's shrewdest characters, says, with quiet irony, "Youth, with its beauty and grace, would seem bestowed on us for some such reason as to make us partly endurable till we have time for really becoming so of ourselves, without their aid, when they leave us."

Well, let us make full allowance for these faults of manner and limitations of subject, and for others that a scrutinizing criticism might easily discover, and it still remains true that posterity is sure to give to Robert Browning the high praise of having more power to instruct and to inspire than any other poet of the nine-

teenth century, save, perhaps, Wordsworth only. And if we seek to analyze his genius, we shall find, I believe, at the root of it, determining whatever is most characteristic in the matter and the form of his work, the union of two qualities not often found in one man: the intense, eager temper, and the curious, subtle, speculative temper. To find either of these alone is common enough; to find them combined is extremely uncommon. The temper of the lover or the hero united with the temper of the casuist or speculative philosopher—that is Browning. When the two sides of his nature work together in balance and harmony, then we have poetry that for combined passion and wisdom is unmatched by any in the nineteenth century. When the metaphysics get the better of the passion, as they do in some of the early and more of the later work, we have poetry that is not so much obscure as difficult, subtle, overweighted with thought. But both sides of Browning's nature are always evident in his work. Even its most difficult specimens, like the Fifine or the Ferishtah, are always thrilling with a certain intense eagerness, while its simplest specimens are never merely graceful and pretty. At the bottom even of his lightest lyrics you will find, not a sentiment, but a thought, warmed and lighted with emotion. Whatever the theme, the intense personal energy of the man speaks in every line. You cannot read Browning while you are standing on one leg or slipping into an after-dinner doze. He was careless of literary conventions, doubtless, and wouldn't be in bondage to the smooth rhetoricians. He doesn't write like a book; he writes like a man. The very harshness and independence of his manner is proof of originality. As Jowett once said of him, there might be written over his poetic door, "No connection with any other shop on the road." Just here, indeed, is one great secret of Browning's power. He is preëminently, and in all senses, the poet of life. He had what has been called the superb faculty of being alive himself. No other English poet since Shakespeare showed such intense but healthy vitality. He made that impression upon all who knew him—a robust personality pulsing full of life in body, brain, and heart. Said Frederic Harrison, "He was always at his best; always bringing light, happiness, generosity, and sense into every society he entered. I think him the happiest social

spirit whom it has ever been my fortune to meet." And he retained this vitality to the last. He never reached the term when he was ready to say,

> It is time to be old, to take in sail.

His later work may be obscure, but not because he was aging; rather because his powers are too eager and swift, he is surging too full of life, for the measured and logically ordered utterance his theme demands. Similarly, in his public life, this intense personal force was so eager and expansive that the man could not be conventionalized or narrowed into exclusive sympathy with any class or order. He was, in the best sense, the most democratic of English poets. Think of trying to say "Lord Browning!" Lord Tennyson sounds natural enough.

Now, with a nature in which speculative and romantic elements were thus combined, it was inevitable that Browning should be intensely interested in the deepest problems of human life; it was equally inevitable that he should study those problems, not in the abstract, but in the concrete; in the lives of individual men and women. The phrase he used as the title of what is perhaps the best group of his poems might well be the title of his complete works—Men and Women. He never really cared for anything else. For collective or organized activity, for men in the mass, he had little interest. He was indifferent to history. He passed the greater part of his life in Italy, and yet wrote hardly a line inspired by the great world-history of which Italy has been the theater. Contemporary tendencies in thought or society, political, religious, industrial, the Reform movement of the thirties, the Tractarian movement—all influenced his poetry far less than they did that of his contemporary, Tennyson. Indeed, "movements" of any sort never seemed to him the proper stuff of poetry. He dealt rather with the individual human soul. Here he is supreme. Speak of Browning's men, and what a throng come crowding into memory—Andrea, Valence, Mertoun, Fra Lippo, Hervé Riel, Waring, Ogniben, Rabbi ben Ezra, Abt Vogler, The Pope, Guido, John the Apostle, and scores of others—each a man alive forever more. And the women—that company is more wonderful still.

In breadth and impartiality of dramatic creation Browning is certainly the most remarkable English poet for the last two hundred and fifty years. He has peopled the world of our imagination with a great company of men and women that, like Shakespeare's, are living companions of our daily thought.

And yet not like Shakespeare's exactly, for, with all his breadth of dramtic comprehension, the genius of Browning was not thoroughly dramatic. I am not now referring to his lack of constructive ability in the building of a drama, but rather to the constant presence of his own sympathies and verdicts. He never can hide himself behind his characters, sink his own personality in theirs, as Shakespeare does. Browning himself is always in his world, and we are never at a loss to perceive his own energetic agreement or dissent in whatever his characters utter. His interest in all sorts and conditions of men is not the pure joy of the dramatist in watching the varied procession of human life pass by, but rather the interest of the speculative philosopher and moralist who would see what every form of human action and passion, even of sin and folly, can say for itself. His curious intellect seemed often attracted not so much by the plain truths of life, common to all experience and easily understood, but rather by the mysterious truths that lie in the depths of our souls, by those questions of conduct that are perplexed, those types of character that are unusual or problematic. Even in his best period he had rather too much liking for intricate psychology. Nothing pleased him better than to explore the plausible reasonings by which men deceive others and half deceive themselves, as he does in Mr. Sludge and Bishop Blougram; or to trace the development of a subtle personality under stress of unusual circumstance, as he does in Sordello. Yet the psychologist in him never quite extinguishes the dramatist. In his most abstruse moods he seldom discusses general truths in the abstract. It is an individual human soul in which he is interested, with its peculiar combination of opinions, passions, motives; and often the more subtle the analysis, the more clear and convincing the personality revealed. Bishop Blougram and Ogniben are as living as Mr. Pickwick or Sir Roger de Coverley.

But if one side of Browning's nature disposed him to curious

analysis, the other side was attracted by all forms of personal energy, by every exhibition of intensity and effectiveness in the individual man. Probably most readers, reviewing in thought the whole round of Browning's work, will decide this to be its most striking characteristic. All strenuous and aggressive phases of personality had a fascination for him. He loved power, and power in exercise. He delighted in the mere physical life of body and senses, when it is full and healthy.

> How good is man's life, the mere living! how fit to employ
> All the heart and the soul and the senses forever in joy!

Even the superficial bustle of life, the noise and dust of it, had a certain charm for him; they were better than apathy and stillness. He could understand those people who love the blaze and blare, and are emulous of the drum-major's place in the human procession. He wrote some of the most stirring lyrics of action in the century—"Hervé Riel," "How They Brought the Good News," "Pheidippides." He had the genuine English love of brawn and grit, and loved to see how all a man's powers rise to the strain of a great emergency. This liking was strong in him to the end, and some of his most rousing lyrics are sandwiched among the casuistry of his latest volumes. But it was not mere outward action that Browning cared for. The charm of his narrative poems does not reside (as that of Scott's does) in the picture of vigorous external life, the joy of doing brave things in the fresh air; it resides rather in the force of character which the action reveals. The secret of his love of action lay in the conviction that only by action can the soul get scope and strength. Not in retirement and reflection, not in any asceticisms, but in wrestle with life's problems and evils do we prove what we are made of and find what we are made for. It was not the passive virtues of self-control, wise restraint, and temperate acquiescence that Browning admired, but the unsated curiosity, the impassioned desire. His ideal hero is the strenuous soul, housed in flesh, feeling to the full the thrill of earthly passion, the joy of earthly achievement, yet dowered with a divine unrest and longing. His men and women whom we remember have a certain richness of passion or of intellect—usually of both.

The tide of life in them is always at the full. For Browning had no distrust of the greater passions. He was not afraid of them. He did not believe, as some good people seem to, that our passions are given us chiefly to test our ability to sit down on them and keep them under. The emotions, as their name implies, are the motive powers of our nature, and no large, efficient life is possible without the driving power of strong passion. Yet Browning does not exhibit passion or emotion merely for its own sake, as a kind of spectacle, after the manner of our modern realities. He was not of that school of writers who, thinking with Jacques that "all the world's a stage and all the men and women merely players," deem it the province of art to make of the pains and joys of human life a thrilling show. Even when the passion of his men and women is most intense, it turns our thought upon the truths of human character and conduct. Deep and absorbing emotion, indeed, is itself one of the ends of life. Better an hour of entire surrender to a noble joy than years of sluggish bondage to convention and commonplace. Browning has a whole group of poems —like "The Last Ride Together"—that illustrate this. But he is constantly reminding us that in these hours of supreme emotion there is often a more distinctively moral value. It is when we get the uplift of some such spiritual elevation that we see the truth most clearly; above all, it is in some such heat of soul that we gain the intensity of conviction needed for an earnest, efficient life. For, in Browning's philosophy, failure comes oftenest from inertia, from selfish prudence, from a lack of impassioned devotion to any ideal ends. We accommodate ourselves, we shrink before life's obstacles, we grow feeble and lukewarm, and thus we lose the zest of life, and—what is worse—fail to realize all our best powers. But there are glorious moments when we are caught up out of the ways of use and wont and see life in the light of some noble passion. It is then the soul learns its reach, finds what it is to be alive, and gets a glimpse of infinite possibilities:

> O we're sunk enough here, God knows!
> But not quite so sunk that moments,
> Sure though seldom, are denied us,
> When the spirit's true endowments

> Stand out plainly from its false ones,
> And apprize it if pursuing
> Or the right way or the wrong way,
> To its triumph or undoing.

Again and again in the lives of Browning's men and women do we find those impassioned moments when emotion becomes revelation, flashes supreme truth upon the conscience, and energizes the resolve for a lifetime. There could be no better instances than those hours of crisis in the unforgettable story of Caponsacchi in The Ring and the Book. First, when this idle and gilded priest, toying with the pretty sins of life, suddenly sees the face of Pompilia,

> A lady, young, tall, beautiful, and sad,

and in the revelation of that glance feels his past life a vain and wicked thing:

> What if I turned Christian; it might be!

And twice again there came those exalted moments, when he brushes away the tangle of deceits their enemies have woven about Pompilia and himself, looks straight through all his doubts about priestly proprieties, and sees his duty as a man and servant of God. Nowwhere else in English poetry, since Shakespeare let fall the pen with which he had written the last of his tragedies, do I find such superb examples of the power of a great passion to energize and uplift the soul as are recorded in the pages of Robert Browning.

It is sometimes said that Browning glorifies impulse too much. They tell us that he can pardon anything to force. The criticism is not just, for Browning, in his admiration for efficiency, never forgets what is due to virtue; but it is true that he admires an active sinner more than a passive one. The hopeless character, in his view, is that which hasn't personal force enough to make either virtue or vice out of. That is the lesson of the poem the moralists sometimes find needless trouble with, "The Statue and the Bust"; the story of a lady and her lover who allowed some petty personal hindrance, week after week, month after month, to keep them from the crime they had both resolved upon and never repented. And

now, when their dust has lain for a century in the chapel yonder, Browning, commenting upon their doom, declares:

> Let a man contend to the uttermost
> For his life's set prize, be it what it will!
>
> The counter our lovers staked was lost
> As surely as if it were lawful coin:
> And the sin I impute to each frustrate ghost
>
> Is—the unlit lamp and the ungirt loin,
> Though the end in sight was a vice, I say.

Browning is here putting an extreme case, and, as often happens when people do that, he rather overdoes it. But we have the best of authority for saying there is no virtue in the weak delays that postpone a sin already committed in the heart. And Browning is further right in thinking that this forceless temper leaves the soul an easy prey to every temptation and sinks it below all heroic endeavor. Only the strenuous soul, whose righteousness exceeds that of the scribes and Pharisees, can attain to the sight of God,

> And all that chivalry of his—
> The soldier-saints who, row on row,
> Burn upward each to his point of bliss—
> Since, the end of life being manifest,
> He had burned his way through the world to this.

The same truth is illustrated in the most pathetic and perhaps the most familiar of all Browning's poems, the "Andrea del Sarto"—that picture of the flawless artist whose unerring hand can mend the lines of Raphael himself, but who sits in the evening light on the slope of Fiesole, placid, nerveless, in a feeble resignation, knowing there are higher things to do, but with no inner force of spirit to drive him to their attainment:

> All the play, the insight, and the stretch,
> Out of me, out of me!

Indeed, all of Browning's poems upon art—and he has more upon that theme than any other modern poet—are very significant. He was intensely interested in all forms of art, but his interest was never that of the connoisseur; he cared very little for technical excellence. Art to him was the supreme effort of the individual after expression. The picture, the statue, the poem—that is the

emotion of some human soul, at its best, made immortal; so he loved, dreamed, aspired. It was this yearning spiritual desire in art that fascinated Browning—the reach that exceeds the grasp. In a striking poem he expresses an emphatic preference for the crudest work of the early Christian painters over the most perfect statue Greek chisel ever cut; and that because, while the statue is the skillful embodiment of a complete, self-satisfied beauty, in the picture the artist is struggling, albeit in rude and untaught fashion, to utter his soul:

> On which I conclude that the early painters,
> To cries of "Greek art, and what more wish you?"
> Replied, "To become now self-acquainters,
> And paint man, man, whatever the issue.
> Make new hopes shines through the flesh they fray.
> New fears aggrandize the rags and tatters;
> To bring the invisible into play—
> Let the visible go to the dogs, what matters!"

Thus in all his work, and through all his life long, from the half-incoherent cry of the "Pauline" to the last hail and farewell of the "Asolando," we may see Browning's admiration for energy of soul, for the personal force that conquers and attains. His poetry is a spiritual tonic, combining intensity of passion with depth of thought as hardly any other poetry in modern times can do.

But there is another characteristic that every reader of Browning must find throughout his work, without which it could have but little power to stimulate or inspire. For intensity of aspiration, or even of resolve, may not of itself suffice to render a poet's work inspiring. On the contrary, it may fill that work with the melancholy of hopeless desire. Shelley's poetry, for example, early captivated Browning by its intense enthusiasm; yet all the best and latest work of Shelley trembles with a restless melancholy. His beautiful lyrics always leave us with a vague pain at heart. They give us ravishing glimpses of beauty, but they seem to say in the same moment, "Do not hope it, it is only a vision, fleeting, intangible, unattainable." But in all Browning's work the other noteworthy characteristic is his optimism. He is the most bold and buoyant of modern poets. That love of personal force, that intensity of desire and effort, which comes of the pas-

sionate side of his nature, is so poised by a sane and thoughtful philosophy of life that his energy never seems spasmodic and futile. His wide outlook upon human nature, the range of his experience, served only to confirm this optimism. The oft-quoted lines from "Fra Lippo" might be taken as a motto for all his work:

> This world's no blot for us,
> Nor blank; it means intensely, and means good;
> To find its meaning is my meat and drink.

Through all his writing sounds this note of confidence. Nothing can beat down his cheer:

> I find earth not gray, but rosy,
> Heaven not grim, but fair of hue.
> Do I stoop? I pluck a posy.
> Do I stand and stare? All's blue.

This optimism is all the more noteworthy because it was something new at that time. Browning began to write when literature not only in England but on the Continent was restless and pessimistic in temper. Byron had just ended the triumphal progress in which he carried over Europe the pageant of his bleeding heart. Carlyle, although he railed at the whining and sensuous melancholy of Byron, had nothing better to substitute for it than the grim and silent gospel of work and renunciation, and was himself the most consistent pessimist in English literature since Jonathan Swift. The prevailing note of the new English poetry in Tennyson, and still more a little later in Clough and Arnold, was one of question and doubt, which at best could only "faintly trust a larger hope." And half a generation later still, the æsthetic poets Swinburne, Morris, Rossetti, tired of doubts and problems, put aside all deeper questioning as to the meanings of life and turned frankly to the joys of sense. But through all this downheartedness, this temper of doubt, denial, or indifference, that marks so much of the literature of England during the last half of the nineteenth century—and is still the dominant note all over Europe—Browning's assurance rings out bold and inspiring. No other English poet takes so constantly a tone of hope and courage. Now this optimism of Browning is not a mere matter of temperament. It is profoundly significant of his philosophy of life. There are all sorts of opti-

mists, noble and ignoble. With some men optimism is only a sign of unreflecting ignorance. Safely housed in fortunate circumstance themselves, they refuse to look out upon all the welter of the world around them. Other and higher natures seem to live in some serene upper air, placidly blind to all the mirk of our bleak lower earth; Emerson was an optimist of that sort. But the optimism of Browning was not so easy as that; it was neither ignorant by choice nor blind by temperament. Nobody knew better, nobody has painted with more terrible fidelity, the darker phases of human life. He makes no endeavor to condone the sins or minimize the suffering of the world. So far from blinking the crime and misery of humanity, he forces himself to look resolutely upon its worst specimens. What can his optimism say to them? Guido, for example, in "The Ring and the Book," is perhaps the most damnable villain in literature, and his household—the brothers and that "gaunt, gray nightmare" the mother—a veritable little hell; yet their characters are all fearfully true and convincing. Browning compels his optimism not merely to ask what shall be the ultimate doom of Guido, but to ask that more difficult question, Why, in any rational and benevolent scheme of things, should there be any Guidos here at all? And he can give some hopeful answers to both questions. Now how could he do that? What warrant did he find for his optimism when confronted with the facts of experience? That must be the crux of his philosophy of life. Doubtless his healthy temperament may explain something. He had, as we have seen, an intense joy in life, a sympathy with all energy. He was always a fighter and welcomed obstacles and hardships that would have depressed a weaker man. But if his optimism had been merely a matter of temperament, it could have been of but little value to such a strenuous thinker as Browning, and of still less value to any one else.

Mr. Chesterton, in one of his essays, has quoted from the blunder of a schoolgirl what is perhaps the best definition of those terms, optimist and pessimist. An optimist, said the girl, is a man who takes care of the eyes, and a pessimist is a man who takes care of the feet. Exactly. The pessimist is concerned with the obstacles in the path about our feet, the optimist has eyes to see the plan of

the journey and the goal at its end. The pessimist may have anxious prudence; the optimist has vision. Now, Browning, in all his thinking upon the large scheme of human life, assumes one thing—he assumes the existence of a Supreme Being. This assumption needs no proof; you cannot think without it. In this belief Browning never wavered. "God and his own soul stood sure." In that striking poem, "La Saisiaz," speaking for once in his own person, in his fancy he longs for fame—fame in which might blend the powers of the great men who once lived near the lake where he is writing—the wit of Voltaire, Rousseau's rainbow and tears, Byron's large eloquence; and all in order that he might assure the men yet to be that he, Robert Browning,

> At least believed in Soul, was very sure of God!

Equally sure of his own individual spirit and of the Universal Spirit, he doubtless felt the difficulty which must always attend the effort to conceive or express the relation between the two in terms of our intelligence. At times his conviction of the universal presence and influence of the Supreme Spirit would seem to take him almost into pantheism:

> That one Face, far from vanish, rather grows;
> Becomes my universe that feels and knows.

Yet his persistent conviction of his own personality refused to be merged in universal being; "God and his own soul stood sure."

This belief in a supreme Intelligence at the source of things may of itself justify a certain pale and cold optimism. It is the confidence of the eighteenth century deists that the Omniscient probably knows what he is about.

> All nature is but art unknown to thee,
> All chance direction which thou canst not see,

as Pope has it. The objection to such an optimism as this is that it rests content in the conception of a vast scheme of things framed by an Intelligence who is careless of the individual, and

> Sees with equal eye, as God of all,
> A hero perish or a sparrow fall.

Such a conception could never satisfy Browning; any injustice done to the individual man would be an arraignment of the uni-

verse. "General utility," he says—in the Red Cotton Night Cap Country—"is a favorite maxim of that old stager, the devil." But in Browning's conception of the Supreme Being the highest and most essential element is not wisdom or power, but love. Love we know to be the highest thing in our own nature. Nay, in any other nature, no power, howsoever mighty, no wisdom, howsoever infinite, ever can be so high a thing as love.

> The loving worm within its clod
> Were diviner than a loveless God
> Amid his worlds, I will dare to say.

Moreover, power and wisdom, while affording means and direction for action, can never be a motive for action. Infinite power and infinite wisdom, without some emotional impulse, must be eternally inert. Unless, therefore, we are content to think the Supreme Being inferior in motive to ourselves, we must believe the central element in his character to be love. Such belief is not reached by a course of argument; it is rather implied at once in any intelligent or worthy conception of deity. For love, as conceived by Browning, even in its imperfect human manifestations is not a sentiment, still less a selfish desire; it is an intense, self-renouncing passion, the impelling force behind all noble action. Returned or unreturned, it is the only power that can emancipate and inspire the man:

> There is no good in life but love—but love.
> What else looks good is some shade flung from love,
> Love gilds it, gives it worth.

Love in God we must think of as the same vital, compelling energy. It involves the same element of self-sacrifice; it is the one means by which the infinite can appeal to the finite. This is the central meaning of Christianity—the supreme effort of Divine love to reveal and authenticate itself in humanity.

> Would I suffer for him that I love? So wouldst thou—so wilt thou!
> So shall crown thee the topmost, ineffablest, uttermost crown!
> O Saul, it shall be
> A Face like my face that receives thee; a Man like to me
> Thou shalt love and be loved by forever; a Hand like this hand
> Shall throw open the gates of new life to thee! See the Christ stand!

David's vision of the Christ in this poem of Saul is, I hold, at once the truest and the sublimest passage of religious poetry in our literature—worth acres of what are sometimes called "Christian evidences." Browning himself, whatever his indifference of some details of theology, certainly held a profound belief in this essential fact of Christianity. In truth I should pronounce Robert Browning the most prominently and positively Christian poet of his generation. He is uttering his own credo when he makes the dying John say,

> The acknowledgment of God in Christ,
> Accepted by thy reason, solves for thee
> All questions in the earth or out of it,
> And has so far advanced to thee to be wise.

Now with this conception of the Supreme Being, Browning's optimism has rational warrant. If this sort of

> God's in his heaven,
> All's right with the world.

There are, to be sure, mysteries that we can never solve, wrongs that, so far as we can see, are never righted. That is only saying that we do not know the whole scheme. Yet in the light of this larger faith we can see even now that most of what seem the hardships and trials of life are really to the earnest soul among its most beneficent gifts. They strengthen in us that spiritual energy, that intensity of effort, which, Browning held, are the conditions of the highest life. There is no activity without resistance, no strength without struggle. It was a point of Browning's faith that whatever is dark and whatever is hard is only a necessary element in that discipline for which we are put here.

> This life is training and a passage; pass!

says the good old Pope in "The Ring and the Book." We need not only beauty and love to beckon, but pain and fear to urge. And wisdom, too, how should we grow in that, unless goaded by a painful sense of our own ignorance? The fuller day is ever beyond us; but yet a spark disturbs our clod. "Sorrow is hard to bear, and doubt is slow to clear," but sorrow and doubt are only meant to sting us into that noble discontent that struggles and

aspires. The sorrow greatly endured, the doubt valiantly overcome, and so we gain those wrestling thews that throw the world. Probably four fifths of those passages of Browning's verse that have passed into familiar quotation are expressions of this valorous faith in the face of the obstacles and ills of life.

> Then welcome each rebuff.
> That turns earth's smoothness rough,
> Each pang that bids nor sit nor stand, but go!

> Knowledge means
> Ever renewed assurance by defeat
> That victory somewhat still to reach.

> Why else was the pause prolonged but that singing should issue thence?
> Why rushed the discords in but that harmony should be prized?
> Rejoice that man is hurled
> From change to change unceasingly,
> His soul's wings never furled!
> When the fight begins within himself
> A man's worth something. God stoops o'er his head,
> Satan looks up between his feet—both tug—
> He's left, himself, i' the middle: the soul wakes
> And grows.

Scores of passages will occur to any lover of Browning; they strike the dominant note of the man who

> Held, we fall to rise, are baffled to fight better,
> Sleep to wake.

This optimism of Browning's is probably not only most inspiring, but most convincing in the work of his middle period, when it is the spontaneous interpretation of the lives of individual men and women rather than in his later work, when he attempts to give it the support of reasoned argument. In such poems as the "Ferishtah" and some of the "Parleyings" he is so anxious to affirm the validity of our emotional assurance that he is hardly just to our other knowledge, and sometimes comes perilously near to philosophic skepticism. I am not sure but his faith is most convincing when he gives fewest reasons for it. But whether it rest on original and intuitive experience, as in the earlier poems, or on reasoned processes, as in the later ones, from "Pauline" to "Asolando," Browning's philosophy of life has always been the same. The strenuous soul who accepts with cheerful vigor the dis-

cipline of life shall find here the unselfish joys of struggle and the assurance of perpetual growth—the power of an endless life.

Of an endless life! For such an optimism as this implies a prolonging of the individual existence beyond our mortal horizon. If I am assured that all this restless scheme of things is under the control of a Being who surpasses me in love as far as in power and in wisdom, I shall be assured also that, whatever my failings and falls, my career is not to end in failure to-morrow. These two great truths Browning held with unfaltering grasp all his days. The lines of attack and defense might change. The scientists might butt at Genesis as they did in the fifties and sixties, the German critics might hammer at historical criticism as they did in the seventies and eighties; he was not greatly concerned. Like his good old Pope he didn't much perplex him with

> aught hard,
> Dubious in transmitting of the tale—
> No, nor with certain riddles set to solve.

"God and his own soul stood sure." And with this faith he could contemplate with something of hope even the blackest life. What of Guido? Says the Pope, the sudden certainty of his earthly doom may flash truth upon him in one blow, so that he see and be saved; but, if not—

> I avert my face, nor follow him
> Into that sad, obscure, sequestered state
> Where God unmakes, but to remake, the soul
> He else made first in vain—*which must not be!*

For himself, with this firm grasp on a few great spiritual truths, Browning went through life like a crusader. His optimism was robust and militant. He was by no means ignorant of all the insistent questioning of his day upon the deepest themes. Nor did he turn away from it. Indeed, especially perhaps in later life, he rather liked to have a grapple with some unthrown question of the ages. There was a defiant quality in him always. Like the hero in that wonderfully vivid and suggestive poem, "Childe Roland to the Dark Tower Came," he could say:

> I saw them and I knew them all, and yet
> Dauntless the slug-horn to my lips I set and blew!

It is perhaps the greatest of his services to humanity that he did so much to reinforce the spiritual confidence of his age, to hearten us all with the high assurance that God *is* in his heaven, and that all's right with the world.

These, then, I should hold, are the two sentiments most evident in all Robert Browning's poetry—an inspiring admiration for the competence of the individual man, and an assured, rational optimism. And if any age was ever in need of the inspiration of these sentiments, is it not our own? In this time of universal confidence in organized effort, when our politics, our business, our charity, and even our religion are done by machinery, when we are inclined to an overweening trust in what we call "the people," irrespective of their intelligence or their character, it is surely well to be reminded that all noble impulse and all intelligent action are generated in the individual human soul. "Given ten fools," as Carlyle used to say, "you cannot educe wisdom from their united action." Benevolent, philosophic, social, religious effort must have for its ultimate object the elevation of the individual man, its highest concern the individual soul. And even more evident is it that the optimism of Browning is needed in our literature. The only purpose of books, says Emerson somewhere, is to inspire. But assuredly too few books to-day serve this purpose. Mr. Balfour, in a notable address the other day, was complaining of what he called the lack of cheerfulness in our books. "What we ask of literature," said he, "is that in a world which is full of sadness and difficulty, in which you go through a day's stress and come back from your work weary, you should find in literature something which represents life, which is true in the highest sense of truth to what is or is imagined to be true, but which does cheer us; which serves the great cause of cheering us all up." And Mr. Balfour was certainly just in his complaint that there is altogether too little of that sort of literature produced to-day. Not only in England but in France, in Italy, in Germany, in Russia, in Sweden, our fiction, our poetry, is either shallow and commonplace or it is dun-colored and drear, sometimes morbid and hopeless. It reflects the perplexities, the difficulties, of our complex and struggling modern life. It has a discouraged tone; it speaks with no

enthusiasm, no glad confidence. Now this is not the tone of the greatest literature. Even the great tragedies, like Shakespeare's, do not enervate and depress; they leave us with a solemn and uplifting sense of the sacredness of moral law, of the power of the human soul to defy and overcome or to suffer and be strong. Not all literature can be cheerful; but all literature ought to be inspiring. No modern poetry can meet this test better than that of Browning. Nowhere else in modern literature can be found writing that can so purify the soul by pity and awe, that can so uplift the soul by a sublime sense of human possibilities, by confidence in a divine government that includes the universal without forgetting the individual.

In the century to come men may not pronounce Robert Browning the greatest English poet of his generation; perhaps it is still too early to be quite sure of that. They will not think of him as the greatest artist in verse; that fame is probably Tennyson's. They will remember him as a genius of mass and power, as one of the subtlest explorers of the human heart, endowed with sinewy intellect, large imagination, capacity for enjoyment and appreciation of all forms of life, and with a gift of utterance that, if not often flowing nor always clear, had immense breadth, pungency, vigor. But they will think of him, most of all, as the poet who expressed the robust, unconquerable force of faith and hope that underlay all the shifting doubt of his restless age, the spiritual hero and victor of the mid-nineteenth century.

Art. II.—AN EVANGELISTIC MINISTRY

Every Christian pastor's ministry should be an evangelistic ministry. It is not a true gospel ministry unless it is definitely and strenuously evangelistic. The chief concern of every pastor is not to be a lecturer in ethics or a social reformer, an instructor of the intellect or an authority on the concerns of polite society; but he is a special ambassador for Christ and he is an impertinent intruder in the community unless he is consciously and constantly the ambassador for Christ. It is not true that the average minister should be *wholly* an evangelist—any more than that his time should be wholly occupied in reading books, or in visiting his parishioners, or in reconciling the disgruntled and settling quarrels, or in comforting the sick and sorrowing, or in marrying engaged couples and burying the dead. Each and all of these, and many other duties, will necessarily fall to his lot and demand his attention; and yet at all times, if his ministry ever reaches the highest efficiency, it must be distinctly and eminently evangelistic.

But what do we mean by the term, "an evangelistic ministry"?

Simply a reproduction, exact as possible, of the ministry of the first apostles of our great Master. Ours cannot be the *perfect* facsimile of theirs, because of changed conditions and customs; but in all essential respects the ministry of the gospel to-day may be, and should be, just what it was in the first Christian century. Jesus came to win men and women to confidence in himself and to companionship and coöperation with himself. On this mission he was sent by the Father; and on this same mission he sent out his apostles—the first apostles, and as well the later apostles, and the latest apostles. Therefore, to lead men and women directly to trust in Jesus, and follow Jesus, and work with Jesus, is the minister's *special mission*, because life and happiness for man or woman anywhere *depend* upon coming into and continuing in living union with the redeeming Son of God. This important fact the evangelistic ministry recognizes, and it confesses unending responsibility, through tactful, aggressive, and consecrated activity,

to bring human beings into living and permanent fellowship with the Lord Jesus Christ.

But what is really necessary to an evangelistic ministry? This for the first thing: entire subjection to the plan of the Master. While in salvation he deals directly with the individual and in service he holds the individual to strict account, yet Jesus uses the collective influence of the church membership, as if it were a great family, for mutual help and inspiration to holy endeavor. And the Lord Jesus leads on his church to larger conquests as he increases the total of individual efforts in evangelistic work by bringing into sympathy with such work new persons and groups and circles belonging to the church parish. His design is that the evangelistic church shall forward the work of his kingdom in vigorously following the lead of its evangelistic pastor. An occasional campaign during a series of years, conducted by some eminent professional evangelist, is practically all that some churches enjoy; yet, much as the great evangelist may help the pastor and a few church people, his work is a poor substitute for the work designed by the great Master. The in-bringing of a hundred new converts to the church—which is the principal aim of the evangelist—unless the church itself is mightily revived and strongly moved by the evangelistic spirit, will in time simply make cynics and skeptics of some of those new converts. The wisest evangelist, seconded and succeeded by the most faithful pastor, cannot long keep out of Satan's clutches the new members of a cold, worldly, unspiritual church. All important is the evangelistic work that evangelizes the church membership. Here and there a minister may give himself exclusively to the work of the evangelist, and by the good hand of his God upon him may reap many blessed and plentiful harvests unto eternal life, yet not every minister can be a successful evangelist, if he would, while great calamity would befall the church of Jesus if all her ministers should neglect all other forms of their service for this. The tendency of the times is to specialize the different departments of work belonging to the various vocations of life, but it is unwise to specialize the different labors of the minister and hand over to the professional evangelist one branch of his work, and to the board

secretary another branch, to the paid Sunday school superintendent another, and to the parish visitor another, and so on, until only the Sunday services and social functions of the church are left for its minister. This plan might make the minister a greater pulpit orator, or a more graceful social ornament, but could accomplish little more. Only the most faithful attention he can give to *all* the varied duties of his holy office as under-shepherd will make him the most useful and best loved minister. Surely he should not delegate to another, and that one an occasional comer, any branch of his work which helps to thoroughly evangelize his church. A general and continuing evangelistic ministry is necessary to the highest spiritual life and efficiency of any church, as well as to its growth in numbers. Occupy and absorb "the rank and file" of church members with the supreme concern of the Lord Jesus, and what a marvelous effect this will have upon the disposition and vigor of the church itself! And as for the church's pastor, what may not the enabling Spirit of God work through him and his church when the under-shepherd is truly the watchful student and inseparable comrade of the Chief Shepherd?

An evangelistic ministry is also controlled by a genuine love for men. See yonder wretched wreck of humanity, depraved and degraded physically, mentally, and morally—filthy and vile to our ears and nostrils as well as to our eyes! Can you and I, of ourselves, ever love him and appoint ourselves "brother's keeper" to him? Alas, never! But if we only love our blessed Master dearly as we should, and live from hour to hour in such intimate companionship with him as we may, Jesus will give us such clear evangelistic vision that we shall see in that repulsive fellow "the angel" waiting to come forth to life at the call of Jesus. The Master loves that poor, wrecked soul as truly as he does you or me, and he as yearningly wishes him to be saved. And more: that poor vagabond has as inalienable a right to be saved as you or I. And yet more: if he were consciously saved he might give God a loyal obedience and humanity an unselfish service a hundred times nobler than you or I have done! "He might," did I say? He surely would, for that pitiful creature is John B. Gough, a miracle of transforming grace, splendid and surprising as Saul of Tarsus!

Jesus can enable us, with true evangelistic perception, to see far more vividly in poor, sinful, degraded humans what they may be than what they now are. He can help us to love them and be patient with them—even as he has dealt with us—because of what we shall one day have done for them through his constraining love. If Jesus shall thoroughly evangelize us, and fully have his own will with us, he will impart to us such an overwhelming compassion for the heedless and unbelieving, such a passionate agonizing of soul for their salvation and peace, that we will make our own these strong words one of the modern poets has put into the mouth of Saint Paul:

> Oft, when the Word is on me to deliver,
> Lifts the illusion, and the truth lies bare,
> Desert or throng, the city or the river,
> Melts in a lucid paradise of air.
> Only like souls I see the folk thereunder
> Bound who should conquer, slaves who should be kings,
> Hearing their one hope with an empty wonder,
> Sadly contented with a show of things.
> Then with a rush the intolerable craving
> Shivers throughout me like a trumpet-call—
> O to save these, to perish for their saving,
> Die for their life, be offered for them all!

But there can be no truly evangelistic ministry which is not characterized by an absolute and confiding dependence upon the Holy Spirit. Have we forgotten that it is only through him that God gives the increase that is real and growing? Have we thought that it was some eminent man of rare experience, yet of like passions with ourselves, who alone can bring us to wondrous scenes of revival change? Have we ever honored the great speaker more that the Great Spirit of Life and Power? If we have thus pitifully erred, may God pardon us for setting more store by the creature than the Creator!

Pray do not misunderstand. I do not undervalue the blessed and glorious ministry of many a distinguished evangelist. I have heard many of them with great delight and profit, and will gladly hear them whenever I may. I honor them very highly in love for their works' sake; nor would I suffer any dissatisfaction with

their methods, or peculiarities, or foibles to obscure in the least the great fact that God has graciously acknowledged them and marvelously rewarded their labors. But Jesus says that it is the Holy Spirit who is given to convince unbelieving men "of sin, of righteousness, and of judgment." When men are thus convinced, it must be that the Holy Spirit is the Convincer; and the preacher, however gifted or deeply moved, is no more the author of the work than of the words which convey his message or the breath exhaled in speaking those words.

And this all-powerful and all-convincing Holy Spirit is not under contract for exclusive service to any preacher, or class of preachers, however eminent or experienced. We know that he is just as willing to work through us, and with us, as he was to employ Saint Peter or Saint Paul, Whitefield or Wesley, Finney or Moody, Earle or Chapman. God is not so limited by our inferior gifts or training that he cannot use us with mighty evangelistic power if only we are "right with him" and eagerly anxious to be used by him just as he will. With deep gratitude to God, the writer declares that "he knows whereof he speaks" from his own experience.

However meager our gifts, however limited our resources, however small our fields may be, if we are straitened, it is only in ourselves! God would delight to astonish us with proofs of what he can do through us if, holding steadily before us the vast vision of his omnipotent willingness and grace, we cast ourselves humbly upon him and pray to be used as he sees fit, pray to be made willing to be fools for Christ's sake—to be anything or nothing—if only he will glorify his blessed Son in the saving of the unbelieving and the reclaiming and reviving of the prodigals. If we are in complete and contented abandon to his will, in absolute and confiding dependence upon his Spirit, we shall believe God able to work marvels of grace even through us, and in the places where we abide.

Among so many can He care?
Can special love be everywhere?
A myriad homes, a myriad ways,
And God's eye over every place?

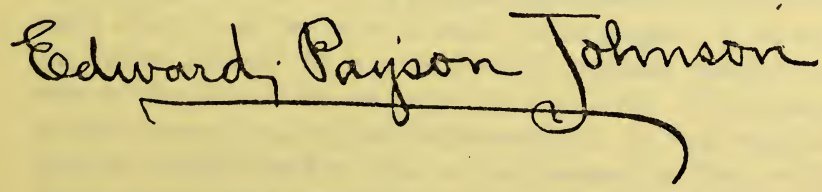
I asked. My Soul, remember this:
In just that very place of his
Where he hath put and keepeth you
God hath no other thing to do!

And what blessed results follow when an evangelistic ministry carries on a sanguine and persevering campaign for immediate results! I learned an impressive lesson one day as I stood in the plain little attic studio of two French artist brothers in New York whose long struggle with poverty and neglect had brought them at length fame, patronage, and comfort. Again and again, when "the wolf was snarling at the door," they tried to get recognition from art critics, and art dealers, and museums, all in vain; and sometimes to get money for food they offered this, or that, or another of their canvases for as little as five dollars, yet in vain. But one day, when their nearest neighbor was starvation, there came to them a gifted fellow Frenchman, who was in the city for a few days professionally, and he saw what the brothers saw, although dull eyes could not see, in their artist work. Their new friend was rich, he was an art authority; he was fêted, and quoted, and run after; and his friends, the poor artists, soon were as eagerly courted as before they had been coldly snubbed. Yet thenceforward the two brothers served their loved art as loyally, patiently, modestly, and simply as before, and they were not one whit more sure of the truth of their peculiar theories and methods than when everyone coldly sneered at them for visionary "daubers gone daft." The elder of the brothers, modest, self-poised, yet brightly enthusiastic, gave me that day a half-hour of his precious time, although a perfect stranger, with most generous cordiality, because he saw that I loved the art that he loved and served. That day I learned a lesson I shall never forget: a lesson of loyalty to my own more noble and holy art, a lesson of patient, yet sanguine confidence in obeying the impulses of my inward light and inspirer, the Holy Spirit of God. That illuminating and impelling genius of my art will use me, if he can, for the glory of God and the good of man, and he can and will use me if my heart beats responsive to my great Master's heart and I am anxiously willing to serve God's will precisely as he will.

When calmly confident, yet intensely expectant, that God will work, and will carry through the work which none but he can carry through, have we not the warrant for a sanguine and persevering campaign for immediate results? God yearns for the restoring of wayward, worldly disciples, for the arousing of idle, drowsy believers, for the reclaiming of the wandering prodigals, and for the conversion of the skeptical, the vicious, and the ungodly, and why must we wait many months or years for a gracious revolution? Is "the faith" yet on the earth, the faith that glorifies God by expecting Pentecosts; the faith that sees him now, here, that feels his loving heartbeat, the faith that longs for the coming of his kingdom and the doing of his will here and now, by us and ours, even as in heaven?

> Master, I bring a little love amid my flaws and fears!
> A trembling love that faints and fails, yet still is love of thee;
> A wandering love that hopes and hails thy boundless love to me;
> Love kindling faith and pure desire, love following on to bliss;
> A spark, O Jesus, from thy fire, a drop from thine abyss.

Should we dwell apart with him for a time on the summit of Transfiguration Mount, and see him as he is, and see no man save Jesus only; should we after, in glad companionship with him, descend the mountain, into the midst of the demon-distressed throng, keeping near to him, near as the best beloved of the three favored apostles, always near to him, what blessed miracles of healing would speedily and steadily result! Demons of worldliness and apathy, of self-will and self-indulgence, of doubt, discord, and disbelief, would be dislodged and driven far away from their victims. Any one of us, and every one of us, may have the delight and the fruitfulness of the evangelistic ministry if only the blessed Christ of the evangel continually abides in us and we in him.



Art. III.—THE FIRST ATTEMPT TO RESTORE PRIMITIVE CHRISTIANITY

There were some characteristics of primitive Christianity which, as they have passed away or changed their form, are apt to be slurred over by present-day readers. One of these was prophecy, the speaking or writing under the immediate divine afflatus, under the special (whether miraculous or not we need not inquire) inspiration of the Holy Spirit, so that the product was directly from God. This was a tremendous fact in early Christianity. Nearly every congregation had its prophets, both men and women, held in high honor, whose words were listened to as the very word of God. For a hundred years or so after the founding of the church on the Day of Pentecost there was not a breath of suspicion but that this mighty class of workers had a permanent function in the church, the real question being as to preventing abuse of that function and guarding the office from unworthy men who would selfishly exploit their high reputation. For instance, as late as perhaps A. D. 125 the *Didache; or, Teaching of the Twelve Apostles,* in laying down rules for the government of the church, couples apostles and prophets together as men of equal honor (11. 3). It says that every prophet who speaks in the Spirit shall not be proved; that is, no one shall sit in the judgment merely on the contents of the prophet's message, as that would be an unforgivable sin. All that is allowed is to judge the prophet's conduct, and from that to receive or reject him. If he orders a table in the Spirit (that is, either an ordinary dinner or a Eucharistic meal) and eats of it, he is no true prophet. If he prophesies a "cosmic mystery" for the church—probably some striking symbolic act of deep mystical significance—and does not teach others to do the same, he shall not be judged. If he asks for money, however, he is to be instantly rejected, though if he asks for the poor, let no one judge him (11. 7-12). If he desires to settle among you, see that he gets support. In fact, you shall give the prophets the first fruits of your produce, for they are the chief priests (which last word is not to be interpreted in a sacer-

dotal sense, which was a later development; what is meant is, they are the chief of those who receive and offer your gifts and present the prayers of the society to God; the prophets were not ordained, being from the modern point of view laymen. If you have no prophet, give to the poor (13. 1, 3, 4), a recommendation which points to a time when the prophets were not in every society, were apparently not as numerous as formerly, but were giving way to the regular church officers, in whose interest it was to shove them to one side and hurry their extinction. In the Eucharistic dinner certain prayers are given which the congregation may use, but the reservation is distinctly made that the prophets are not at all bound by such forms, "but may give thanks as much as (or in what words, ὅσα) they wish" (10. 7). Harnack well says in his edition of the *Didache* (T. u. U. ii. i, 1884, p. 37) that in this document the "prophets are the virtuosi of the Eucharistic prayer."

Another peculiarity of ancient Christianity which largely passed away with the second century was ecstatic utterance. Prophets and others would give forth revelations or religious communications in a rapt, semiconscious state, as though the soul were borne out of itself, as though the words came from the inner deeps impelled by a higher power. Of course it is not meant that the speaker was necessarily in a trance or unconscious, but his utterance was involuntary in the sense of not only not being premeditated or the result of reflection or conscious intellectual effort, but as being the direct response to the inbreathed revelation of the Spirit. Prophets, as a rule, both in apostolic and postapostolic times, spoke in this way, and when we read of speaking "in the Spirit," it refers to ecstatic utterance. In this chill age of intellectual pride and aloofness we must not assume that there were not real communications from God in these states. It might easily happen that men and women who stood in a frank and cordial attitude to the eternal truth pressing in on them from all sides, at a time when the control of the mental processes had not reached a science, when the spiritual atmosphere charged to the utmost with religious forces playing on souls sensitive, eager, expectant, full of faith and hope—it might easily happen, I say, that believers,

naturally endowed, perhaps, with a semiclairvoyant nature, who saw more things than were dreamed of by the philosophy of skeptics, were carried out of themselves by the Spirit Divine, and in a half-conscious state gave forth messages from God.

The early church was filled with enthusiastic belief in the near end of the world and the coming of Christ to set up his kingdom with power and glory. Hardly anything separates more deeply the normal feeling of the first and second-century Christian from that of the modern than this cleft—the former really believed his Lord would return at any day and was looking for it, just as we expect a returning friend, while the latter, with rare exceptions, does not believe that Christ is to return at all, or only spiritually and in historical crises; or he places his return at the end of the natural life history of this globe, which, according to scientists, though it is bound to come, will not take place for some millions of years. In the first church the second coming of Christ was a living reality of faith—that is, among the devout. Of course there were doubters (2 Pet. 3. 4), but they did not affect the general run.

This faith also led to self-denial, to ascetic and strenuous achievements in piety and prayer, in life and thought, of which the early literature gives us a glimpse now and then. Paul's example (1 Cor. 9. 5; compare 7. 27) was followed by others in the midst of a corrupt, decaying, persecuting world, at whose door the Christ was standing! As the second century wore away and there were no signs of his coming, expectancy naturally relaxed, and with that, church discipline; and with that, morals. While those who had lapsed from the church on account of persecutions, or were guilty of other mortal sins, had not been received again, even though penitent, because their cases might soon be taken up by the Great Judge, now that the hope of his coming was growing weak, they were taken back into membership with but light penances. No doubt it is easy to exaggerate the so-called "enthusiasm" of the early church, the strained and lofty devotion, the indifference to civic duties, the ever looking into the heavens for the descent of the Son of Man, the praying without ceasing, because there is evidence that the Christians then were not so vastly

different from what they are to-day. They bought and sold, they married and were given in marriage, they entered into heathen amusements and heathen society, and those of superabounding faith and love were in a minority then, as they have always been. But at the same time it is true that in the first church the belief in the approaching end gave a spiritual tone, an other-worldliness, and in some cases an ascetic self-discipline, which perished with the loss of that faith. "For we have not here an abiding city," was the cry, "but we seek after that which is to come" (Heb. 13. 14). Every day that the coming was delayed seemed a call for patience, like a mother who is worn out with waiting for her boy. "For ye have need of patience, that, having done the will of God, ye may receive the promise. For yet a very little while, he that cometh shall come, and shall not tarry" (10. 36, 37). Therefore do not encumber yourselves with earthly affairs, but lay up your treasure above. "You know that you servants of God dwell in a foreign land, for your city is far from this city. If then you knew the city where you are to dwell, why provide yourselves here with food and expensive luxuries and buildings and chambers to no purpose? He who makes such provisions for this city has no mind to return to his own city. . . . So beware, you that serve God, and have him in your heart; perform his works, mindful of his commandments and of the promises he has made, in the faith that he will perform the latter if the former be observed. Instead of fields, then, buy souls in trouble; visit widows and orphans; expend in such fields and houses [that is, the poor] which God has given to you your wealth and all your pains" (Hermas, perhaps A. D. 150, *Sim.* 1). "From the very first," says Harnack, "morality was inculcated within the Christian churches in two ways: by the Spirit of Christ and by the conception of judgment and recompense. Both were marked by a decided bent to the future, for the Christ of both was he who was to return. To the mind of primitive Christianity the 'present' and the 'future' were sharply opposed to each other, and it was this opposition which furnished the principle of self-control with its most powerful motive. It became, indeed, with many a sort of glowing passion. The church which prayed at every service, 'May grace come and

this world pass away: maranatha' [our Lord is come; or, our Lord is coming], was the church which gave directions like those we read in the opening parable of Hermas. 'From the lips of all Christians this word is to be heard: the world is crucified to me, and I to the world' (Celsus A. D. 177-180, cited by Origen, *c. Cel.* 5. 64" (Expansion of Christianity, i, 1904, 117, 118).

Now these things were the historical background of Montanism. A change was coming over the church in the second century, and by 150 that change was sufficiently marked to cause alarm to serious men. The regular church officers were magnifying their positions, and whenever possible taking the places in honor and influence of the prophets. Especially was this true of the bishops, whose office in the ancient and mediæval church was so frequently associated with unchristian ambitions and ideas. They were the "sane," "sound" men who could be trusted to steer the bark of the church through turbulent waters; while the prophets were so open to the influences of the Spirit, to promptings from eerie voices far from out this bourne of time, that they were removed from that administrative region where good judgment was essential, a region which circumstances were ever making more important. Then, communications given in ecstasy, if they were intelligible, had to be judged (even when in theory the people were not allowed to judge them, their being accepted meant a process of discrimination), and if they were not intelligible, they were useless. Ecstatic utterance was going out of favor. The writings of the apostles were taking the places of the chance teachings of prophets—of course not entirely, for the prophets lived on for some time yet, but that was the tendency. Besides, the expectation of the end was partially dying out, and Christians generally began to build upon a longer endurance of the world. So there came a loss of the old self-sacrificing devotion, and worldliness and vice crept into the church. Not that these did not exist before, but on account of the postponement of the Parousia, or Second Coming, there came in a widely diffused lowering of spiritual tone which men like Montanus viewed with alarm.

Montanus, the Phrygian Christian prophet, stepped upon the stage about 155. It was fitting that the conflict between the old

and new ideals should be fought first in Asia Minor. In the second century Christianity and Christian thought were nowhere so active, so expansive, as there. There the first great theologians and ecclesiastics were born; there all the first controversies were precipitated; there the Easter question came out; there men brooded over the Logos, the Word, and the relation of the Christ to the Father; there the office of bishop, as distinct from presbyter, first developed; there the prophets were most active; there first the bishops tried to supersede them, and it was natural that just there the Montanist crisis should come to a head. To all this persecution helped. Since about 150 it grew ever more widely; and persecution always sharpens opposition to the world, generally enhances the expectation of the end, and gives a background for prophetic or similar voices.

It has been claimed by some that old heathen Phrygia herself had something to do with explaining Montanism—certain racial characteristics which stamped themselves on her Christianity. "In the nature religion of the ancient Phrygians," says Neander (Church History, Torrey; translation, i. 513), "we recognize the character of this mountain race, inclined to fanaticism and superstition,easily credulous about magic and ecstatic transports; and we cannot be surprised to find the Phrygian temperament displaying itself in the ecstasies of the priests of Cybele and Bacchus, exhilarating itself once more in the ecstasies and somnambulisms of the Montanists." Now it is no doubt true that Christianity assumes different phases in different nations: you could not conceive of Methodism being born in France or even in Germany. It is the glory of Christianity that it can take on different forms according to racial types and yet remain *essentially* unchanged, a fact that we need to remember in our world-wide missions, and not try to make American Christians of Koreans and Russians. But it is a good rule not to seek for remote causes in things the springs of which lie at your very hand. And it is true that every one of the peculiarities of Montanism which have been traced back to old Phrygia, to her religion or her national traits, it got straight from Christianity. Even as far back as 1841, when the brilliant pupil of Baur, F. C. Albert Schwegler (the same who

wrote the History of Philosophy, which has been used so widely as a textbook in English-speaking lands, and who died at the early age of thirty-eight), published his learned Der Montanismus und die Chr. Kirche der Zweiten-Jahrhunderts, scholars have been inclined to place but little emphasis on the Phrygian origins of Montanism. For, as Schwegler says (pp. 82, 83), "the Phrygian nature-religion offers either too much or too little for our purpose —too much in that the whole external shape and equipment of that religion is sought for in vain in Montanism, and too little in that it does not at all explain the constitutive elements of the latter as a Christian movement." While it would be vain to deny Phrygian influence, it is superfluous to look there for any driving impulse. Baur himself had the insight to see this. He says truly (Gesch. d. Chr. Kirche 3 Aufl. 1863, i, 235) that "Montanism is rooted altogether in the original Christian faith of the Parousia of Christ, a faith which Paul also shared. The faith in the Parousia of Christ and the reaction against the world-view which had already departed from this faith are the two chief elements out of which the origin and character of Montanism is to be explained." Anyhow Montanus came out as a restorer of the old paths.

There was first, then, prophecy. He and the prophets and the prophetesses associated with him burst out into ecstatic utterances which were looked upon as the immediate communications of God, and which he believed came generally, if not always, in this ecstatic way. In these the Spirit speaks in the first person. "See, man is as a lyre, and I strike him as a plectrum. The man sleeps; I awake. See, it is the Lord who in ecstasy removes the hearts of men, who also gives the hearts of men" (*Epiph.* 48. 4). Generally the messages came in short broken sentences, the momentary breaking through out of the depths of the Spirit-filled heart. They therefore came involuntarily, the spirits of the prophets not being subject to the prophets in the Pauline sense (1 Cor. 14. 32: that is, the Spirit-filled prophet, though he may speak in ecstasy, stands in control of his message and does not speak it forth while others are speaking, but bides his turn; the Spirit is in no hurry, but prefers order to confused, noisy utter-

ances even of truth). The theory of inspiration helped along this mantic method of attendance.

What was the content of the prophecy? This will bring us to the full significance of the movement.

As to doctrine these prophetic voices were in harmony with the general teaching of Scripture and church. "They confess," says Hippolytus (*Phil.* 8. 19), "God the Father of all and the Creator of all, just as the church does, and what the gospel witnesses concerning Christ." The greatest Montanist of history, and one of the greatest men of antiquity, Tertullian, the presbyter of Carthage (fl. 200), places himself on the Rule of Faith as on an impregnable rock and looks upon the Scriptures and dogmatic tradition as unassailable (*De Virg,* vol. i). While on the Trinity some of the utterances argue the ordinary teaching and others point to Monarchianism, it is evident that this is simply because in Asia Minor the development had not cleared itself to a definite result, and the voices echo the general feeling. Montanism had no independent doctrinal significance, but joined itself, consciously or unconsciously, on the regular course of doctrinal development. In this respect it was exactly similar to Methodism, which came out not as an innovation on any of the doctrines received by either the Church of England or the Nonconformist Churches, but by a more vital apprehension of those of them which agreed with original Christianity strove to make them a living power among men. As to Gnosticism, the movement was against it. It vindicated the true body of Christ, the reality of his resurrection and that of our own body. As to eschatology, it was rather the emphasis and form than the content in which it differed from the church teaching. The Montanist prophecy was a special gracious outpouring of the Spirit which should pave the way for the End. It is the peculiar fulfillment of Joel 3. 1, 2. There had been other earlier fulfillments as on the Day of Pentecost, but this is a larger and more definite one. There was nothing contrary to regular church teachings in all this. The church never claimed that the outpourings in the beginning of Christianity excluded later ones, and there was nothing at all heretical in the claim that these later ones were more important because

presaging the End and preparing men for it. And as far as that End itself was concerned, Professor Bonwetsch expresses the exact truth when he says in his classic Gesch. des Montanismus (El. 1881, 77) that the "End of the World by the near advent of Christ was the universal church faith. We meet it often enough, for example, in a churchman like Cyprian." And though no prophecy of the Montanists depicted the second century in the special form of Chiliasm (the thousand-year reign of Christ on earth with his saints), yet if it had it would have been nothing peculiar, for eminent Christians like Justin Martyr and Tertullian were perfectly at home in that idea. The Montanists did, indeed, prophesy the coming down of the kingdom on Mount Pepuza, but their main thought was the general Christian one, namely, the ultimate glorification of man in body and soul in the presence of God.

It was in the realm of discipline, perhaps, that the Montanist movement met the most decisive opposition. Here the intention was to simply carry through the logical consequences of its theology. If Christ is soon to appear, then certainly it becomes Christians to watch and be sober, to deny themselves, take up their cross daily, and follow Jesus. The methods of this cross-bearing were in the atmosphere of the time, and partially suggested by the ascetic strain in Christianity itself (Matt. 19. 12; 1 Cor. 9. 27). But in Montanism they were relentlessly laid down as indispensable conditions of the spiritual life, the true preparation for the Parousia. There must be no truckling with the world, no half measures, but the world must be cast out and crucified. First, in regard to marriage.

It is a fact that Montanism had a view of marriage heathen and not Christian. That marriage and all that is legitimately connected with it is not only permissible, but perfectly honorable, as much so in its sphere as prayer and worship, is fundamental in Christianity (1 Cor. 9. 5; Heb. 13. 4). According to this, a virtuous married life is just as high a state in God's sight as virginity. This principle was rejected by the Montanists, as it soon came to be rejected by the church. They explicitly rejected only the second marriage, but that rejection, like the church's for

ministers, was founded on a view of the physical side of the marriage relation absolutely heathen. You cannot have perfect Christianity there, they said. The prophetess Prisca praised the Montanists as the Virgin (Eus., H. E. 5. 18, 3). Sexual purity (that is, abstinence) is the most important condition for the reception of the Spirit, for only a holy servant can serve with holiness (Ter. Ex. Cas. 10). Of course men are permitted to marry, but this only on account of human weakness—a human ordinance, not a divine prescription, an affair not of the authority of the Lord, but of human valuation or determination (Ter., Mon. 3). Perfect virginity is the ideal (Cast. 3, 4, Mon. 3). Marriage is a kind of whoredom, only law makes the difference (Cast. 9). Tertullian did, indeed, at one time see the matter rightly (Anima 27), but he came to feel with his brother Montanists that the farther leading of the Spirit had brought the church to the point where, with the impending End, a more self-denying, searching ethic was on the conscience. This was not intended as a dogmatic rejection of marriage, for Montanism did not wish here to leave the ground of the church. The heathen element which it emphasized—not, of course, as heathen, but in the highest Christian interest—was really a part of the church and soon came to be emphatically so, as we see in Monasticism, which was already in the air, and as we see in the great saint and scholar Jerome. Nor did Montanism try to carry out the full logical result of its principles, but only to make real the forms of piety and moral ideas already in the church. At the bottom the Montanist and the general church ideas of marriage were the same. Both Montanism and the church had in principle introduced—the one for all believers, the other for the clergy—a new law and theory of Christianity.

The Montanists had also regular fast days in addition to those of the church, and those of the latter they made more strict and binding. Besides these, they had two weeks of half-fast (xerophagia), in which they abstained from meat, broth, soft fruits, wine, and from the bath.

In regard to other matters, the Montanists sharpened church customs. In the Greek lands, women, including virgins, attended divine service veiled. Therefore there was no necessity for any

ordinance in that subject to Asia Minor. In Africa, however, only married women went veiled, a fact which gave occasion for the demand for the veiling of virgins, for which Tertullian speaks in his De Virginibus Velandis. As to the crowning of soldiers, the Montanists, as might be expected, took a negative attitude, in this having on their side the tradition of the church. Martyrdom must not be avoided by flight. Church discipline must be kept taut. As a rule, in the church the three great sins, murder, apostasy, and adultery or fornication, were not forgiven; that is, those guilty were not taken in again, but placed on lifelong penitence and commended to the mercy of God. But exceptions were made, especially by the intercession of martyrs. Montanism in Asia Minor discouraged readmittance, except at the word of the prophet, and except probably in the case of minor sins. In Africa, the Montanists roundly denied any possibility of churchly forgiveness for mortal sins. This forgiveness must be left to God (See Ter., De Pud., and Bonwetsch, 112-118).

Did Montanism have any trouble with the polity of the church, especially with the development of the episcopate? Did it hark back to the simple nonepiscopal forms of early times? Only indirectly and through its emphasis on the prophets. What it wanted was a moral and spiritual reformation on the lines of the earlier time as interpreted to living men by the living Spirit, and it was not concerned in the first place with organization. But a spiritual conception of the church is always unfavorable to the episcopal or hierarchical, because it exalts the first-hand relation of the believer to God. For that reason churches that have been great religious forces have been more or less democratic, either in spirit or in form, or in both. So it was with the Montanist movement. It said that the nature of the church is not determined by grace mediated by officials (the Catholic view), but that grace comes through the piety of the members who receive the prophetic leading; and the government of the church does not stand in the hands of officials, such as bishops, but rather in those whom the Spirit freely uses as the organs of his inspiration. One could be a bishop and only a psychic, and so unworthy of a decisive voice in the religious affairs of the church. Only the pneumatics in

the special sense, that is, the prophets, are the qualified possessors of the powers of the keys. Besides, it is the inevitable tendency of officialism to broaden the church morally, to make it more liberal, more lax in regard to sinners in the fold—especially rich sinners—and for the sake of enlarging the church's influences, to accommodate it to the spirit of the times. That is what the bishops did about 150. Montanism was opposed to that through and through. It is only the Spirit-filled men in the church who have the right to look after all matters of supreme religious importance. Only the men who are receiving the larger revelations which the Spirit is giving to-day before the End comes—only these have the powers of the keys. Montanism was not interested in throwing overboard the episcopate as such: only indirectly did it work against it. In this respect the early history of Methodism much resembled it in its attitude to the polity of the Church of England.

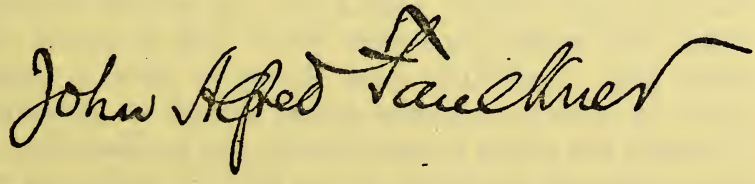
Finally, the question comes: Did the church well to fight Montanism and cast it out? Should the church have hailed the Montanist crisis as a providential deliverance from her increasing worldliness, joined with it, and guided it to beneficial spiritual results for herself? We naturally sympathize with the religious earnestness of the Montanist prophets, and their uncompromising attitude of opposition to every appearance of evil. However it may have been in Montanus's day, whoever has read the writings of Tertullian and Cyprian knows that the church was sadly in need of a radical reformation (see, for instance, Chapter 5 of my Cyprian, 1906). But for all that, I must feel that the church was guided by a true instinct in rejecting the "New Prophecy," the success of which in the long run would probably have been more disastrous than the progressive Catholicizing of the church. For, first, the church was wise in holding herself open to new light on the second coming of Christ. The assembly of the saints at Pepuza to receive the Lord is not in God's order. There is nothing for mankind in that. Perhaps the church was illogical in refusing to go to Pepuza, but she was really following the better light (John 4. 21, 23). The only true preparation for the coming is doing one's daily tasks in the spirit of the coming One. The

first church had misunderstood, not the fact, but the time and method of the coming, and history—that is, God—was now teaching her a larger lesson. To go to Pepuza would be to turn back the hands on the clock of God's providence.

Nor was the church in error in not heeding the prophetic voices of Montanus, Prisca, and Maximilla. Prophecy was a thoroughly Christian institution, as we have seen, and the Montanists were orthodox in emphasizing it. But here again history was leading the church in other paths. The church had the Old Testament, she had here and there many books of the New Testament (I do not refer to any doctrine of the canon), and it was an absolutely divine guidance which was bringing believers more and more face to face with the written Word and leaving in the background the immediate revelations of the prophets. In that Word the Spirit testifies of the Christ, and to have him brought home to man is worth all the revelations in the world. Besides, two facts made the Montanist prophecy suspected. (1) Its ecstatic character. As I have said, this was a common characteristic of Christian prophecy, and the Montanists in this respect were not innovators. But they emphasized this character as a special mark of genuine revelation, and it is evident that that special form of prophecy was disappearing. And it was in the divine plan that it should disappear, the sooner, the better. (2) The Montanist prophecy claimed to be a higher revelation than the New Testament, not different, nor a substitute for it (except where it contradicted it—Cast. 6), but growing out of it, climaxing it, and really a grander and fuller message. Montanism, as I have said, was entirely in harmony with the Rule of Faith, was in perfect alignment with the belief of the church (Vig. Vel. 1, Monog. 2), but also claimed to be a more perfect revelation than any heretofore granted. Ritschl, who gave a penetrating and, on the whole, just estimate of the Montanist movement in one of the great books of modern times, says (Eust. d. altkath. Kirche, 2 Aufl. 1857, 462) that the "Montanists assert that they have in the New Prophecy received a revelation of God through the Spirit, which, in that it is distinguished from the revelation in Christ, and under certain circumstances is set over against it, makes the claim to a

higher validity than that which Christians generally have hitherto thought to be the highest." It is the highest step to which revelation has yet attained, and as such is, of course, binding on all. So the new disciplinary decrees which the Spirit sanctions are the ripe fruit designed for the perfection of the church. It is evident from this how different is Montanism from Methodism, whose glory it was to proclaim original Christianity in all its essential spiritual elements, and even from Quakerism, which never placed the Inner Voice above the Word. And inasmuch as the content of the New Prophecy did not show itself to be superior to the revelation of Christ, I cannot but feel that it was a healthy instinct which finally rejected it, however much we sympathize with its moral enthusiasm and its marvelous faith.

It is the essence of Christianity that it is a progressive religion. That does not mean that it progresses away from the truth, but with the truth and in the truth to ever larger truth and to new forms of life and achievement. Nor does it mean that it gets away from historic facts (the Incarnation, the bodily resurrection of Christ, etc.), into the realm of dreams and speculations, but, rooted in the facts, grows ever larger in the thoughts and reasonings of men. Montanism denied that fundamental principle of Christianity, progress, and so it died, as it deserved to die. Purer than the church, it yet had less promise for the future than the church, which, though morally and doctrinally corrupt, in its devotion to Christ and his apostles had the earnest of a better day, the seeds of a new and grander life.



Art. IV.—THE AMERICAN BARBARIAN

Perhaps there is no department in a university which finds itself constantly assailed from so many and various quarters as the department of rhetoric. It is not my purpose in what follows to offer any defense, but there is at least one attack which has been or might be directed against a point where I fear our outworks are left unprotected. I allude to our insistent and tantalizing curiosity. We request students to elaborate such intimate themes as their autobiographies, to describe the characters of their friends and acquaintances, to discuss matters on which they hold no convictions, indeed, to lay bare their most cherished ambitions that the blue pencil of a reader may trace hieroglyphics on the margin. Now it was precisely in this spirit, commendable or uncommendable, that not long ago we asked each freshman to select a book, presumably one he had enjoyed, for a formal review. It is quite possible, I am aware, that some may have made a selection not with an eye single to their own preferences. The lure of a possible higher grade gained by a disquisition on Jane Austen's Pride and Prejudice may have mastered a natural *penchant* for the latest story by Alice Hegan Rice. But, neglecting such obvious burning of incense to the supposed literary taste of the instructor, it is far from uninteresting to discover what our first year students read and what ideas their reading gives them. Among all the authors, of to-day, yesterday, and of the day before, no one receives a more enthusiastic suffrage than Jack London. Readers "adore his characters because of their virility, their masterfulness, their ability to fight, to crush, to trample down opposition." They follow "breathlessly the unequal conflict between the force of an intelligent individual and the collective force of society and tradition." They with delight draw the analogy between the masculine virtues of his heroes and the masculine virtues with which the college berserker goes forth to the battle of crackling ribs and straining tendons which settles the rival supremacy of institutions of learning and culture—for one year. Jack London in many ways, as

Kipling was of yesterday, is the hero of the average college man of to-day. Is it out of place, then, in what follows, to approach with becoming reverence his pedestal to see upon what foundation is raised the altar of this new hero worship?

In probably his best known essay Matthew Arnold defines the three divisions he has made of English, and, for that matter, also of Continental society. It is not a very complimentary classification. The aristocracy, or those who until within a few years held the chief power, political as well as social, he pillories as the Barbarians. The middle class, those who are chiefly engaged with things, their manufacture and exploitation, who are obsessed with the idea of progress, reform, and whatever else is writ in the gospel of getting on, he as ruthlessly thrusts into one unattractive and miscellaneous class, the Philistines. The remainder, those who toil without hope, the wage earners whose crust of to-day is eaten sauced with forebodings of the crust of to-morrow, the largest class and the most unstable, he calls the Populace. With the last two of these classes we have no particular concern at present. It is the Barbarian who, perhaps with one exception, presently to be noticed, has influenced the course of history, has laid his hand upon our institutions, and has been the subject of romantic art and literature. The characteristics of these Barbarians Matthew Arnold has defined with careful precision. They are the descendants of the Barbarian leaders who overturned the civilization and culture of the ancient world, contemners of a tradition which they did not understand, loving freedom more than life, cherishing honor, the founders of chivalry, feudalism, and romance, lovers of the out-of-doors, of physical sports, brute strength, not knowing an inner culture, yet attractive in their generosity, their bravery, their notions of self-sacrifice; pure individualists all, with graces and a culture purely external. They destroyed the traditions of ancient civilization; but in its place they set up a new tradition built on the foundation of a new social order. Their former restlessness they exchanged for a life of more or less quiet enjoyment of their possessions, to preserve which intact became in turn their most serious duty. Thus, by a turn of fortune, they in this particular, at least, exchanged the role of destroyer for the

less strenuous one of conserver. But in their other activities we recognize under a more genial guise the same old traits of pure individualism. They are mastered by the same "passion for doing as one likes, for the assertion of personal liberty," the same passion for the out-of-doors, field sports, especially those in which the element of danger predominates; the same care of the body; the same love of the many exercises which call for the best development of all the muscles; in short, by a phrase which has made an American enthusiast famous, with a passionate devotion to the "strenuous life." All this, as before, is a purely external culture; the nearest they come to an inward culture is, again as before, courage, high spirit, and perfect self-confidence. It is because all these interesting traits, with the exception of those of conservatism founded upon possession, appear in the heroes Jack London has drawn for us, because they are pure individualism with these primitive virtues, that I call him the American Barbarian.

Jack London began by imitating Kipling, who perhaps more than any other English author has best written in praise of the English Barbarian—witness the stories of India and the early stories of Alaska; only Kipling's Barbarians wear khaki, and on occasion dress uniforms, while London's are seldom seen except in fur or the miner's blue of our polar territory. There is more than one point of similarity besides that of style between My Own People and the Children of the Frost. Again, when Kipling drew the picture of a society of partly civilized barbarians in the jungle, under the leadership of Bagheera, the Black Panther; Baloo, the Bear; and Mowgli, the Man Cub, London followed with an equally well-drawn picture of a slightly less civilized—and a trifle more strenuous, to be sure, as befits our Western ideal, but no less individualistic—life in the wilderness, Buck's atavism in the Call of the Wild. In these last-named stories, The Jungle Book and the Call of the Wild, we have almost parallel situations. Mowgli, the woodcutter's child, by an accident is adopted, like Romulus and Remus—and such cases are not rare in India even to-day, for I myself have seen one—by the wolf pack and becomes a child of the jungle. But cast out by the pack,

he returns to civilization, to learn the ways of men; only at last to turn with a profound distrust, nay, disgust, from the petty conventionalities and trivialities of civilized life to the more wholesome and true life of utter nature. Likewise Buck, bred a discreet and home-loving dog, by a sudden shift in his fortunes finds himself among the harsh scenes of Alaskan civilization. By degrees he, too, learns the lesson of club and fang, and, forsaken by the one being whom he truly loved, he turns to nature and joins the wolf pack in its long nightly maraudings under the polar star.

Return to nature—how often have we heard that expression. This is the cry of each of London's stories from The Call of the Wild to his latest, Burning Daylight. To be sure, the nature that he makes too strong in its appeal for the thin veneer of Buck's civilization is a very different nature from that of Kipling's Jungle stories. In India even nature has long been steeped in an antique civilization; here in the rude Northwest it is all crude, mysterious, harsh, full of primeval unrest, force, and elemental rage. The English Barbarian, as expounded by Arnold and pictured by Kipling, long subject to the softer influence of a settled civilization and hereditary possessor of the goods of civlization, has in much become strongly conservative. With him the call to nature is a mild flutelike note that seldom invites to more than a lawn party, or the hunter's whistle that calls for dog and gun, or, at the loudest, the bugle that summons to war. With London it is the clamorous demand for the pitting of a man's whole strength and cunning against the fiercest assaults of a worthy foeman armed at all points and eager for the battle. For it is London's creed that it is only by the severest of conflicts with the most truthful and worthy foeman a man can meet that a man's highest and best nature may be developed. Nature is a harsh and cruel mother, but a loving one withal, and only in her severe school may he clearly read the meaning of life—nature not the consoler, as she was to Rousseau, and to Wordsworth, and to a horde of modern poets, nor nature the inspirer of beautiful fancies and dreams, but nature the source of worthy deeds, nature the reader of the riddle of existence.

This reminds us strongly of the romantic love for nature of

our barbarian ancestors: of the Teutonic tribes who refused to build cities lest they become soft and effete like their southern foes; men like the Germans, of whom Cæsar, after recounting their many strange and incomprehensible habits, gave as the most incomprehensible "and they bathe in the rivers"; and, later, of men like the knights errant, who sought their greatest trials, not in combat against men armed like themselves, but against the blind and brute powers of the fastnesses of woods and caves. London's Barbarian is no new type in the world's history. He is the recrudescence of a type long since dead in western Europe, the purely primitive individualist of the age when society was in the making. He is an atavism. But it is this very return to the primitive in the present, like the romantic stories of the strenuous days of the past, that arouses the enthusiasm of hero-worshiping youth. It is this that explains the huge popularity of such stories as The Sea Wolf, The Call of the Wild, Burning Daylight, and even Martin Eden. Their "elemental strength," as a critic phrases it, their war against the conventions of society, their love of combat, their delight in pure physical existence—in a word, their essential barbarity is cause sufficient for their magnetic hold upon our imaginations. The same half fearful eagerness which drew the exhausted heirs of the rationalizing and philosophic eighteenth century to the romantic heroes of Scott's novels again draws us, the exhausted heirs of the socializing, scientific, inventive, and industrial nineteenth century, with less art, to be sure, to the romantic heroes of our age of chivalry.

London's heroes feel the tingle of life—not the life of mere passive emotion, such as we see described in Wordsworth's ode,

> There was a time when meadow, grove and stream,
> The earth, and every common sight,
> To me did seem
> Appareled in celestial light,
> The glory and the freshness of a dream—

but that electric thrill with which man goes forth to combat, perchance even to pay life's penalty. The greatest lovers of life are those who hazard it most freely, who most open-breasted brave its dangers; not those who hoard, to spend it moment by moment like

precious grains of gold, but those who gamble, staking their whole upon the turn of a card.

> It was all a game, life and its affairs. And he was a gambler to the core. Risk and chance were meat and drink. True, it was not altogether blind, for he applied wit and skill and strength; but behind it all was the everlasting Luck, the thing that at times turned on its votaries and crushed the wise while it blessed the fools—Luck, the thing all men sought and dreamed to conquer. And so he. Deep in his life-processes Life itself sang the true song of its own majesty, ever a-whisper and urgent, counseling him that he could achieve more than other men, win out where they failed, ride to success where they perished. It was the urge of life, healthy and strong, unaware of frailty and decay, drunken with sublime complacence, ego mad, enchanted by its own mighty optimism.

And his heroes are successful so long, and only so long, as they employ this delight in life in a conflict with nature and with men in natural surroundings. In the field of their own choice, and with this fair and even-handed opponent, their success is assured. No difficulty apparently is great enough to cause them a moment's apprehension; no game is so strenuous that they are forced to withdraw before the desired end; no stakes are so high that they do not meet them willingly; in craft, in skill, in courage, in strength, they are equal to any emergency. Daylight, the idol of the Yukon, after a wild night at the Tivoli in Circle City, where he has lost all of a year's patient labor in one game, can, by muscular agility, throw all comers in a wrestling match on the snow, recoup his fortunes by a thousand-mile sledge trip with the government mails in unheard-of time, wearing out three Indians by the way; on his return make one more wild night at the same Tivoli; start the next morning to make his fortune on the Klondike; rescue a friend from almost certain starvation; by sheer strength beat down the most cunning opposition, and, in a day almost, win himself a fortune of eleven millions. The mere recital takes away our breath—almost our credulity. But we office-and-desk men, as London calls us, what do we know of the strength of a man who has the secret of nature? And Martin Eden, another of nature's sons raised on the sea, learned in the lore of yardarm and belaying pin, the man to whom a tumble with the toughs of 'Frisco was child's play, shall we stretch our powers past endur-

ance when he learns all the secrets of sociology, literature, culture —grounded as he was so firmly in nature's school, so learned in the ways of her game—in so short a curriculum as a mere year or two?

The lust of conflict is the breath in their nostrils—these individualists, these makers of their own laws, these super-men of our romance. Without war they are nothing, for war is the only game they know. They recall the ideal of Nietzsche, the Blond Beast whose departure from Western Europe Nietzsche so pathetically mourns. His call to soldiers is a call to heroic virtues:

> Ye say a good cause will hallow even war? I say unto you a good war halloweth every cause.
>
> Ye shall love peace as a means to new wars, and the short peace better than the long. Let your peace be a victory. I do not advise you to work, but to fight.
>
> What is good? ye ask. To be brave is good. Let little girls say, "To be good is what is at the same time sweet and touching."
>
> You are permitted to have enemies only to be hated, not enemies to be despised. You are to be proud of your enemy; then the success of your enemy is also your success.

But with Jack London constant war is the natural state of existence. It is not war that some state or country may be exalted—there is little or no virtue in patriotism to this individualist—nor war that some abstract principle may be asserted, but war that the concrete rights of the individual may be respected; that as individual he may have every opportunity to display his strength and a fair field in which to win.

Naturally, as the exuberance of their first conflicts with nature wears off, these barbarians throw themselves against that arch foe of all supermanism—settled society. There they find no even-handed, good-natured justice, and free play for all their energies. Society is not to be conquered by pure muscular strength and agility. Nor is a man's cunning or skill always a match for the many wiles of a man trained in the smooth ways of the street or the market place. Society to the individualists is a mass of mildewed tradition and convention, materialistic and false to the core. Into this they plunge. They are astonished that it never directly attacks them, but seemingly ignores all blows. It has strange

powers of giving way when attack is directed against one point, but closing in behind and, once the pressure is released, of slowly flowing back to its first position. It is soft, elastic, fluid; no impression, be it made with ever so much energy, is lasting. It wears out its antagonist by the very weight of its listlessness. To triumph over this is to triumph only during the victor's life time, no more, and then the viscous mass slowly settles, covering its victim and all his spoils. Such is the tragedy of all of London's heroes, as it is of all barbarians who assert their individualism against a settled social order, who cope with this blind, intangible, resistless force. But the Barbarian attacks society with the strenuous optimism born of many a conflict with nature and the primitive man. He sees quickly, however, that he is engaged in a novel game. Thus Daylight generalized upon the result of a few months' experience:

> Society, as organized, was a vast bunco game. There were many hereditary inefficients—men and women who were not weak enough to be confined in feeble-minded homes, but who were not strong enough to be aught else than hewers of wood and drawers of water. Then there were the fools who took the organized bunco game seriously, honoring and respecting it. They were easy game for the others, who saw clearly and knew the bunco game for what it was.
>
> Thus, all unread in philosophy, Daylight preëmpted for himself the position and vocation of a twentieth century superman. . . . These modern supermen were a lot of sordid banditti who had the successful effrontery to preach a code of right and wrong to their victims which they themselves did not practice. With them, a man's word was good just as long as he was compelled to keep it.

Thus the very basis of society—mutual trust, mutual forbearance, and the other virtues that we are taught to be more or less the fundamentals of any settled order—is apparently shattered at one blow by sheer barbarism.

But this is all part of the tragedy of the Barbarian in conflict with society. In a self-chosen conflict, intimate, constant, and all-engrossing as this must be, it is to be expected that the character of the combatant become dyed of the same tint he finds in his adversary. As long as the struggle was with nature, truthful though hard, the character of the fighter approximated nearer and nearer to the ideal of truth and industry. But in this new con-

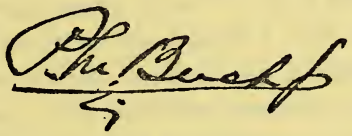
flict, with a foe whom he has painted in all the gloomy colors of a cynic's rainbow, there comes as surely the melancholy loosening of the underpinning of physical, mental, and moral manhood; muscles become soft and flabby, the mind needs by strong stimulants to be aroused to its day's work, for the strong ideal of industry remains; and the moral fiber—there remains no need for moral fiber when man's faith in man has once vanished. This is the tragedy of Martin Eden and of Elam Harnish. With high ideals and lofty faith they plunge into a conflict with society; they begin by losing all faith in the trustworthiness of their antagonist; they end by losing all faith in themselves—utter world-emptiness. And then—and then the inevitable result. Society wreaks its own vengeance. A man with no ideals ceases to be a man, for life for him ceases to have any meaning. The deeds they accomplished, the things they sought to attain, the very ideals for which they strove, turn to dust and ashes. At the very height of their careers, with all the finest fruits of their endeavor already in their grasp, at the time when their individualism has apparently justified itself, has furnished itself with a *raison d'être,* society, slowly but inevitably, exacts its terrible penalty. Both Martin Eden and Elam Harnish are forced to the great renunciation: the former, with no ties to hold him, seeks rest in self-destruction; the latter, with the one tie of a reciprocated affection, retires to solitude and communion with nature. This seems the fate of purely selfish individualism which remorselessly pits itself against the settled order of society.

But, we ask, what is the essential flaw in these American Barbarians? What are the symptoms of a diseased imagination, intellect, or will, that bring the catastrophe? To answer we go back to the essay referred to at the beginning of this paper. In a word, they lack culture. Admirable as are many traits of the Barbarian, his industry, his generosity, his courage, his coolness, his cleanness of life, his love of nature, there are as many other traits, equally necessary to a well-rounded individual, of which the Barbarian is profoundly ignorant. As has been hinted before, his virtues are all of them purely external; every object he contemplates is distorted by the lens of his peculiar individuality; life

with him is a perpetual struggle to assert the worth of his peculiar aims; in a word, his virtues are all purely active virtues, and all directed to individual ends. But culture, true culture, is often passive and never purely selfish. It is passive in that, before it can work, it compels the individual most thoroughly to know himself and the world about him. In its "desire after perfection" it insists that a man purge his nature of all ignorance, prejudice, and false knowledge; that he seek for himself "a complete humanity" that alone can give him a steady outlook on life, the power "to see life steadily and to see it whole"; that before he set himself an aim for life a man inquire what life is and what constitutes a worthy aim; that before he puts on his armor for a battle a man make sure that the fight be a worthy one, and that the fruits of victory be a deeper knowledge and a riper experience; and that if in this battle he be defeated, this defeat will not bring in its train bitter tears and remorse, and a loss of faith in self and others, but will, on the contrary, be a new force to a moral and intellectual regeneration. How different this from the sudden and careless abandon of the Barbarian, full of trust in self and in a favoring destiny. If the Barbarian is thus utterly lacking in the necessary passive virtues he is no less flawed by the utter selfishness of his aims. Not only must the cultured man seek for true culture for self, but he must desire earnestly, and strive resolutely, to make this culture *general.* Society is not an adventitious affair, manufactured by blind chance and upheld by equally blind traditions and conventions. On the contrary, it is one of the essential forms in which our moral and intellectual activities express themselves, and without which they cannot be. But society can be no better than the individuals that compose it. If it is full of prejudice and error, foolish traditions and conventions, earth-marring science and man-marring creeds, it is because the generations that have made it have been stuffed with false science and false ideals. In such an atmosphere the cultured man finds it difficult to breathe, but he shows his culture not by retiring from society and refusing to have part or lot with his fellow mortals. In that case his ignorance and prejudice, in one aspect at least, is as great as theirs. On the contrary, he lends a hand, a brain, and a heart—a patient

hand, brain, and heart—to bring the mass to his level, in order that he may, to use an expression quoted by Arnold, "make reason and the will of God prevail."

This, in brief, is true culture. It is because the stories of Jack London stimulate in us of America our best virtues, which, because they are with us to-day in excess, are also near akin to vices—our love of the strenuous life, our generosity, our courage, our coolness; because he stimulates also our worst vices—our thoughtless, reckless, inconsequential energy, our love of a blind conflict, our man and institution-baiting, our love of change, our caprice, our so-called reform and progressiveness; because he, like us, adores big men who set tradition at naught, who set culture at naught—it is because of all this that Jack London is probably the most popular author in America to-day. But it is also because he lacks true culture that Jack London fails at the test, for without true culture neither a man nor a nation may truly be called great and cause succeeding ages to rise up and call him blessed.



Art. V.—A NEW APPRAISAL OF RELIGION

The misuse of words is no reason why they should be discarded by the over-sensitive. The word literature, for instance, is forced to take under its roof a miscellaneous assortment like a railroad time table, a catalogue of dress goods, and a poem by Wordsworth. This may prove either the flexibility or the inadequacy of language. Thus the word psychology is used to cover a multitude of omissions or to give utterance to great thoughts. So we read of the psychology of the crowd, of society, of advertising, of age, of art, of business, of religion. The manifold use of this term enables us to understand its meaning. Psychology offers a point of view rather than a program of life; it is a method of approach to a subject, a spirit that is purged of prejudice, one that is open-minded in the search of truth at any cost. The deductive method doctored the facts to suit the theory. "The search for what is was clogged and misled at every step by the desire to establish some preconceived view as to what ought to be."[1] It is because this spirit prevailed until modern times that such a work as A History of the Warfare of Science with Theology, by Andrew D. White, could have been written. The inductive method, on the other hand, first secures the facts and then formulates its theory for better or worse.

Psychology is the science which endeavors to describe the constitution and workings of the human mind in the light of evolution, which is the law of growth: "first the blade, then the ear, then the full grain in the ear" (Mark 4. 28). It attempts to trace the movements of the emotions and the intellect in their relations to themselves and in their adaptation to their environment. "The emphasis is upon activities and processes directed toward ends or adjustments."[2] Modern psychology insists on the essential unity of human life; it is in opposition to the theory of a tripartite nature of body, soul, and spirit, separated in watertight compartments. The close relation and correlation between brain and mind has made the study psycho-physical. The findings of physiology

[1] McDougal, Social Psychology, p. 6. [2] Ames, The Psychology of Religious Experience, p. 15.

inform us that "the mind is affected indirectly by the action of a chemical substance upon the brain, and directly by the changed condition of the brain." The relation between the physical and the psychical may be illustrated by the case of the alcoholic, who is "a victim of premature senility of mind and body, the symptoms of alcoholism and 'old age' being similar."[1] The powers and the perils of personality receive a new emphasis. The freedom of the will is discussed in view of that which sets limits to its operations. The mind is stirred by wants, desires, impulses, aspirations; and it reaches the climax only in the choice of that which seems to it to be good. The psychology of intellectualism, with its emphasis on ideas to the verge of barrenness, has been superseded by the psychology of voluntarism and its emphasis on deeds. Man is not primarily a thinker, but a doer, and by his fruits he shall be known. This reaction has been refreshingly voiced by Eucken and Bergson, who may well be regarded as the pioneers of a higher spiritual life. Eucken describes his philosophy as activism. It grounds knowledge on life and constantly returns to the content of life as the fundamental and controlling fact. Unlike pragmatism, it also sees in man the emergence of something superhuman, divine, and eternal.[2] In his larger work, The Problem of Human Life, this subject is more thoroughly discussed, as he traces the course of thought pursued by the great thinkers of the world. He sees them all engaged in one common task, "of building up a spiritual world within the realm of human life, of proving our existence to be both spiritual and rational" (p. 25). Bergson argues, with a wealth of illustration, that "we cannot sacrifice experience to the requirements of a system." We are not moved by logic, but by values; "it would be difficult to cite a biological discovery due to pure reasoning." Life is not static, but subject to endless change in an unbroken continuity between the evolution of the embryo and that of the complete organism. "For a conscious being to exist is to change, to change is to mature, to mature is to go creating oneself endlessly." His message is one of life in fullness and spontaneity and freedom.[3]

[1] Cutten, The Psychology of Alcoholism, pp. 14, 54.
[2] Eucken, The Life of the Spirit, p. 11.
[3] Bergson, Creative Evolution, pp. x, 7, 18, 40ff.

It is not easy to define religion, because it is so complex and can be understood in terms of life. One thinks of it as the feeling of dependence, another derives it from fear, others associate it with the sexual impulses, others, again, ally it with the Infinite. If we say that religion is not an idea so much as a deed, then we might say that it is a form of self-expression, that is, of the higher self, as it has been enlightened and inspired by the Eternal Spirit. The spirit of a religious person is solemn, serious, and tender in the presence of the unseen realities with which he seeks fellowship for self-protection, self-unfolding, and self-enlargement. The divine spark in human life is quickened under the impulse and influence of God; the result is not simply a human experience, but a divine-human experience. The manifestations of religion have been universal and its appearance has been very diverse:

> Here we encounter joyous confidence, sure of heaven! there frightful, soul-destroying agony; egoism of the rudest type, and a joy in sacrifice which, in the form of the sacrifice of men, children, and sexual honor, shows itself under its most terrible aspect. The tenderest lyrical tones of entrancing sweetness are to be met with as well as the barbaric, awful cruelty of the religious war, the *auto-da-fè* and the Inquisition; the renunciation of the ascetic, of the solitary penitent, of the monk, side by side with the triumphant note of the priest and the prince of the church who subdues his people and the world. It is a world in which we think we hear the angels singing, and yet close by distorted, demoniacal spirits and all kinds of monstrosities pursue their way. Now we are in the presence of sublime rest, tranquillity, simplicity, now of the witches' cauldron of storm-tossed passion.[1]

We need not be surprised that so comprehensive a subject has been studied in different ways. The *philosophical* study of religion endeavors to correlate the leading religious ideas which are found in the leading religions of the world. The *theological* study considers the influence of the conception of God in religion. The *historical* study traces the course of religious expression through custom, taboo, ceremonial, magic, up to the higher conceptions in the theistic religions, finding their climax in the revelation of the Incarnate and Redeeming Christ. The *comparative* study recognizes the presence of the religious instinct and intuition in all

[1] Bousset, What is Religion? p. 6. Compare for another luminous description of the effects of religion: George Steven, The Psychology of the Christian Soul, p. 3.

lands, regardless of the particular expressions that have been given to them. The *devotional* study inquires into the practical bearing on the individual life of a knowledge of religious truth as illustrated in the hymns of the Hindu Vedas, the psalms of Hebrew saints, the meditations and prayers of Christian believers. It is clear that nothing is more fascinating and fruitful than the study of religion. To these several ways must now be added the *psychological* study. The important equipment for such a study, as indeed for any of the others, is the ability for accurate observation and careful discrimination, and above all, the possession of a religious experience. Just as the heart makes the theologian—and one without the conscious experience of the present power of Christ is dealing with the subject of Christian theology only at second hand—so he who would speak of the relation of psychology to religion must have an experimental knowledge of the realities of the religious life and a spirit of reverence for all religion. Otherwise he would be discussing his subject theoretically and unscientifically, without a sense of the appreciation of religious values.

This, then, is not a curious study undertaken by those who are interested in mere speculation. It is a practical investigation and an unbiased consideration of the data of religious experience. It is not a scheme to supplant the central verities of the gospel; it is not an effort to modify the conditions of the religious life; it is not a program to substitute psychology, which is only a mode of description, for pardon through Christ, which is the most blessed of all realities; it is not a conspiracy to compromise and so dismiss the supernatural, and explain away the fact of conversion and the inherent divinity of the Christian experience. The aim of the psychological study of religion is to understand human nature better, so that we can appreciate all the more the manifold appeals of God to man. If I understand God the more, will I therefore adore him the less? If I try to take apart the mechanism of the soul, as though it were a watch, will I cease to admire its marvelous workmanship and the unmatchable skill of its divine author? This study is ready to recognize that there are more things in heaven and earth than have been covered or will be covered by its researches. Some of its ardent advocates, in the

excusable enthusiasm of youth, have been tempted to proclaim it as the *open sesame* to all the mysteries of life here and hereafter; but there are others, equally competent, who are wiser and more considerate, who declare that this method of procedure brings the serious student of religion nearer to the facts of life.

If the ministry is the care and the cure of souls, it is self-evident that such a study of religion is of the greatest value to the preacher who also is a pastor. It was said of the Shepherd and Bishop of all souls that he knew what was in man. Surely his representatives cannot be equipped otherwise. Who does not fail to see that tried methods now cease to work? The ancient symbols no longer appeal to many and nothing has yet taken their place. But we refuse to confess that we are in a chaotic state, though we assuredly are in a transition state. But then every age has been one of transition, and those who try to understand their times can see that such a condition spells progress from less to more. Light will still come out of the Word of God, and there are many consecrated Christian scholars who are conscientiously assured that the psychological study of religion will better enable us to capture the heart of man and win this citadel for God's Christ. The Varieties of Religious Experience, by James, has given many a deepened sense of the realities of the spiritual life, although most of his illustrations were of abnormal types. A more recent book, Psychology of the Religious Life, by G. M. Stratton, covers a wider field. His evidence was obtained, not from individual confessions, but by a study of the prayer, the hymn, the myth, the sacred prophecy, preserved in the holy places of all peoples. His comparison of the erratic types with those that are saner, by a discussion of the motives and conflicts in religion, deepens the impression of the validity of such researches in the interest of the full truth of God. The importance of such a study for the Christian minister is well illustrated by another recent work, The Psychology of the Christian Soul, by George Steven. Here is a pastor who sought his facts not only from books, but from the lives of men and women. His psychology has confirmed his apostolic assurance that the most fruitful remedy for the maladies of humanity is the gospel of the redeeming Christ.

At all times men have been moved by a variety of impulses. Some have been influenced by the appeal of fear, others of courage; some follow the fashion and drift with the crowd, others are brave to think for themselves; some are stirred by suggestions and realize needs of which hitherto they had not been conscious. Many of these appeals are determined by considerations of sex, age, temperament, education. We cannot deny that the passive virtues are still admired by the church in preference to the more active virtues, and that the strain of femininity is far too conspicuous to permit of an all-round message from the pulpit. Notice how many elements constitute Christian experience. The various processes of conviction of sin, conversion to holiness, growth in grace, are not experienced alike by every individual. This fact is illustrated by the divers types of testimony in the New Testament. They all appeal to the profession of purity as well as to the practice of piety; but all equally agree in recognizing the central place of Jesus Christ. It was not to be expected that the Jew of Palestine, the Hellenistic Jew, the proselyte, the cultured pagan, the unlettered Gentile would regard the sublime figure of the Christ in the same way. So we have the *ethical* type represented by the Synoptic Gospels and the Epistle of James; the *intellectual* type by the Epistle to the Hebrews; the *evangelical* type by the writings of Paul; the *mystical* type by John. And yet none of these types were exclusive. The apostles of Jesus did not venture to adopt any sumptuary legislation, but allowed each people to decide details of religious procedure according to their several necessities, but always in terms of a spirit of loyalty to the one and only Saviour. The question of age is an important factor in religious influences. The period of childhood, with its mystic beginnings, is followed by the plastic and impressionable days of boyhood and girlhood, which lead into the most trying years, from twelve to twenty-five, when the soul is endeavoring to find itself and relate itself to the ideals of life. The decisions which are made at this time are decisive, and many have then been safely anchored in Jesus. While this is *par excellence* the harvest time for conversions, we cannot limit or regulate the goings of the Holy Spirit. If an emo-

tional appeal may succeed with the adolescents, a distinctly rational appeal may win the middle-aged, who are so absorbed in getting and spending as to imperil the fortunes of their religious life. Then, again, old age is phlegmatic; it suffers from fears and is in danger of disloyalty, like Joab, who in his youth followed David, in spite of perils and privations, but turned aside after Adonijah, though he turned not after Absalom, the rebel and conspirator (1 Kings 2. 28). Education is not merely a preparation for life, but an attempt to emancipate the soul from the tyrannical pressure of mere authority, so that it may live a larger and deeper life. The educative process begins at the cradle, but it never ceases. The minister of Christ has certainly a great opportunity in this day. Let him enter the pulpit with the conviction that he has a message from the Lord for the tired and weary who sit in the pews; let him also visit in the homes and be the friend of the people; and because of his better understanding and clearer insight into human lives he will be enabled to be sympathetic with the sufferer, patient with the prodigal, considerate toward the perplexed, kind to the tempted, earnest with the erring, helpful to both saint and sinner. He will then realize that under all circumstances he must take heed unto himself and to all the flock over which the Holy Spirit hath made him an overseer, to feed the church of the Lord, which he purchased with his own blood.

Oscar L. Joseph

Art. VI.—A MODERN PASTOR'S WORK

It is true of every generation that its period is one of change, and the speakers of each generation have used the expression, "Ours is a period of transition," until it is incurably trite. When one's mode of thinking has become evolutionary, all experience enters a state of flux and any moment of time seems a transitional one; but there are different rates of acceleration, so some generations can say emphatically, "Ours is a rapidly changing era." This generation can make that statement in truth.

The general progress of events moves with many speeds. It crawls, it runs, it leaps. Geological progress crawled while the trees were growing on the land now called Pennsylvania and while the ice cap was forming which bent low the huge trunks and buried them with clay and sand, forming potential coal strata. Likewise the reduction of the wood to anthracite was a crawling process. It was a slow road to the knowledge of the expansive power of steam, but when Fulton finally harnessed that power, and the pick was struck through into the coal strata, mechanical progress vaulted high and free. The history of religious teaching shows the same types of progress. Things moved slowly from Abraham's death to the deliverance under Moses, and from Sinai to the preaching of Jesus, but things leaped when touched by the hands of Abraham and Moses and Jesus. Events crept from the time of Paul to the time of the great awakening which centered in Florence; and again from that period to the time when the voices of Wesley, Knox, and Fox were heard; but they leaped suddenly and far under the inspirations of Paul, Luther and Calvin, Wesley and his confreres. Events have patiently projected themselves in religious history since the great English awakening, taking form in the rise and work of the denominations, but we are living in a day when, under the impulse of certain insuppressible ideas, a mighty leap is being made in religious teaching and inspiration. History will record that the early twentieth century was a time of excessively rapid transition in religious thought and work. This rate of transition vitally affects the pastor's work

and shows those men who to-day are plodding with their eyes shut to be untrue to their times.

Any summary of the evidences of a rapidly changing era must be artificial, and yet to bring argument to paper within set space such artificialities are necessary. The marks of the rapid transition of our day in religious thought and its effect upon the religious teacher are the challenge, no longer to be ignored, of the constructive criticism of Holy Scriptures; the resultant simplification of basal theological conceptions, the reëstablishment of ethics as the one path to an actual experience of the presence of God in his world, the realignment of denominational holdings, and the change of base of the testimony of the indwelling of God from word to work. One reader will say, "I perceive nothing startlingly transitional in these conditions." Another will say, "Here lie profound dangers to the Christian system." Let both types ask, Do these phases really present a clearer and broader vision of the truth than has yet been held by the Christian church at large? The challenge of the constructive criticism of the Holy Scriptures is being heard, heeded, and feared as never before. Thousands of hearers are listening to it in quiet awe. The church can no longer ignore it. It is becoming the profound conviction of our ablest and most conscientious religious teachers and preachers that the challenge must be accepted if the Scriptures are again to be generally and understandingly read. A high authority states, "The Scriptures were never so much studied and so little read as now." It begins to appear that until the Scriptures are rid of the burdens of verbal inspiration, and of the belief that they are a magazine of proof texts only, they will not come into general reading; and they must come again into general reading.

When we remember how many artificial religious cults have been born and have thrived for a time under the verbal inspiration and proof-text theories, and how those cults have disgusted even moderately thinking people with the Christian religion, it is clear that the type of Scripture study that allows the rise of such cults is seriously at fault. When it is evident that our strong young people, on returning from higher educational institutions, quietly ignore as baseless and utterly unacceptable many of the

Christian evidences born of these two views of Holy Writ, we who are interested in the universal domination of the Christian religion realize that the constructively criticized Scriptures must be given into the hands of these conscientious, educated young Christian people. Is this argument about a man of straw? Not at all. We would be utterly surprised to know what a percentage of the church membership of to-day rests under the hands of the Protestant pope, verbal inspiration; and, again, we would be surprised to discover how many thousands of our people would draw a long breath the moment the pulpits would dare base their expressions on the constructively criticized Scriptures only.

Together with this demand for a criticized Scripture comes another. The Christian church has lost faith in intricate artificial theological structures or systems, and the church that would command the attention of to-day must present a greatly simplified and broadened theology. Interest is waning in the minute and drawn-out debates about the many phases of the nature of God and of how he would do things; of the numerous ways in which Jesus labored to harmonize men with God; of the overloaded theories of the nature of the human soul and its passing through falls and uplifts by means of types of sacrifices, substitutions, and purchasings. If any reader questions the desire of to-day to throw off this incubus of superstitious theological structure, let him acquaint himself with such an artificial arrangement as Millennial Dawn and then sit down with fifty clear-minded, educated young Americans and propose it to them as a working religious basis. Before he can present a third of the scheme he will discover that his hearers would prefer just natural decent living to the adoption of such a mass of theological artificiality. Do we say Millennial Dawn is extreme? It is well based on the proof-text theory of Holy Scripture, and the tendency to just such extremes may be found in many strong denominational theologies. The truth to-day demands the simplification of religious dogma. Our generation will listen to the presentation of God as Father Almighty, but waxes instantly impatient when an attempt is made to present him in any other phase. It feels that this conception takes such precedence over all other conceptions of God as to make

the others worthy of minor consideration or none. This generation will listen to the presentation of Jesus Christ as the perfect Elder Brother, who saves them by his entire life from their sense of wrongness and draws them through his perfect nature and likeness to God into harmony with the Father Almighty, thus atoning—making them one in spirit and in life. This generation will not accept with any heartiness a presentation of the nature of man other than the one found in the story of the Prodigal Son: that the human soul at birth is the child of God, that in process of life it invariably gets out of the Father's sight to greater or less degree, and must turn its face to him again, but that through all its experiences it was, is, and ever will be of like essence with the Father and with the Elder Brother, differing in degree but not in kind, even though the difference in degree amounts to an apparent difference in kind. The growing thought of Christendom would like to rest its argument with these conceptions of God and his children and their Saviour.

For generations Christians have been taught the unbalanced idea that the saving quality is belief, but to-day beholds the "ascent of ethics" to its rightful position as a twin brother to belief in the work of salvation. There has been much overrating of the worth of mere believers, and much abuse practiced by them. Hypocrites in masses have cloaked themselves with the announcement of belief and have passed for godly men. Thousands of people have assented to belief and, not being taught the true place of the ethical life, have wondered why their religion seemed theoretical and took little hold on the hidden springs of their natures. Without doubt our salvation begins in belief on the Lord Jesus Christ and his revelation of God, and without doubt also no man comes to an actual experience of the immanent presence of Almighty God until he travels the road of ethics into that presence. "It is my meat to do the will of my Father which is in heaven." "My Father worketh hitherto, and I work." "Whosoever shall do the will of the Father shall know of the doctrine, whether it be of God or whether I speak of myself." Working knowledge comes only through experience. Belief is the loud call to undertake the experience, but for ourselves we know that alone which we work

out. A man believing on the Lord Jesus Christ, and instantly going to work on himself to prove that he can live as lived the Christ, and on society to prove that social conditions can be made to harmonize with the social attitude of Jesus, will soon come to the vital experience that in all this work on himself and in society he has an invisible, eternal companion, who is none other than the Infinite Almighty Father, known to him by the experience of being good and doing good together.

There is to-day a growing objection on the part of people who really are interested to joining theological systems; but I believe a great yearning exists on the part of thousands to go to work for God in the world. Do we not realize that the walls are rapidly disintegrating that separate these theological systems which we call denominations? Is it not evident that each of these main denominational bodies has developed about the same type of character. We would trust the welfare of the kingdom of God with equal faith in the hands of Presbyterians, Congregationalists, Episcopalians, Baptists, and Methodists, or of thousands of splendid Christian characters who will join none of these systems. Does not our day demand that the doors be opened wider, and that to all of our communions we freely welcome those who will state that they love God, seek him through Christ, and desire to do his work in the world, without going into the minutiæ of the theological questioning practiced before the denominational altars? I know few pastors who are honest with themselves about the element of testimony in the church. The prayer meeting is not a success. We blame ourselves for it, we scold the people about it, and still it is a waning issue. Is it not true that this generation is asking for something to do in order to witness to its religion rather than something to say? Is it not also true that by emphasizing the spoken testimony, and crediting those who most glibly use it, we have unbalanced the whole matter of testimony, and this demand for work rather than talk is a natural reaction? Men feel that service must be more than lip service, and, while there is a vital place in the general program of the Christian church for personal testimony and exhortation, the church at large will never be content with that alone, and the

majority of church members will never use that as a satisfying witness to the faith that is within them.

These elements witness to the rapid transition of our day, and each in its turn calls to the ministry to enter what is virtually a new era of pastoral effort. Under the challenge of the higher constructively criticized Scriptures the pastor must conduct an educational pastorate. The work of such a pastorate is vastly more difficult than that of the older type. A constituency must be created which will support the newer educational effort. Money must be raised for erecting school buildings in connection with all active churches and for purchasing the best approved helps for the student body. It will take large foundations to support partly paid faculties, including the heads of Sunday school departments, who should be hired for their work and their entire time commanded. I question whether it will be possible to conduct the teaching of the coming church school on the volunteer basis. To create and develop this department will require a teaching pastor and sufficient length of pastorate to accomplish this slow and difficult task. A modern educational pastor must equip himself so thoroughly that he can efficiently serve a church for a period of at least ten years, for this substantial work cannot be done in a short pastorate. He must also equip himself with such thoroughness that he can stand the onslaught of reactionary movements, which are bound to come when a higher ideal of education is introduced into church work. The educational pastorate, by its very difficulties and demand for thorough equipment, will command the service of the strongest talent the Protestant church can produce. The modern pastor ought to stop his little preaching and put years into preaching three or four great simple truths. The pulpit must teach the church there is but one name for God, and that name "the Father." The Protestant church needs to be made aware all over again of the immediate presence of God the Father Almighty. How shall we preach Christ to-day? As ever? No, better than ever. He again should be known but by one name, the Divine Brother of the human race. Redemption and atonement must be preached by the modern pastor in the mode of the redemption and atonement of a brother for his brothers, introduc-

ing the era of the Family of God, which is a clearer expression of the central thought of the Christian gospel than the term the kingdom of God.

In the name of the simplified theology the modern pastor has a new man to preach about. Not man the worm, but man the divine being, the spiritual image of his Father. His preaching on conversion will be enhanced in power when he treats that theme as the story of a son returning home, not a devil becoming a god, nor a worm becoming a man. By this conception he can alone give vital force to the doctrine of the brotherhood of man, and man's salvation as the worthy aim of all effort. When the modern pulpit shall make the church appreciate the divine essence of the human soul it will give the missionary impulses of the church a new and puissant vitality. Around and among these three great doctrines will play those of temptation and sin in such forceful manner as to make their pain, loss, and unwisdom doubly evident to those who listen.

The modern pastor in this stringent hour has a reëmphasis of ethics to deliver. There has not been too much emphasis on the truth that to believe on the Lord Jesus Christ is necessary to salvation. There has been rather too little on the twin truth that a man must work out his salvation. The modern pastor must preach anew that mere belief does not save. Belief is an essential to salvation, but the one path into an actual experience of the presence of God in life is that of plain effort to be and do all good. The good man without belief is probably as godly as the believing man without the effort. United, the elements which in these two types make each unbalanced, produce the experienced Christian. In order to do away with the shambling Christianity of mere belief, and the low spiritual vision of mere good works, and produce the experienced Christian who both believes and acts, the reëmphasis of ethics is absolutely essential. The modern pastor must preach it until the modern Christian world practices it.

What must be the modern preacher's attitude toward the requirements for church membership? He will find many people who are truly spiritual characters, and followers of Christ, who object to joining a theological system, but are willing to join a

working church, a spiritual body. Would it be possible for the modern preacher to so wisely and gently reduce the walls that separate the denominations, and open the door by which the church can be entered, that these choice spiritual characters who do not desire to subscribe their names to every last jot and tittle of a system's theology may be allowed to join a working spiritual force?

What must be the modern pastor's attitude toward the opportunity for testimony? I believe, through experience with the strong people of the church, that there never was a greater desire to testify to religion than now, and never a more futile struggle to get verbal testimony than now. The men of to-day want to do something in the family of God. Witness the Laymen's Missionary Movement and the two great results from it: a heightened delight in service, and the every-member financial canvass. What a witness to religion in terms of action that movement is! I believe the modern pastor is called upon to make strenuous effort to plan work for every member of his church and congregation. This will demand hard work and wise planning, but if the opportunity of doing can be extended to the members of the church, and they can be credited as witnessing in doing, we would find that, while tens and dozens are witnessing by word of mouth, thousands and tens of thousands would gladly witness by service.

On all sides murmurs of discontent with the pastorate are heard, and thousands of ministers, young and old, feel that unless a man goes through the pastorate to some general managing position in his church he has not quite arrived. I believe the supreme post of efficiency is in the modern pastorate, doing the work suggested, and that such a modern pastor is the vital leaven of the whole lump.

Charles Otis Judkins,

Art. VII.—CHARLES LAMB: HERO

It is one of the recognized pleasures of a book-lover's life to sit in an easy chair by an open grate, on a stormy evening, and read the books, old and new, which he takes from his library shelves.

The books of a lifetime, gathered in spite of loans or loss, stand, like personal acquaintances and friends, on the shelves clear around the room. It is a motley group, and a large one, that looks down from the higher shelves. Those books are like pensioners, bringing to mind the good times the owner and the book have had together in years long gone by. Once they were stanch friends, and the books were a large factor in character-building, so they are kept, and some day they will be offered to another generation. Some, once upon a time, were great favorites, and one wonders why they do not count for more to-day. Perhaps the day may come when they will come back to their own. Perhaps it never will. On lower shelves are the poets. Here are Shakespeare, Milton, Goethe, and all the Dante books. Just to look at them gives delicious memories. But no one cares for them on this winter evening. To take them down would be like leaving the comfortable chimney corner and slippers for a queen's reception in full court dress. Here are the essayists. Do you like Montaigne? He strung his worlds and events on a string as though they were a lot of beads, good, bad, indifferent, and then accepted what came as they passed on the line. He told a great deal about himself; about his work of three hundred years ago; about his travels—about his diseases. Would you not rather associate with Bacon? He keeps good company. Perhaps you know him well. Because he has always kept good company he may have been recommended to you in your youth. You do not take him from the shelf, but you can give him an unsolicited recommendation. Macaulay's Essays fell to us because the binding did "not match" the books in the library of a friend. They came at a time when there was a hunger for books. We were glad to know Macaulay, but liked him better in that long ago when

Trevelyan and Lady Holland gave a more intimate knowledge of the great writer. What good reference books these essays are. Addison is on another shelf. What a courteous soul he is. And those old copies of The Spectator give such an aristocratic atmosphere to that bookcase! Yes, somewhat musty, but most "highly respectable." Who is on terms of intimacy, in this century, with Plutarch? It was good to know him in the last century! Pater? Of course we like him. On a lower place, where they can be easily reached from the "Sleepy Hollow" chair, are the much-loved Carlyle and Emerson. What a plea Carlyle makes for Robert Burns. He won us to his Cromwell. Emerson! What a personality our own books have for us. We smile as we lightly touch these essays. For more than twenty years they have been a comfort and delight, and yet we thought twice, that summer day, when we left the season's fashionable garments on the shelves of the merchant and from the book-monger's took home Emerson. What a sensible choice with ancestors Quaker on one side and book-lovers on both!

There are many books for the working-day. They are used by the student and the eager one. None of these are for the rest-time of the winter evening. We are told that the poet Gray once said that it was like heaven if, on a summer's day, there were given him a new novel and a comfortable lounge. Perhaps Gray never said that; perhaps no one ever said it; yet there is not a book-lover in the world who would dispute the statement, especially if the head of the lounge were toward a north window and conscience at rest regarding the hours taken for such reading. But there might be a choice of novels. Instead of the "new" one might choose the old—the English novels of the last quarter or half of a century that give pictures of the quiet domestic life of ideal homes; pictures that lead through grassy lanes, by flowering hedges, over fallen leaves in the woodland, into quaint villages; by rivers, on to where is heard the sound of the waves on the seashore; stories from the Shetland Isles and beyond down to the Isle of Wight. But the books for a summer day are not books one might choose for a winter evening with the day's work done and the cares of life only faint shadows.

There is one book, an inexpensive book (the author himself—such a lover of books as he was—said that a really good book did not need a fine binding), and this book, with its plain binding and inkmarks and pencil-notes from cover to cover, we can find in the dark or with eyes shut, and we wonder if it is not because, even under such circumstances, we see the sun-glints of the author which he everywhere scatters on its pages! Every book-lover guesses what that volume is—the Essays of Charles Lamb.

His biography is familiar. His "Letters," even to Hazlitt's "Latest Windfall" from Eliana, have been read with an interest which we give to the hearing of news from afar. The remembrance of a mother's voice, back in childhood days, telling the story of "Rosamund Gray," adds to the interest of the Essays of Charles Lamb. Even before the book is opened we feel the personality of the writer, and life is brighter and the world better because God allowed Charles Lamb to be born of poor parents and helped him to toil patiently at daily tasks, to carry cheerfully, sweetly, naturally, his burdens, anxieties, poverty, disappointments, all the while allowing the world to catch glimpses of his life of downright goodness. In the days when Lamb lived and did his next duty as it came to him, Socialists were there, and they dreamed and planned just as they do to-day of "what can be done for the betterment of the world." Coleridge, the life-long friend of Lamb, tried to draw him into his pantisocracy, full of socialistic dreams, where sinners would become saints and those in poverty and woe should have riches and comfort. Coleridge was so much interested in his schemes that he forgot his next duty, care for his household, of which fact Lamb once gently reminded his friend. Lamb himself devoted his evenings, after a long day at the clerk's desk, to playing cribbage with the querulous father, and when his sister realized the coming attacks of insanity he walked across the country with her to the asylum. Coleridge married. In Charles Lamb's exquisite essay "Dream Children" we who know what love, home, and children mean to a man of the temperament of Lamb read the heartache that is between the lines. In the essay he tells of the make-believe "grandson" who died; one he so loved that, "when he died, though he had not been dead an

hour, it seemed as if he had died a great while ago, such a distance there is betwixt life and death." And Lamb says, "His death haunted and haunted me; and though I did not cry or take it to heart as some do, yet I missed him all day long, and knew not till then how much I had loved him."

Here the children fell a-crying, and begged him to say no more about Uncle John, but tell them something about their pretty dead mother.

> Then I told how for seven long years, in hope sometimes, sometimes in despair, yet persisting ever, I courted the fair Alice W———. And, as much as children could understand, I explained to them what coyness and difficulty and denial meant in maidens, when suddenly, turning to Alice, the soul of the first Alice looked out at her eyes with such reality of re-presentment that I became in doubt which of them stood there before me, or whose that bright hair was; and while I stood gazing, both the children grew fainter to my view, receding, and still receding, till nothing at last but two mournful features were seen in the uttermost distance, which, without speech, strangely impressed upon me the effects of speech: "We are not of Alice, nor of thee, nor are we children at all. The children of Alice called Bartrum father. We are nothing; less than nothing; and dreams. We are only what might have been," . . . and, immediately awaking, I found myself quietly seated in my bachelor armchair, . . . with my faithful Bridget unchanged by my side.

Critics have said that the prose writings of Lamb are absolutely perfect English. Dawson says that "De Quincey carried essay-writing, in one way, to perfection, but Charles Lamb carried it to yet a rarer perfection." Others have compared him to Montaigne. In a discussion on essayists Hamilton Mabie says: "Lamb's essays must always find their place with books of the heart." They possess an individual charm and such a personal appeal that it is impossible not to take them as a part of the experiences of a personal friend given for our own pleasure and benefit. Indeed, Lamb often seems to confide to us such thoughts that it seems as though he were telling what we had already confided to him about our experiences, our feelings, our affairs. And the beauty and comfort of it all is that, as he talks about his own life, he seems to take up our heaviest burdens and carry them off in such a whimsical way, yet withal so sensibly, that they go clear out of sight and are left upon the shores of Lethe—where,

as Lamb would say, they must rest millions of ages. The lure of this personality of Charles Lamb as an essayist makes him not only your friend, but your neighbor across the way. He takes you into his confidence with the sweet egotism of a child, and you follow him as the children followed the Pied Piper of Hamelin, who drew with the power of gravitation "soldiers and priests, traders and feasters, women and boys." But you do not follow clear to the mountain. Lamb did not like mountains. He liked the common streets and these paved with gold.

His essays, as we read them in the winter evening, essay after essay, seem to lead us among the blossoms as we go up and down the gravel walks of an old-fashioned English garden. We even notice the "winter rocket, that aboundeth in divers places, particularly on the side of the pasture near the Conduit-head behind Gray's Inn, that brings water to Mr. Lamb's Conduit in Holborn." Do you notice the bed of violets? In Sussex gardens they call them by the old, old name, "Faces-in-a-hood." Do you know where the roses grow—the roses that make gloom less gloomy and joy more joyous? The rue is in the border. We find it often as we walk the gravel paths. It is the excellent herb-of-grace "which secureth a man from poison." Rosemary is everywhere. "It helpeth a weak memory." It brings blessings in its wake, and "I pray you, love, remember." As you lay down your book, and pass out of this garden of spices, your garment touches the asphodel, which forever brings newness of life. Take the settle in the corner and we will once more open the book.

We pause by the bed of "violets." Jean Paul might have written this Child Angel, only he would have given the beauty without the fragrance of the infinite tenderness.

> Sun-threads—filmy beams—ran through the napery of what seemed its princely cradle. All the winged orders hovered round, watching when the new-born should open its yet closed eyes. . . . There were celestial harpings heard. . . . And what a wonder it was to see how, as years went around in heaven—a year in dreams is as a day—continually its white shoulders put forth buds of wings; but these wings, wanting the perfect angelic nutriment, were every now and then shorn of their aspiring, and fell fluttering—still caught by angel hands. But they forever put forth shoots, and forever fell fluttering because they were not of the unmixed of heaven. So Love, with voluntary humility, waited upon the entertain-

ment of the new-adopted. . . . And kept, and is to keep, perpetual childhood upon earth, . . . and still go lame and lovely.

We read a paragraph from Old China. That brings us to the roses. They always have been a comfort since "Eve, wandering in the bowers of Eden, marked an opening rose of purest white."

Stooping to kiss it,
Straight it drew
From Beauty's lip the vermeil hue.

And in Old China we find the delight which the poet finds for Eve in her garden. Resting the head on the soft settle-cushion, one notices that the atmosphere is filled with fragrance from open rose-jars, and it is summer; gentle gales are wafting odors from the gardens in the Vales of Araby the Blest. The essay tells of the day when we purchased those rose-jars. How long we coveted the inexpensive luxury Charles Lamb knew exactly, and he knew that there never seemed to be the money to spare. "Yet," he says, "a purchase is but a purchase." But when we purchased those jars for our rose leaves, "the purchase was a triumph!" Then Charles Lamb asks us if we remember how we eyed those coveted jars for weeks "before we could make up our minds to purchase." He is talking to his sister, but we understand, and that is why we notice the odor of roses in this essay.

Yesterday we were at a banquet and a reception. This evening we read A Quaker Meeting. What a sigh of perfect contentment comes over us as we read. The silence is as deep as before the winds were made or the morning stars sang together. It is blissful to be alone in the quiet. What a marvelous mastery it must be for a whole congregation to sit for hours in a heavenly hush. The rue is in the border here and there, you remember. So to A Quaker Meeting Lamb adds, for his excellent herb-of-grace, Oxford in Vacation, and The Superannuated.

Rosemary is everywhere. "I pray you wear a sprig at the wedding; take a blossom for the funeral. It helpeth a weak memory." You remember the asphodel which your garments touched—the herb for the healing of the nations: Captain Jackson, Poor Relations, Imperfect Sympathies, Books and Reading. And we reread. If it is the last essay how vivid the scene!

What word-pictures! The lad in the book-stalls in London, hungry for books and getting only tiny bits of reading. "Soldiers and priests, traders and feasters, women and boys," we have each stood with Lamb in the book-stall, in England or New England, if we have had the gnawing of the book hunger. And the taste of those tiny bits! Was there ever anything so delicious?

A wonderful power goes out to the world, generation after generation, written by that "boy with eager eye" who opened a book upon a stall and who knew about all sorts of hunger, from that man who endured, and who learned by experience the joy of the overcomer; who lived all the Beatitudes at once, therefore knew in his own soul the bliss of the gods. From pulpit and platform, from home and school, it is the man behind the message who has the power. It is the man who stoops under real burdens, the man who does not shrink from hard problems and perplexing duties, but carries them, as Charles Lamb carried them, straight forward with unwavering step, and brave cheer, never leaving his tasks for other hearts or shoulders; this is he who finds a place to stand while he moves the world. Coleridge planned, Rousseau talked, but while they hesitated to go forward, their good emotions evaporated and their effort-making capacity was gone. Daily and hourly Charles Lamb was heroic. He stands like a beacon tower while softer fellow-workers were washed away in the waves below.

Carlyle did not like Charles Lamb. We can imagine that they met as the lion and the lamb, and the lamb refused to be devoured! Naturally, Carlyle harshly criticized Lamb. We can but wonder if the essay Imperfect Sympathies, with the text from the Religio Medici, may not have been written by Lamb while the meeting with Carlyle was yet fresh in mind. Lamb says that the author who gave him his text "must have mounted upon the airy stilts of abstraction," while, for himself, he confesses that he does "feel the differences of mankind, national or individual, to an unhealthy excess."

The keen reader of Lamb can but appreciate a footnote in this same essay where the lines are taken from Heywood's Hierarchie of Angels. The poem tells the story of a Spaniard who attempted to assassinate a King Ferdinand of Spain, and being

put to the rack, could give no reason for the deed but an inveterate antipathy which he had taken on the very first sight of the king. His confession is as follows:

> The cause which to that act compelled him
> Was, he ne'er loved him since he first beheld him.

At this distance we can love Carlyle, but Lamb makes open confession that he never loved a Caledonian. He tells the story of a party of North Britons where he was present as a guest. When he was early in the room, the gentlemen present boasted about a noted guest who had been invited, a son of Robert Burns. Lamb whimsically remarked that he wished it was the father instead of the son, when four of the guests started up at once to inform him, "That is impossible, because he is dead."

There is something of a difference between wit and humor. Wit is intellectual; is subtle; it is abrupt; keen at analysis. It is brief, sudden, sharp. It takes the unexpected, but is not fantastic and does not make pictures to be seen when the eyes are shut. Humor—not the popular sense of humor—is slow, and shy, and fine; insinuating its fun into the heart. It takes its materials from common situations. It has greater sympathy than wit; is more genial, and gives the bright side of a clearly drawn word-painting. Lamb's humor was like the best of the humor of Thomas Hood. It was like a living spring, and wherever it bubbled forth the grass was greener and the skies were brighter. Charles Lamb never gave what Stedman calls "jaded humor." Hood, who seemed forced to please the public if he would earn his bread and butter, thinned and degraded his beautiful gift. He won notoriety as a fun-maker, and then seemed forced for the next twenty years to wear the tinsel, becoming, at the last, a jester by profession. Charles Lamb could never have accepted pinchbeck and taffeta roses.

Lamb's humor was seldom coarse and it bubbled up and over at most unexpected times. One wet night, after a dinner with Coleridge and his friends, he entered a coach for Holborn. As the coach was ready to start, a flurried woman thrust her head in at the door and asked: "Are you all full inside?" "I am," said Lamb, with a beatific smile. "It was the last piece of pud-

ding that did it!" One time, after a bad break made by Coleridge, some one spoke to Lamb of the disgraceful affair. He complacently replied, "Coleridge is an archangel, but perhaps—somewhat damaged." In one of his essays he whimsically declares that he is a young man. Nominally, he is over fifty, but he says that the only true time which a man can call his own is what he has had all to himself; the rest, though in some sense he may be said to live in it, is really other people's time, not his. So, deducting out of his fifty years all the hours which he had lived to other people and not to himself, he is still a young fellow! In the bright essay, The Old and the New Schoolmaster, he shows, in his own way, the "superficial omniscience" of the modern schoolmaster, and says he dreads to meet him, for he gets so entangled in another man's mind that he finds it impossible to do any original thinking.

Lamb was born in London, February 10, 1775; put into school, Christ's Hospital, in November, 1789; took a clerkship in India House, 1792; died at Enfield, 1834.

At Edmonton, near by the home of his later life, there has been placed in the Free Library a medallion portrait in bronze of Charles Lamb, as well as one of Keats. In The Contemporary Review, Frederic Harrison, who made the address at the unveiling of these bronzes, declares that the fame of Charles Lamb stands higher and higher as the years go by. He does not compare Lamb with the great Immortals, but says he had "a rare, unique, fascinating gift of his own." He estimates Lamb for "his inimitable genius of light and airy criticism." A man whom "no one can imitate, no one parody, no one pirate"; "whose work could no more be repeated in English literature than could be written a new Vicar of Wakefield or a second Lycidas." Besides the friends among the clerks in the South-Sea House, which Lamb called a lay monastery, domestic retainers, kept more for show than use, he was the friend, the companion of Coleridge, Wordsworth, Southey, Keats, Leigh Hunt, Hazlitt. A letter of Lamb's to Bernard Barton, which showed the purity of his heart and gave a glimpse of his habits and everyday life, was read by Thackeray, who, when he finished reading it, turned to a friend and exclaimed, "Saint Charles!"

There were times in the life of Lamb which might not look to us in this age as saintly, but he was pure, with a loving, sympathetic heart, so full of exquisite humor that it must have been a joy to be one in the intellectual company that met in the quaint little library of Bay Cottage.

In his youth there were five in his father's family—the parents, his brother, his sister Mary, who, in his letters, he calls his cousin Bridget, and himself. In an insane moment the sister fatally struck her mother with a knife. The father aged rapidly and became weak mentally, physically. The brother John went out into the world to seek his own fortune and pleasure, leaving the care of the father and the sister Mary to the young Charles, who took up the burden without a word of complaint and with a warm, loving spirit. When Charles was about twenty years old his own mind failed him, and for a time he was in an asylum. Did he afterward live with even the shadow of a dread of the recurrence of this trial? Did there never come to him a fear lest his sister's malady cause another tragedy? Was it easy, do you think, with an invalid sister to find suitable lodgings in the city? Only a clerk, and a sister with fits of insanity! Would they have been welcome in a suitable home in this age? Only the income of a clerkship and an effort to eke that out with little squibs sold to the papers at sixpence each! Attempt after attempt, in the hard, early part of his life, at drama, at poems; eager for success, and yet his pet drama was hissed off the stage. O, the heartache and heartbreak of that brave life! The agonies and the tragedies! He worked and waited. When he was forty-five he began to taste real success in the literary world. At that time the London Magazine published his essays signed "Elia."

Through all his life Charles Lamb lived with a reverence for holy things. From the time his brother John selfishly walked off up Piccadilly "with his Hobbima under his arm (easily accepting the philosophy of the teachings of the book), forgetful of his sister, convinced that his business was to enjoy life and the destiny of Charles to endure it," till that life ended, Charles did the work of a saint. He spoke with the sweetness of an angel, he wrote without bitterness, envy, or ill nature. Perhaps in this age, from the

standard of the Church Calendar, Lamb might not be called a saint. The nimbus around his head would sometimes have faded. Perhaps it did the same with the "so-called saints" of the Calendar. Charity for the saints of the past may be as necessary as for those of the present. Lamb's Confessions of a Drunkard, if used by a John B. Gough, might astonish the sot in the slums.

In a confidential letter to a friend Lamb expresses regret that he could not do more for his family. Speaking of his sister Mary, a bright, intellectual woman, who with her brother wrote The Tales of Shakespeare, and who also wrote acceptable books for the public, Lamb says: "It has been the lot of Mary, oftener than I could have wished, to have had for her associates and mine freethinkers, leaders and disciples of novel philosophies and systems—but she neither wrangled with them nor accepted their theories." Lamb enjoyed the discussions of these leaders and disciples of novel philosophies, but never counted himself as one of them. Sometimes, when they were talking and planning for what they hoped would be the uplift of humanity, they said that Charles Lamb was cold and unsympathetic, because he only listened, then went from them to his own everyday duty; one of God's heroes. The world knows them not; it seeth them not, because it understands them not. The world assures itself that it has finished off and given learned names to everything in heaven above, in earth around, and in everything under the earth, and it has its own formula for a hero. And when it has made its hero, it throws upon him a sort of upper-air search-light glare, which is quite fascinating to the beholder. The multitude looks and shouts, and, alas! we shout also. God's heroes are often the silent men of the world. No sound of groaning comes from their threshing-floor. So silent are they that we never dream of their heroism; so direct in purpose that only those who live on the same plane understand that what they find to do is shown to them from the Inner Light; from the Truth, which is the Way. The hero sees his difficulties—mountain piled on mountain. He knows all about the mistakes, missteps, defeats, but climbs again on the mistakes, on the defeats. The summit is to be reached, and it is a long distance, even above the timber line; the burden, the never-

ending struggle, in full weight and measure known alone to God. This man, God's hero, turned from the dreams of his friends to his own commonplace duty. This lover of the beautiful, lover of children, hungry for a home, dreamer of dreams, with the passion of the artist, the poet—this man turned quietly, unostentatiously from his dreams, and sanely, sensibly took up the work given him to do. With his clerkship salary and what little he earned with his pen he made a comfortable home for his dear ones. Silently thinking, silently working, cheerfully speaking, joyously doing, was this unselfish man—God's hero.

For two thousand years there have been truth-hunters who did not know that truth is not made of theories or dreams. Truth is something intensely real, wholly alive and active. It travels night and day in a straight line on the King's highway; it is easily found by those who are not lured into by-paths. Coleridge, and truth-seekers like him, walked in the by-path. They talked transcendentalism in London while the hard-worked Southey furnished shelter, food, clothing, for the wife and children of his friend. The by-path was more alluring than the straightforward work of gathering a harvest of honest deeds, sown and cultivated by common diligence and self-control. And while they were making an effort to solve truth, Charles Lamb lived it. It was not Lamb's business to solve the problems of the universe. God can care for his own. It was Lamb's business to do the duty next before him. Because he did this he was given the ability to do the more wearisome ones that followed. Who could ask for a greater reward?

Charlotte F. Wilder

Art. VIII.—FIFTY YEARS AT SCHOOL

John C. Calhoun is reported to have said that if he could find a single Negro who understood Greek syntax he would regard the race as human and worthy to be treated as such. As this was considered both impossible and absurd, he defended the South in its treatment of the slave as less than human. This is no place to discuss the institution of Negro slavery, but a glance at it may help us better to understand and estimate the intellectual progress of the race, for, in measuring the attainments and prospects of the Negro, we must consider the depths from which he has come rather than the heights which he has reached.

Slavery was justified upon the ground of the natural and inherent inferiority of the Negro. Human rights were largely denied him. It is true that many masters were humane and had the physical and moral welfare of their slaves at heart. They treated them kindly and provided generously for their necessities. Saint Clair was a type, but Legree was also a type. Whatever may have been true of individual owners, the institution itself rested upon unnatural and unchristian principles. It dehumanized its victims. It regarded them not as men who had rights which other men were bound to respect, but as chattels to be used and used up; to be bought and sold as other property. In various court decisions this is brought out with great clearness. In 1834, a chief justice of Maryland said: "In Maryland the issue [of female slaves] is considered not an accessory, but as part of the use, like that of *other female animals.* Suppose a brood mare be hired for five years, the foals belong to him who has a part of the use of the dam. The slave in Maryland in this respect is placed on no higher or different ground." Another judge declared, "A slave cannot contract matrimony, the association which takes place among slaves and is called marriage being properly designated by the word contubernism, a relation which has no sanctity and to which no civil rights are attached." An attorney general affirms, "A slave is not admonished for incontinence or punished for fornication or adultery." These quotations, which might be indefi-

nitely extended, show that slavery regarded the Negro as without personal rights.

This same assumption of the Negro's inferiority underlay the master's attitude toward his intellectual development. He was less than human, and thus devoid of ordinary human susceptibilities and ambitions. He was, and should aspire to be, nothing more than a hewer of wood and a drawer of water. Therefore all facilities for intellectual training were denied him. It was asserted that he could not learn. The South acted upon Carlyle's "merciless proposition," "The Negro is useful to God's creation only as a servant." However, as the United States Commissioner of Education says, "This claim that the Negro could not learn seems to have been founded upon a desire rather than a belief; for in order to justify the assertion, laws were made forbidding the Negro to attempt to learn. It was a crime for the Negro to perform the impossible!" It was a crime not only for a slave to attempt to acquire learning, but also for one to attempt to impart it to him. As a specimen of this repressive legislation, an extract from the code of South Carolina will serve: "If any person shall hereafter (1834) teach any slave to read or write, or cause or procure any slave to be taught to read or write, such person, if a free white person, shall be fined not exceeding one hundred dollars for each offense and imprisonment not less than six months; or if a free person of color, shall be whipped not exceeding fifty lashes and fined not exceeding fifty dollars; and if a slave, to be whipped at the discretion of the court not exceeding fifty lashes; the informer to be entitled to one half the fine and to be a competent witness. And if any free person of color shall keep any school or other place of instruction for teaching any slave or free person of color, he shall be liable to the same penalties prescribed by this act on free persons of color and slaves for teaching slaves to read or write." We wonder, as we read this cruel and barbarous statute, if its glaring inconsistency ever appealed to its framers. The State, represented by Calhoun, who scoffed at the Negro's ability to learn, forbidding by law and extreme penalties the performance of the impossible! Well may the Commissioner of Education add, with grim humor, "Why reënact the laws of God?" Why, in-

deed! Because the institution of slavery must rest upon ignorance. It was doomed if the slave began to think, and hence every effort must be made to crush out all intellectual aspiration.

A half century of freedom has established beyond controversy the capacity of the Negro to acquire learning. Mr. Calhoun, if alive and honest with himself, would have to revise his estimate and treat the Negro as a man; for there are many scholars who understand Greek syntax, and one, at least, who has written a Greek grammar. Like many another theory which has failed in the presence of facts, that of the Negro's incapacity to learn has been confuted by the intellectual attainments of the race. The ante-bellum claims seem absurd in the presence of Negroes of ripe culture—the products of fifty years of opportunity.

It is said that the sutures of a Negro's skull close much earlier than those of the Caucasian. The brain is thus prevented from growing and its volume is limited, so that the average brain of the colored race is several ounces lighter than that of the white race. This is regarded by some as satisfactory ground for their assumption of the intellectual inferiority of the former. It is claimed that beyond a certain point the Negro cannot advance. A public man recently said, "You can educate a colored person about so far, but beyond that he cannot go." It has been noted by even sympathetic observers that while the Negro child is quick, susceptible, and acquisitive, keeping pace with if not surpassing his white competitors (it was only a little while ago that the papers announced that in Hoboken, N. J., a young colored girl was awarded the highest rank over ten thousand others, mostly white children—her average rank in six studies was ninety-nine and one third per cent), yet as he approaches adult age a change sets in and he gradually falls behind. It seems as if in those studies which require the persistent use of the acquisitive faculties, such as the mastery of language, the Negro student is at his best, but that he fails in those studies which demand reasoning and reflection, such as advanced mathematics and the philosophies. This is used against his seeking the higher education. But, as we have said, facts are frequently fatal to theories. There can be no greater absurdity than to estimate brain power in terms of size or

weight. Measurements show that the stunted and unprogressive Eskimo has the same cranial capacity as the polished and versatile Parisian, and that the English woman, the product of fifteen hundred years of civilization, is inferior in this respect to the Chinese woman, whose social and intellectual condition had not changed, until recently, for three millenniums. Those who deny the capacity of the Negro for higher education are obliged to answer the argument of actual achievement. There arise to confound them scores of Negroes who have completed the curricula and hold the diplomas of our highest and best-accredited institutions of learning. They have done this in a fair field, asking and receiving no favors on account of their color. Among the hundreds of university-trained Negroes are graduates of Wesleyan, Boston, Yale, Harvard, Chicago, and other universities which are jealous of their prestige. These men are distinguished in the various learned professions and in other honorable and useful pursuits. They prove the possibilities of the race. It is not claimed nor should it be expected that a race only fifty years from slavery should show an average of scholarship equal to that of a race which has enjoyed fifteen centuries of Christian civilization, with its opportunities for culture.

There is a theory advocated by some that just as individuals, so races have a regular development, passing through periods corresponding to childhood, maturity, and old age; periods of growth, culmination, and decay. Now we know that in childhood the acquisitive powers are at their best. Observation is keen and memory is retentive. It is the time for the prosecution of those studies which involve the acquisition of facts, language, geography, history. As one approaches maturity the reflective powers become stronger and he is able to reason upon and interpret the facts. This is the time to take up philosophical studies—logic, psychology, metaphysics. Then comes the period of weakening memory, loss of the power of sustained and consecutive thinking, indeed, all the marks of senility. This, it is claimed, can be justified by an appeal to history. Such mighty nations as Babylon and Egypt furnish a more or less perfect analogy. If this theory is correct, then the Negro race is in its childhood. Its intellectual

development is that of the child. This would account for the phenomenon which has been mentioned, namely, that it shows to the best advantage in the more elementary studies and falls off in the more advanced. But the possibility is there, indicated by the few who have outstripped the majority and have reached a creditable standing in intellectual pursuits. Evolution is a slow process. It will require many generations to work the physical changes, to alter hereditary and environmental influences, and to produce those conditions which are necessary to a high average of intellectuality. However, enough has been done to justify all the efforts of the past and to furnish ground for our hopes of the future. Fifty years ago an unappreciable number of Negroes had any learning whatsoever; to-day seventy per cent of the race have the rudiments of an education. The decrease of illiteracy has been most encouraging. In 1900 forty-four and five tenths per cent were illiterate; in 1910 only thirty and four tenths per cent, a decrease of 625,107 individuals, or fourteen per cent, so that at this time less than one third of all the race are wholly uneducated. This indicates how responsive the people have been to the opportunities afforded them. After fifty years at school education is more widely diffused among them than among the Italians, forty-eight and two tenths per cent of whom are illiterate; than among the Spaniards, whose illiterates number fifty-eight and seven tenths per cent; than the Russians and Portuguese, whose illiterates number respectively seventy and seventy-three and four tenths per cent of their entire population. This, we submit, is an excellent showing for a race which had been condemned as not possessing the capacity for acquiring learning

A race has a right to be judged by its best representatives and not by its worst. The white race boasts of Washington, Lincoln, and Grant, not of Benedict Arnold, Boss Tweed, and Orchard. The Negro race has a right to be judged by its best products. It is they that show the possibilities latent within it. Here and there are Negroes who have risen and stand above the common level like mountain peaks, their brows bathed in the bright rays of the rising sun, which, when it shall have reached the zenith, will scatter the darkness which enshrouds the majority. These few show the

intellectual capacity of the race. That the mass has not attained to a high degree of culture proves nothing. If one individual climbs the heights and stands triumphant upon the summit, others of the race may follow. A Crogman among classical scholars, a DuBois among sociologists, a Mason among orators, a Dunbar among poets, a Douglass among reformers, a Chesnutt among novelists, a Tanner among painters, a Washington among organizers—these and many others are pioneers blazing the trail which multitudes will follow. These men prove the right of the Negro to the highest educational privileges. He is entitled to a chance to make the most of himself. He is not to be dealt with as an exceptional being, but as a man. By virtue of his manhood he should be limited only by his own capabilities. That he must have a peculiar kind of education is absurd. Industrial education is no more a panacea for his troubles than it would be for those of any other people. Industrial education is efficient, but it is not sufficient. The Negro race needs leaders of its own blood, and these, in order that they may lead wisely, must be thoroughly trained. The true method of dealing with this people is to provide good elementary education with industrial features for the many; secondary education, especially good normal courses, for those who can go farther, and the higher education, as a possibility and incitement, for the few specially qualified for it. University-trained men and women are needed as leaders for the race, and the more highly educated they are, the more symmetrical their culture, the nobler their character, the better will it be for the Negro himself and for his white neighbor.

Charles M. Melden

Art. IX.—LEO TOLSTOY, THE REFORMER

Since the appearance of the posthumous works of Tolstoy, writers on his life and work have now most of the desired data from which to formulate a more adequate opinion of the deceased giant of Yasnaya Polyana, and indeed biographers, literary critics, philosophers, and theologians are busying themselves to exploit these treasures of thought and build them into the tissue of their own writings. As a literary genius he has been quite generally recognized ever since the appearance of his first great novel, War and Peace (1864). For almost half a century he was lauded as one of the founders and main contributors to the now world-famous Russian school of realistic belletrists, and this fame will still more increase when the public shall become acquainted with such masterpieces of his posthumous publications as Tichon and Malanya, Hudgy Murrat, and, especially, Father Sergius. In his function of a philosopher and theologian, however, he has been severely criticized as inconsistent, eccentric, and utterly impracticable to meet the needs of modern civilization. Granting that many of these criticisms are just, we nevertheless believe that Tolstoy ought also to be studied from still another point of view, which, in the ardor of militant and mostly negative criticism, has been forced into obscurity, but which, after a sufficient lapse of time to clear the atmosphere from the fog of controversy, we are confident will be quite generally recognized. Tolstoy was, as much as anything else, a great reformer of his age, and as such we wish to present him in this article.

I. The Making of the Reformer. A certain class of critics and readers of Tolstoy divide his life into two great periods, complete in themselves and unrelated. The first of these periods, which came to a close on the appearance of his famous Confession (1879), is considered by these to be his golden age. During this time he did not bind himself by any ascetic notions, but enjoyed life as a wealthy, popular nobleman, and also did not bother others by his moralistic denunciations, which, they say, became such a

menace to society in the second period of his life. During this golden age he also produced his largest and best novels, as War and Peace, and Anna Karenina, which made him world-famous and greatly increased his wealth. The second period, these critics believe, is that of decline, which began so unexpectedly with his conversion, by which he transferred himself, in their judgment, into the limbo of religious cranks and moralists, or, to be more lenient, placed himself in the ranks of self-centered mystics. This popular view, however, is absolutely without foundation. There were never two Tolstoys. The converted Tolstoy was, psychologically speaking, long before the crisis embryonically present, and his conversion was but a link in the chain of events to bring into the open that which long was hid in the secret chambers of his heart.

Every close reader of Tolstoy's works who also knows a little of his personal life will agree that, almost without exception, his novels are nothing but artistically worked out autobiographical sketches which reflect clearly the development of his great soul. Already in his first works, Childhood, Boyhood, Youth, we read of his spiritual struggles and the attempts to draw up some rules of conduct which would make his young life godly and rich in meaning. These noble principles, however, were in constant conflict between his acute conscience and his keen, critical intellect. In a word, there were, as in Doctor Faust, "two souls within one bosom" contending against one another; and as Goethe put in his famous hero all his own psychic struggle of good and bad motives, so Tolstoy in a much more realistic manner reflected these, his own experiences, in the heroes of his novels. Volkonsky in Anna Karenina, Olennikoff in The Cosaks, Nikita and Anisya in The Power of Darkness, Piere Besuchy in War and Peace, Nikhludoff in The Resurrection, and especially Duke Kosatsky in Father Sergius—these and many others are picturing vividly the psychic turmoils and final victory of Tolstoy. These experiences, which for about thirty years he kept under the literary cloak, became known to the world with the appearance of his famous Confession. In this little book Tolstoy opens his great but sin-sick heart to the reader. Here we will briefly reproduce the

truly remarkable Oriental tale through which Tolstoy pictures his lost state.

A wanderer, so goes the story, is surprised in a prairie and pursued by a ferocious beast. He seeks refuge in an empty well which he happens to meet in his flight. But here he discovers, much to his horror, a fearful dragon which lives at the bottom of the well, ready to devour any victim that may enter his habitation. In despair the unfortunate wanderer takes hold of a branch which hangs over the opening of the well, thus hovering between two dangers. But now, with still increasing terror, he beholds two mice, a black one and a white one, as they gnaw away the branch on which he is hanging. It becomes clear to him that he is doomed, that the branch before long will break and he become a prey of the dragon. In this despairing situation he notices some honey dripping from the leaves of his branch and, for a moment forgetting his danger, he eagerly licks the sweet drops. "In such manner," says Tolstoy, "I have hung on the branches of my life tree, knowing of the dragon of death which was waiting to devour me at any moment. I also licked the sweet honey of earthly joys, but they satisfied me not, for I was conscious of the white and the black mouse—each day and each night—which hastened my ruin."[1]

Tolstoy, however, did not so easily yield to despair. He tells us how he sought for light out of the darkness which surrounded him. Thus, exhausted and at the verge of suicide, he at last found the balm for his sick soul in the childlike faith of the unsophisticated mass of Russian peasantry. "I discovered the truth," he writes in his Confession, "which I later found confirmed by the Gospels, that men loved darkness rather than light because their deeds were evil. For every one that doeth evil hateth the light, neither cometh to the light, lest his deeds should be reproved. I came to realize that in order to understand the purport of life it is necessary that one's life should, first of all, not be aimless and

[1] The quotations from Tolstoy used in this article are, all but those from Bethink Yourselves, which originally appeared in English, of the writer's own translation. In the case of the posthumous works this was especially necessary, since at the time this article was written they had not as yet appeared in English. This note is to account for any variation of wording which might be noticed in the quotations when comparing them with those of other translators.

evil, and then that one should speculate about it to understand its philosophy."

II. The Work of the Reformer. With this tremendous testimony began Tolstoy's activity as a reformer. It was, however, not a movement in the same sense as those inaugurated by Luther and Wesley, or Karl Marx and Maurice, who called into existence new sects and political parties. It was rather a reformation in the realm of ethical thought analogous to that of Rousseau, Fichte, and Kant, and therefore its results were also rather indirect. Tolstoy coöperated but little with his contemporaries, who were trying to solve the social and economic problems of Russia. On the contrary, he rather proved to be an opponent of the Socialist-Revolutionary movement, whose leaders accuse him to this day of pacifying the revolutionary spirit of the masses with his gospel of nonresistance. This antirevolutionary attitude does, however, not exclude him from the ranks of great reformers. He was working for the same end as other champions of the people, but he opposed his revolutionary contemporaries because he could not accept the methods by which they were trying to attain the commonly desired end—the social and economic welfare of the masses. Tolstoy's principle was that evil can never produce good. Therefore, to obtain good by murder and plunder (the natural phenomena of revolutions) would mean to make things worse than they are. To get lasting results it is first of all necessary, reasoned Tolstoy, to know the meaning and purpose of life; and the making clear of this underlying principle, in a manner that even the most humble illiterate peasant could understand it, was perhaps the greatest reform achievement wrought by Tolstoy. In his books O Zhizni (Concerning Life) and Mysli O Novom Zhizniponimanii (Thoughts Concerning the New Understanding of Life) he develops his ideas on these important questions. Tersely expressed, they amount to this: Man is a rational being. He has conscience and the power to reason. If, however, he depends merely on his rational faculties, he sooner or later will reach a pessimistic view of life similar to that of Solomon, Socrates, Buddha, Schopenhauer, and many others who thought life to be all vanity, a burden and a curse. This inevitable conclusion,

however, can be made null and void if one accepts by faith some purpose and meaning-giving cause, and not only accepts it theoretically, like the scientist's working hypothesis, but seeks intercourse with it as with a personal being. Tolstoy firmly believed that Christ clearly pointed out the way to this great cause which provides meaning and gives a definite purpose to life. Though very appreciative of other religions, he saw their weakness as compared with Christianity. Aylmer Maude, in an essay on Tolstoy, says (Russian Review, vol. i, No. i, p. 27): "I once heard a question put to him as to the comparative merits of Buddhism and Christianity. His reply was that both religions are alike concerned to prepare man for whatever may follow after death, but that, while Buddhism gives this life up as a bad job, Christianity (at its best) trains the soul of man by setting him to work to establish the kingdom of heaven here and now." These convictions he gradually had gained, and when compiled in his book My Religion they amounted principally to a rationalized and almost literal interpretation of the Sermon on the Mount and other sayings of Christ.[1]

This religion he not only preached, but energetically proceeded to put in practice, starting within his own family circle. This, however, was no easy task. His family, headed by his otherwise loyal and faithful wife, first pleaded, then threatened to do desperate things if he should attempt to sacrifice his home and property for the sake of his religion. Turgenief and other literary friends begged him to change his mind and return to his art; the "better" classes, whose sins he exposed, ostracized him; the church

[1] Though after his break with the orthodox church theology, Tolstoy was antagonistic to any supernatural experience in religion, in later years a marked change is evident in the tenor of his language. For example, commenting on John 3. 3, he says in part: "'Ye must be born again.' . . . People who accept life as an aspiration of self-interest hear these words and not only refuse to accept them, but they do not understand them. To them these words seem to mean nothing, or at the most but very little. Something put on, a sentimental mystical mood, as they like to call it. They cannot understand the meaning of these words because they express a state of mind which is out of their reach, just as a dry seed cannot understand the state of a sprouting seed. For the dry seed the sun which shines through its rays upon the life-generating seed is but a meaningless accident—a little more heat and light; but for the sprouting seed it is the cause of birth into life. So it is with man. . . . But how, why, when and where this life is generated in man nobody knows. We even do not know where animal life comes from. Regarding man Christ said that nobody knows, neither can anyone know." (O Zhizni, ch. xvii.)

excommunicated him; his unfriendly critics ridiculed him; and the general public pitied him. Only now, after the appearance of his posthumous works, we begin to realize what a division his conversion wrought in his otherwise so harmonious home life. His unfinished drama, The Light Shineth in Darkness, though from a literary view point much inferior even to his weaker productions,[1] is invaluable as a document presenting to us the drama which actually took place within his family circle. The principal characters are Nikolai Ivanovitch Sarynseff, personifying Tolstoy, and his wife, Maria Ivanovna. Sarynseff, dissatisfied with his life of ease, seeks and finds the meaning and purpose of life in the teachings of Christ. After some consideration he is determined to obtain this "precious pearl" by giving away his estate and leaving all, even his family, to follow Christ. But when actually attempting to carry out his plans he meets in awful conflict with his wife, who threatens to commit suicide if he should dare to put his "crazy notions" into practice. One scene of this drama reflects especially the feelings of Tolstoy in this struggle with his convictions. We present it here:

"Mary! I am not needed by thee. Let me go," pleaded with her Sarynseff. "I tried to participate in your mode of life, to put into it all that is life to me, but it proved impossible. What has happened is that I torture myself and torture you. And not only torture myself, but ruin all that I do. Anybody, even that Alexander Petrovitch [another character of the play], has the right to say that I am a hypocrite, that I tell others but myself do not practice, that I preach evangelical poverty but live in luxury under the pretense of having given up everything to my wife!"

Though Tolstoy never fully succeeded in putting into practice all of his teachings, he nevertheless did all that he could, and nothing was able to make him step back from the straight and narrow way which he had chosen. For more than thirty years he used his pen like a sword and set a-trembling as well the epicurean-minded

[1] The literary inferiority of this drama is easily understood if we remember what a painstaking writer Tolstoy was. He never published anything before pruning and rewriting his work till he thought it to be as near the perfect as possible. It is claimed that he rewrote War and Peace seven times before turning it over to the publishers. The Light Shineth in Darkness could therefore hardly be called anything more than an outline of a would-be great literary production.

aristocracy as the quasi-scientific, sneering "intellectuals" and the proud clergy of the dominant church. The blood-and-iron policy of the Western powers he stigmatized as wholesale murder; and it is no exaggeration to say that since the days of Chrysostom there has hardly risen another prophet who with such power preached the commandments, Thou shalt not commit adultery, Thou shalt not kill, and Thou shall love thy neighbor as thyself.

When his novel The Kreutzer Sonata (1889) appeared it caused world-wide excitement. A large number of letters from all parts of the world were sent to Yasnaya Polyana assailing the author for his "unfair" attack on the relation of sexes in modern society and asking him to apologize. Tolstoy answered in his Afterword to the Kreutzer Sonata (1890). In this pamphlet he pointed out the shameless practice of prostitution by the "better" classes within and without of conjugal relations. He also condemned the common practice of race suicide and the purely sensual romantic love affairs of the leisure classes. Thus, after the fashion of an old revival preacher, having exposed the sins of his readers, he proceeds to exhort them to repent and turn from their evil ways to a pure and useful life and follow after Christ at any cost. When the bigoted and fanatic clergy of the established church were agitating brutal persecutions against the Russian Nonconformists, and when at the end of the last century this barbaric practice reached the state of hellish fury, and tens of thousands of good and harmless people were rotting in dark prison dungeons or driven into exile, Tolstoy, full of compassion and sympathy for the poor innocent sufferers, addressed a letter to the Czar. In this letter he pictures the pitiful state of these poor victims of brutal injustice, and points out the utter senselessness of religious persecutions and the waste of the best of human life which they produce. "These people," says Tolstoy, "have but the desire to worship God undisturbed in a manner as they understand him and not as the officials demand it, of whom the most do not believe in any God at all. And so you know," he continues, "that all this is done in your name (you ought to know this, and if it is not the case, appoint a reliable man to investigate it and he will confirm my words), and as you further know that you can put

a stop to this, you will find no rest of soul till you have created relief." (The Letters of Leo Tolstoy, 1848-1910. No. 382; gathered by P. A. Sergejenko.) Tolstoy closes this letter by making some suggestions as to how relief could be created; and we all know that Nikolas II found no rest of soul and had to yield to this and later appeals of Tolstoy. In 1905 appeared the famous Easter Manifesto of religious toleration and freedom of conscience for all Russian subjects. This concession of the Czar threw open the doors of Russia to any foreign missionary and now permits them to labor among the Russian people without fear of prison or exile. It ought to be always remembered that Tolstoy did more than any other one man to bring about this long-desired freedom.

Perhaps the greatest service rendered by Tolstoy to his oppressed countrymen was his fearless appeal to the Czar at a time (1902) when the yoke of brutal despotism was pressing heavily upon Russia's millions. Himself on the sick-bed, and not expecting to recover, he did not want to die before once more having pleaded and warned the one who could lighten the burden of the suffering masses. The letter is addressed to the Czar with the simple words "Dear Brother," and depicts clearly the sad condition in which the pauperized peasantry and city proletariat live, and points out the causes of this situation. Says Tolstoy:

> The autocracy is an outlived form of government which may still conform to the needs of some people in the heart of Africa, but no longer to those of the Russian people, who are getting more educated, being reached by the wave of enlightenment which sweeps the world. Therefore it is possible to maintain an autocratic form of government and the Orthodox Religion which goes with it only by means of all kinds of violent measures: by increased police forces, administrative exile, capital punishment, religious persecutions, prohibition of books and papers, by wrong systems of education, and by all other possible bad and brutal measures. Such was your rule till now. By violence you may oppress a people, but never govern. The only means by which now a people could be really governed is to stand at the head of the masses as they strive from evil to good, from darkness to light, and lead them to a goal. But to do this one ought to give the people an opportunity to express their wishes on all things, and then act, not according to the needs and wishes of a class or a rank, but according to the needs of the majority—the great mass of working people.

Then follows an exposition of the needs of the masses with suggestions of a rather radical reform program patterned after the ideas of the American economist Henry George. In closing, Tolstoy passionately, though kindly, appeals to the conscience of the Czar:

> Dear brother, you have but one life in this world, and you can waste it in the futile effort to check this, by God desired, forward movement of mankind from evil to good, from darkness to light; but if you enter in the people's needs and wishes, and use your life to aid them, you will spend your earthly career peacefully and joyfully and serve God and humanity. No matter how great may be your responsibility during your earthly reign—where you can acomplish much good and much evil—still greater is your responsibility before God for your life here upon which also depends life everlasting. Your life was given you by God not for the purpose of ordering all kinds of evil measures, or even participate in them and give your consent to them, but it was given you to do the will of God. And the will of God is to do man good and not evil.
>
> Think about it! not as before men, but as before God, and do what God—that is, your conscience—tells you. Let no difficulty scare you which you may meet on your path of life. These difficulties are in themselves not important as long as what you do is not for self-glorification, but for the well-being of your soul and for God. (The Letters of Leo Tolstoy, 1848-1910, No. 392, gathered by P. A. Sergejenko.)

There has hardly lived another man in Russia who has spoken with such Nathanlike frankness to a Czar. Surely Tolstoy proved himself in those dark days of Russia not only a champion of the people, but also a fearless and sympathetic prophet.

A few years later, when the Russian courtiers and politicians were agitating war with Japan, and the crisis threatened to occur at any moment, Tolstoy pleaded with the Czar and his advisers to spare the innocent masses who were to be butchered on the battlefield; and when his efforts proved futile and the war party got the best of the Czar, he wrote in stern language as a last appeal his Bethink Yourselves, which was printed in the London Times and since has been reprinted in large editions, having proved itself a valuable tract for the international peace movement. It begins with the words, "This is your hour, and the power of darkness," and proceeds to denounce the legalized practice of homicide by civilized nations.

> Again war. Again suffering, necessary to nobody, utterly uncalled for; again fraud; again the universal stupefaction and brutalization of men. . . .

> When will this cease, and the deceived people at last recover themselves and say, "Well, go yourselves, you heartless Czars, Mikados, ministers, bishops, priests, generals, editors, speculators, or however you may be called, go you yourselves under these shells and bullets, but we do not wish to go and we will not go. Leave us in peace to plow, and sow, and build, and also to feed you"? It would be so natural to say this now, when among us in Russia resounds the weeping and wailing of hundreds of thousands of mothers, wives, and children, from whom are being snatched away their bread-earners, the so-called "reserve."

His argument is that war is irrational and contrary to the teachings of Christ, therefore cannot be beneficial to anybody; abstain from war, and God will win the battle for you. To cite his creed: "I cannot act otherwise than as God demands of me, and therefore I as a man can neither directly nor indirectly, neither by directing, nor by helping, nor by inciting to it, participate in war; I cannot, and do not wish to, and I will not. What will happen immediately or soon, from my ceasing to do that which is contrary to the will of God, I do not and cannot know; but I believe that from the fulfillment of the will of God there can follow nothing but that which is good for me and for all men" (Bethink Yourselves, page 26).

III. The Achievements of the Reformer. To sum up the achievements of Tolstoy as a reformer: He first and foremost wrought out the great meaning and purpose of life and forced the agnostic intellectuals to recognize the simple faith in God as a logical axiom of life. He also gave moral interpretation to social relations, thus seeking to eliminate the purely selfish motives of the class struggle. Then with his keen and merciless criticism he shattered the decaying, paganized orthodoxy of the established church, which deliberately kept the masses in superstition and ignorance. He also exposed and put to shame the immoral practices of the leisure classes and thus stimulated many, even among the Russian gentry, to purity, and made them understand what the true meaning of sex relation is. Again, through word and example he preached to the lazy rich the nobility of work, especially physical work, and showed it to be necessary for attaining a true state of happiness. Again, he proved himself the champion of the poor, the persecuted and oppressed, without regard to race

or creed, believing in the brotherhood of all men and fearlessly attacking those in power and forcing them to ameliorate the social and economic conditions of the people, himself always willing to do more than his share, especially in those dark days of the famines, the war, and the revolution. Again, like no other prophet of the Christian era he attacked the ferocious beast of war, and preached "peace on earth, good will to men" to all civilized nations. Finally, he proclaimed Love as the only sure foundation of all social relations in this and the future life. Aside from many contradictions, blunders, and eccentricities which one could find in his life and work, and which unfriendly critics with painstaking care are gathering to proclaim to the world, in spite of all this, Tolstoy for many generations to come will remain a tremendous moral stimulus and inspiration to all truth-seeking and righteousness-loving men.

Surely at a very critical period of our civilization Tolstoy became a chosen vessel in the hands of God. He fought a good fight, he kept his faith to the end, and has entered the long-sought rest.

Julius F. Hecker

EDITORIAL DEPARTMENTS

NOTES AND DISCUSSIONS

THE AMERICAN STANDARD BIBLE AND DR. CHARLES MARSH MEAD

THE world is greatly indebted to the late Dr. Charles Marsh Mead for his work on the Old Testament of the American Revised Bible. As more than a quarter of a century has elapsed since the English Revised Bible was issued, of which the American Standard edition is a recension, it may be well to recall a few facts concerning the English Revision. It was begun in England in 1870, and in July of that year American scholars were invited to take part in it. Accordingly, the American Committee of Revisers was formed, consisting of two companies, one for the Old Testament and one for the New Testament. Dr. Mead was the youngest member of the Old Testament Company. Both the English and the American Revisers refused to receive any compensation either for their labor or for the sale of the books.

The English and the Americans worked in concert, each going over a given passage, exchanging their results, and each giving careful and repeated consideration to the results of the other. If there were finally points of difference between them, the English, who initiated the work of revision, had, as was fitting, the decisive vote. But it was proposed on the British side that the American preferences should be published in an Appendix. The work was carried on thus for years, till, in July, 1884, the English held in London their last session, and Dr. George E. Day and Dr. Mead were, by vote of the American Committee, made their representatives in London on this occasion.

The American Committee pledged its support for fourteen years to the edition thus prepared, and in 1885 it was issued. But the University Presses were in such haste to publish that it was impossible to prepare the Appendix with sufficient care, and thus it was very incomplete, and was itself in need of laborious revision.

The American Committee did not disband, but hoped at the end of the fourteen years to publish an edition of their own. Accord-

ingly, they engaged more or less diligently in preparing for it, and as that period approached, they, in 1897, resumed their work formally. But by this time many members of the Committee had died, and those who survived were widely sundered. This separation was especially true of the Old Testament Company, who were scattered from the Eastern coast to Colorado. The most of the work of that company had, therefore, to be done by correspondence. Dr. Mead was appointed by that company to go through the whole Old Testament, to make his notes and suggestions, and to send them to each of the other members to be considered and be voted upon. Consequently, Dr. Mead was obliged to give his whole time to the work for the ensuing years. It was not the labor which he would have chosen to devote himself wholly to; on the contrary, it was a self-denying work for which he had to relinquish many inviting and several lucrative occupations. But for various reasons he seemed to the Old Testament Company to be the member best fitted to perform the task, and he set aside his own preferences and applied himself to it assiduously.

He went through the whole Old Testament, which is about four fifths of the entire Bible, consulting numerous versions and authorities in English and in foreign languages, and adding also a number of renderings which had been recorded as adopted by a two-thirds majority of the original American Old Testament Company. He had these notes and suggestions typewritten and sent, from time to time, to his colleagues to be duly considered and returned to him with their votes; he collated and recorded their votes, and entered the results upon the copy for the press. He took up his residence in New Haven, Conn., that he might be near Dr. George E. Day, the secretary of the Old Testament Company, and also secretary of the joint Committee. Dr. Day's vision was so greatly impaired by cataract that it was necessary for Dr. Mead to go over most of the points with him orally in order to have his valuable opinion and vote.

A friend in New Haven, himself a scholar, who was intimate with Dr. Mead in these years, has written: "Upon this task he wrought with an industry that was immense. . . . It was the toil of his days and his nights for a number of years, and the ripe result of the studies of his life. If, as has been said on both sides of the sea, this version is the best English version ever yet made, I think we must give to him a large share of the credit. This is his best monument."

In addition to this work on the text of the Scriptures, which required the coöperation of his colleagues, he himself prepared the topical page headings; revised the paragraph divisions; prepared, with the assistance of scholars not connected with the Revision Committee, marginal references; wrote the Preface to the Old Testament; and made a careful Appendix. Finally, the proofreading, in which he had expected the assistance of a colleague, devolved wholly upon him. This last unstimulating, but prolonged and exacting work, broke down his excellent health, and for several years he suffered from deafness and dizziness, which doctors and aurists agreed in attributing to the wearing proofreading. Later, these troubles wore away, and he did not suffer from them during the last two or three years of his life.

The first edition of the American Bible was issued in 1901. Dr. J. Henry Thayer, secretary of the New Testament Company, at that time wrote to Dr. Mead: "We ought to be thankful that we have lived through it—especially YOU." Dr. Mead did a great deal of work again on the second edition, and he was, in the later years of his life, often consulted by the publishers on minor points about which their correspondents questioned them. One of them has written, "Although sometimes we asked a great many questions, which must have taken days at a time to answer, we found him ever pleasant and ready to answer every question which was submitted to him in connection with the revision of the Bible. . . . Such a labor of love as he was permitted to render to the Christian public, not only of the United States, but of the whole world, is an honor granted only to a few of the great scholars of the world."

Another of them wrote: "Dr. Mead was truly a great scholar, and during the years this work was in progress he freely gave his time and talent without any remuneration whatever to the making of what is conceded by scholars generally to be the most perfect translation of the Bible. . . . The whole Bible-reading world is the gainer by his noble and generous life."

"THE GREAT AVENGER"

James Russell Lowell, in one of the noblest of his great freedom poems, wrote:

> Careless seems the great Avenger; history's pages but record
> One death-grapple in the darkness 'twixt old systems and the Word.

And a greater than Lowell, even John Milton, began one of his most memorable, most inspiring sonnets with these words:

> Avenge, O Lord, thy slaughtered saints, whose bones
> Lie scattered on the Alpine Mountains cold;
> Ev'n them who kept thy truth so pure of old,
> When all our fathers worshipt stocks and stones.

A Hebrew psalmist had already set these modern writers a very ancient example when he said,

> O Lord God, to whom vengeance belongeth,
> Thou God to whom vengeance belongeth, shine forth:
> Lift up thyself, thou judge of the earth,
> Render to the proud their desert.
> Lord, how long shall the wicked,
> How long shall the wicked triumph?

Nor was this a mere Jewish frame of mind, for the great Christian apostle very similarly emphasizes the same important thought when he tells his converts suffering under persecution not to avenge themselves, but to remember that it is written, "Vengeance belongeth unto me, I will recompense, saith the Lord." And he expressly says, "The Lord is the avenger of all such" as are defrauded or oppressed. And Christ himself declares that God will surely "avenge his own elect that cry day and night unto him." Many other quotations to the same purport might readily be given, for they abound in all parts of Scripture from Genesis to Revelation, but there is no need to multiply them here.

There is need, however, we believe, to press home upon the people of this generation the truth that lies behind such words. Lowell wrote, in 1844, when slavery reared its hideous head triumphant,

> Slavery, the earthborn Cyclops, fellest of the giant brood,
> Sons of brutish Force and Darkness, who have drenched the earth with blood.

Milton, too, lived in stormy times, when the cause of evil prospered, and the massacre of Protestants, in 1655, on "the Italian fields, where still doth sway the triple tyrant," sent a thrill of horror and indignation through Puritan England. In all periods of persecution the conviction has been deep and strong that if the persecutor pays no penalty God's character is impugned. "The souls of them that were slain for the word of God," says the Apocalyptic writer, "cried with a loud voice, How long, O Lord, holy and true, dost thou not avenge our blood on them that dwell on the earth?" God could not be holy and

true, is the feeling, if he paid no heed to such an appeal. Every instinct of justice exclaims,

> "When, O Father of light, when shall the reckoning come,
> To lift the weak, and strike the oppressor dumb?"

The emotion is natural, inevitable, and wholesome. He that ruleth in the heavens must be just. The vindication of the righteous, the protection of the poor, the punishment of the wicked, is an essential part of his work, and they who look in vain for earthly help turn to the skies their longing eyes with the inward assurance that somewhere, some time, the Strong One shall stretch forth his mighty arm in their behalf. They say, with ancient Job, "I know that my *Goel,* my vindicator, my redeemer, liveth, and at last he shall stand up upon the earth, I shall see him, and ye shall know there is a judgment."

We live in milder days. Most of us, at least, pass our time in peace. We are not suffering intolerable wrongs, are not burning up with fierce wrath and bitter resentment against bold-faced, foul-mouthed tyranny. Things go well with us, and it seems to be a very good sort of a world, this in which we live. How easy, under such conditions, to lose sight of this side of the character of God and to suffer in our own character therefrom. Truth has its fashions and its phases. For a time one of the sides or angles of this large polyhedron gets attention, and then comes a reaction and some other side is emphasized or springs into view. Rarely, if ever, is there a calm, full-orbed survey of the entire proportions of a proposition. Hence there is pressing need of quite frequent restatements, of calling the minds of men afresh to neglected principles, of correcting current misconceptions.

That God is a tender, loving Father, full of mercy and compassion, affectionate, forgiving, forbearing, one who does not willingly afflict or grieve the children of men, who are also his children, is a doctrine replete with comfort and very precious to all of us. But when it is allowed to monopolize the field of thought so that anything of another tenor is resented and denounced, how great the harm! For one thing, sin is made light of. If things go on much longer in the direction that is at present so popular with the pleasure-loving, self-indulgent and reckless masses, that is so common in the newspapers and in great numbers of pulpits even, the very mention of sin will soon have disappeared and an intimation that there is such a

thing as punishment for broken laws will be deemed an outrage. It has come nearly to that now in some circles. People are angered when told the truth about God, when confronted with facts concerning the universe which are not agreeable to them, which they do not wish to admit. As if anything was to be gained by shutting one's eyes and pretending. As if a situation could be altered by denying its existence. Surely God is still sovereign. His laws still have teeth. For the good of the world they lay their stern mandate upon high and low and demand obedience. When man, in his pride of power or wealth, his conceit of supposed immunity from anything that need check the gratification of his desires, ignores the plain rules of prudence and slams his big ships at express speed against the solid wall of God's ice, thinking they must give way to his arrogance, he is taught a terrible but most needful lesson. And when, with similar pride and callous indifference, he chooses the primrose path of dalliance and indulgence in spite of all warnings from within or without, in due time his foot slides, the pit of destruction yawns, and he finds no way to check himself from plunging over the abyss.

"Learn what God is like," says the poet Frederick William Faber. He says it to God's workmen, that they may not lose heart, and that, in the darkest battlefield, they may know where to strike. Let it be said also to God's enemies, that they may learn how foolish and futile is their opposition to his will. It is a lesson of genuine mercy. How many false foundations, leading to fancied security, are being built on the supposition that God is not very particular about moral rectitude, that he is easy-going in his administration, that he is too loving to make any one suffer for sin. Such theories muffle the alarm bell of conscience and lull into deadly slumber those who are on the brink of destruction, those who are in the path of the whirlwind. God is not like the baseless conceptions of these deluded and misguided men who have fabricated a deity after their own lawless hearts. He is not like the figures set up for worship by those who consult simply their own vain imaginations and selfish desires. He is not like the divinities conjured or concocted by the false prophets, who minister to the itching ears of those who pay them while they cry Peace, peace, where there is no peace. He is not like the jelly fish, without backbone. A spineless nonentity is not in charge of things. What woe to the universe were such the case. How quickly would cosmos become chaos. What evil and misery would straightway ensue were there no stringent execution of righteous laws, were serious doubt cast on the propo-

sition that one must reap what he sows. Even the ancient Greeks, in their pagan theology and mythology, understood this fairly well. Æschylus, the father of Greek tragedy, five hundred years before Christ, put a very stern aspect upon Destiny. The Titans, who rose in revolt against Heaven, were finally subdued by Zeus, hurled into the dungeons below Tartarus, surrounded by a brazen wall, and guarded by the hundred-handed.

What is God like? No single term or phrase can contain the whole truth about him. But it is surely to be said that righteousness is fundamental and supreme in his character. It is the most fundamental thing there, and the most comprehensive. It is central and vital in his being, as much so as the sun is to the planets. It indicates the glorious fullness of his moral excellence, a union of all existing excellencies, his self-consistency, his perfect goodness. It means that he is certain to do right, or to do the thing which ought to be done. It carries with it necessarily the most strenuous opposition to sin. It means that he has an eternal, irreconcilable controversy with all unholiness, all transgression of law. Nor is there any conflict between his holiness and his love. Each implies the other. But if either is subordinate, it must be love. God makes regard for his own purity and honor the standard by which the outgoing of affection toward his creatures is to be guided and limited. Only as God is true to himself will he have anything of value to give to others. Love must ever be under the control of righteousness; it must be a holy love. In God holiness or righteousness always includes love, and love always expresses holiness. Both of them forbid that it should be well with sinful men so long as they cling to their sin. And both of them, as Professor William Newton Clarke so well put it, are summed up in the single word, "God is Light." "Light is pure and suggests the perfect goodness which is free from stain of evil; light is forth-streaming and suggests self-impartation, a free coming forth to bless the world."

It is God's righteousness which makes him the great Avenger, that is, the executor of the law, the punisher of those who violate it, the vindicator of the good, the deliverer of innocence, the enemy of wickedness, the Chief Magistrate of the universe. It may, of course, be said, it has been often said by those who have been perplexed and troubled by "the godless look of earth" in their hours of need, that history does not bear out the conception that such a sovereign really reigns. As Faber has so fittingly expressed it,

He hides himself so wondrously
As though there were no God;
He is least seen when all the powers
Of ill are most abroad.

Or he deserts us at the hour
The fight is all but lost;
And seems to leave us to ourselves
Just when we need him most.

Those to whom has come defeat in a righteous cause, or suffering in behalf of truth, are strongly tempted to declare, in their haste and disappointment, that "Truth is forever on the scaffold, Wrong forever on the throne." Yet the longer view, the calmer reflection, makes it clear that

That scaffold sways the future, and, behind the dim unknown,
Standeth God within the shadow, keeping watch above his own.

Or, as the other great Cambridge poet has voiced it,

Though the mills of God grind slowly, yet they grind exceeding small,
Though with patience he stands waiting, with exactness grinds he all.

It is only when we foolishly insist that the development of justice shall take place in our own way and in a very brief period that we get into serious difficulty about this. Evil cannot permanently prevail. The man of faith and hope and courage, the man who understands the constitution of the universe and the nature of him who rules it, is of the same belief with Robert Browning, who

Never doubted clouds would break,
Never dreamed though Right were worsted, Wrong would triumph.

No, it is only our short-sighted impatience, our childish, fidgety, feverish insistence on an immediate adjustment of everything, our failure to make coördination of the present with the future, that gets us into trouble with Providence. The prophets and the poets have usually comprehended matters and set them forth in proper proportion. "The whirligig of Time brings in his revenges," says Shakespeare. And again, "Time is an old Justice that examines all such ventures: let Time try."

This even-handed justice
Commends the ingredients of our poisoned chalice
To our own lips.

And Byron, as well as the great William, also affirms, "Man wrongs, and Time avenges."

Time, the avenger! unto thee I lift
My hands and eyes and heart, and crave of thee a gift.

But time, of course, does nothing, is never an active agent. It is God who, in the course of time, in his own good time, works out his far purposes and brings to pass his grand designs; God, who is "over all, and through all, and in all," "from whom are all things and to whom are all things," "God, who worketh all things in all," "who filleth all in all," God, without whom is nothing done and by whose power all things of a material sort proceed or stand.

If we only make God great enough in our thought, as great as he is in reality, as great as both science and reason unite to prove him, and have that confidence in him which a thorough survey of his operations and perfections fully warrants, our troubles about "the godless look of earth" will soon depart and the doubts that come, as to whether God has kept or can keep his promises to men, will speedily disappear. The difficulty with most people seems to be that they have little logic and less faith; that they let their ephemeral feelings rule them. They do not comprehend that God (in the realm of active events) must be all or nothing, that there is no middle ground, no distinction of small or great that can be of any value, no possible dividing of the universe betwixt him and Satan. An exceedingly favorite couplet with many is

> Praise God from whom all blessings flow;
> Evils from circumstances grow.

By portioning out affairs in this extremely presumptuous, preposterous, and short-sighted manner, they get into no end of confusion. They dare to sit in blind, precipitate judgment on the events that reach them, decide that this is good, that evil, ascribe the former to the Lord, the latter to the devil, and conduct themselves accordingly. The results are ruinous to peace, as well as to any consistent theory of things. There is surely a better way. Who are we to settle what is good and what evil? Nothing short of infinite wisdom can determine that. "Circumstances" are never independent of the Almighty, and have no power to defeat his plans. God is in them, behind them, and over them all. There is no such thing as luck or chance or accident. Fate and Fortune are pagan words. Let the worldling, if he will, bow down before these false deities and set up a horseshoe for a shrine. Let the Christian look further, deeper, higher, and see his Father on the throne, making both the wrath of man and the perversity of things to praise him, making the wrath of man when it comes into the realm of things subordinate to divine control. This is the only way to be at rest, whatever comes.

There are those to whom it appears essential for their comfort to save the beneficence of God at the expense of his power. They excuse him from having aught to do with disagreeable or perplexing occurrences, that they may the more easily conceive of him as unvaryingly kind. They seem to find large satisfaction in setting up a mysterious rival deity whom they fondly call "Nature," to whose "laws" they ascribe whatever they account unpleasant or cruel. The God whom they wish to worship is thus protected, they fancy, from any complicity with the somber side of creation, with the hurricane, the earthquake, the avalanche, the volcano, the famine, the pestilence. Their feeble faith is thus delivered from the strain which would be put upon it if God was to be held responsible for what they cannot comprehend. These timid and foolish souls have evidently never stopped to think what they mean by Nature or who this "Nature" is that promulgates and executes so many "laws" which get thoughtless and ignorant folks into so much trouble. They have surely never discovered any such deity in the Bible. Nor is any personality of this sort recognized to-day by that ordered and classified knowledge which we label Science. Philosophy utterly scouts it. Piety, so far from needing it, is greatly crippled by it. No habit could be more destructive of true and close communion with the Almighty than the habit of substituting for him this pseudo-divinity called "Nature." It puts the believer at a vast disadvantage, cuts off a large segment of life from the legitimate operations of religion, and leaves man defenseless before his enemies, a helpless prey to forces guided by no intelligence, unless it be a malign one, and springing from no source that he can love or respect. It is an utterly childish scheme, with which no one who thinks can have any sympathy, leading only to hopeless confusion of thought and rendering impossible any consistent system of Providence. The comfort which it imparts is shallow and superficial. The comfort which it destroys is the only sort which can really weather those storms which all of us sooner or later must meet.

We cannot have a great Provider without a great Avenger. We cannot have a God who loves without having likewise a God who hates. He cannot love righteousness without hating iniquity. His attitude toward these two absolute contradictories cannot possibly be the same. Nor can he have intensity in one direction and laxity in the opposite. By as much as he approves the good he must antagonize the bad. The reaction of a perfectly constituted nature is equal on all sides, and precisely in accordance with that which impinges upon

it. The notion that God is a flabby bunch of tolerant plasticity, acting from a caprice, a formless, spineless mush of mere good nature, is wholly without basis save in the fancies of those who construct his image after their own unregulated, chaotic, and sinful desires.

What can be worse for a people or a generation than to cherish unworthy and mistaken conceptions of the character of God? Those conceptions, springing from their own evil hearts and ungoverned minds, will in turn intensify the wrong bias which gave them birth. A flimsy God, of invertebrate structure, such as multitudes try to persuade themselves has some sort of vague shadowy existence, will inevitably produce human beings in a similarly unstrung and unduly flexible condition, and when there is call for men to stand with Gibraltarlike solidity against inrushing tides of corruption and demoralization, those who are found of this sort will be too few to save the city. A God who is never to be feared, whose commands can be ignored with impunity, whose law has no penalty, or none that need give people of position any uneasiness, is a God whose influence in the world is very slight and very much to be deplored. Where do people get such an idea of God? This conception of his indiscriminate benevolence, of his unmeasured, interminable goodness, which constitutes their only view of his character, and which they roll with such immense satisfaction as an especially sweet morsel under their tongue—where does it come from? Certainly not from his Word, whether that be the Word written with the pens of those who have walked nearest to him in spirit or the Word written on the rocks and blazing in the stars. Nay, verily, it comes only from the disordered and lawless fancies of those who imagine a very vain thing and worship an idol having no existence but in their own foolish, sinful minds.

The true God, the real God, speaks in the thunder as well as in the zephyr, burns in the torrid sun as well as sparkles in the star-kissed dewdrop, walks on the storm-swept mountainside and in the flowery mead. He has threatenings for the disobedient as well as abundant blessings for the loyal. He makes a clear distinction in his administration between those who do good and those who do evil. And it will be of no use for those who disregard his admonitions to plead, as a bar against the penalty which inevitably must fall, that they thought him too good to be severe. Severity with sin is a component part of his goodness. No other goodness is rational. It is not within his design, nor within his power, to make the bad blissful. He

loves them too much for that, has too much regard for the welfare of his creation. Let those who love him rejoice; no others have the right, or the ability, to do so. Let those who rebel against him be in fear; he knows how to make himself strong in the face of his enemies. Let those who suffer wrong be of good cheer. Their deliverer and avenger neither slumbers nor sleeps, although for a season such may be the appearance.

Thrice blest is he to whom is given
The instinct that can tell
That God is on the field when he
Is most invisible.

Blest, too, is he who can divine
Where real right doth lie,
And dares to take the side that seems
Wrong to man's blindfold eye.

For right is right, since God is God;
And right the day must win;
To doubt would be disloyalty,
To falter would be sin.

THE BENNETT MUSEUM OF CHRISTIAN ARCHÆOLOGY

THE last century has been preëminently one of archæological exploration and discovery. The spade has revealed much. It has also at the same time buried forever much fanciful speculation concerning some things in ancient life. The archæologist has rewritten many chapters of ancient history, modified our conceptions of racial origins, enriched our languages, made necessary new grammars and lexicons, widened our knowledge of art and literature, broadened and deepened our conception of religion. Entire peoples for the knowledge of whom we were wholly dependent upon the tales of Grecian and Roman travelers, and who at best were but indistinct outlines on the dim horizon of history, are now living and throbbing personalities, flesh of our flesh, praying, loving, warring, trading, and making their contributions to the wealth of human civilization.

A century ago the traveler beheld with wonder, from the rocks of Asia Minor to the cliffs of the upper Nile, the uncouth figures and mysterious hieroglyphs of the Egyptian kings, and the eleven "Pharaohs" who appear in nebulous haze in the biblical records were but shadowy forms. To-day Rameses the Second is a labeled mummy in the Gizeh Museum, while his exploits are almost as well known as

those of Napoleon the First, and we now are able to read the mysterious hieroglyphs, which through the indefatigable labors of a distinguished American scholar have been assembled and translated for use of the student of history. Much less than a century ago all that had come to Europe of the remains of Assyria and Babylonia was contained in a box three feet square, which was filled with some odd-looking bricks covered with strange indentations whose meaning no one could determine, while the Assyrian and Babylonian monarchs were known to us chiefly through Greek authors and the fiery and eloquent denunciations of the Hebrew prophets. By means of the deciphering of the great historical inscriptions, we are now studying the campaigns of Tiglath-pileser, Sargon, Shalmaneser, and Sennacherib and other famous kings of the Euphrates Valley with almost as much satisfaction as the brilliant maneuvers of Frederick the Great.

Leading museums are filled with huge slabs and thousands of tablets unfolding the splendor of the civilization of the Tigro-Euphrates Valley and its profound influence upon the history, religion, and laws of the Hebrews.

The fascinating story of the work in classical fields is known to readers everywhere—how that the cities of Greece and Asia Minor have arisen from the dead, while Greek art, history, and literature have taken on a new charm because of the additional chapters furnished by the steady work of the archæologist.

Millions of money have been poured out and millions more are to come in order to dig up the buried past civilizations. To this end great societies have arisen to search the ancient sites. Leading institutions have sent out numerous expeditions manned by highly trained experts; governments have organized archæological commissions; notable schools for the study of the archæology of a country in situ have been established at Rome, Athens, and Jerusalem. Professors of leading universities now conduct companies of students to distant lands in order that they may study in the field the impressive data furnished by the explorer and also enter personally into the work of unearthing the buried mounds in selected localities.

Although the discovery of Christian antiquities has not in recent years bulked so largely as the work in other fields, yet the student of the antiquities of the early Christian church may easily claim to have been the first in the field of modern archæological research. The Protestant reformer in the sixteenth century, in argument with the Catholic, appealed to the early church, claiming that the Catholic was

untrue to the genius and spirit of primitive Christianity. Recourse was consequently had by both to the early Christian monuments. The result was to stimulate inquiry into the life of the first Christian centuries and the collection of vast numbers of early Christian monuments from various epochs. This was greatly stimulated by the rediscovery of the catacombs and the early studies of Bosio, the father of catacomb research, and his successors. From that time there has gone on, sporadically, a search over the vast areas occupied by the early church in Italy, Spain, France, Asia Minor, Africa, Dalmatia, Germany, and Britain. This work is still in progress, and now and then we are treated to a new thrill as some tomb, or papyrus, or slab, adds its testimony to that of the long list of witnesses. We have only to recall some of the most remarkable finds within the past generation, such as the completing of the Epistles of Clement by the discovery of Bryennios in 1875; the unearthing of the Gospel and Apocalypse of Peter, by the French Mission in Cairo, in a grave at Akhmim in Egypt, in 1886; the publishing of the Diatessaron of Tatian and its translation into English, in 1875; the recovery, by Professor Rendal Harris, of the Syrian Version of Aristides, the Christian Philosopher, in 1889; the finding at Beneseh, in Egypt, in 1897, of the "Sayings of Jesus"; the discovery of the "New Sayings," in 1893, at Oxyrynchus; the recent bringing to light of manuscripts at Elephantine, which has a distinct Christian bearing; the opening of new catacombs by Marucchi, at Rome, within the past few years; the steady progress in the uncovering of the Christian ruins in the important early Christian city of Salona, in Dalmatia, under the lead of Professor F. R. Bulic, veteran archæologist and accomplished scholar; the uncovering within a few months past of the singular Gnostic tombs on the Via Latina, in Rome.

It goes without saying that it becomes necessary to collect and arrange all this vast material, as far as possible, in order that it may become accessible to the student. A museum of archæology is as necessary in some branches of historical study as a museum of anatomy is to a student of medicine. It has even been found advisable to establish a museum for the study of the history of religion as it has developed among the various peoples of the world, as witness the Musée Guimet, in Paris, where one may study the various accompaniments of worship and religious observation among the numerous cults discoverable among men, from the feather stick of the witch doctor to the noblest representations of Christian devotion.

The leading cities of the world have their great museums as repositories where one may study to some extent the progress of human culture. Governmental subsidies and private munificence combine to gather from all quarters the results of exploration and discovery. Rome, Paris, Berlin, New York, Chicago are centers toward which the student of history and archæology gravitates. We may not hope, in America, to rival the great European collections. Few originals can be hoped for, and it is upon replicas of the great monuments that we must chiefly rely, yet through the growing interest of some of our merchant princes America is securing some notable antiquities. A London paper regrets that some of the valuable manuscripts are being purchased by certain American multimillionaires, to be placed in their "bijou-libraries," referring no doubt to the recently acquired Freer manuscript and the Morgan Coptic manuscripts.

There is in America no substantial collection of Christian antiquities. The greatest collection of the remains of the early Christian centuries is found in Rome, in the Lateran, the Vatican, and the Kircherian museums. The British Museum has a small collection of early Christian objects. Berlin has the most notable exhibit of Christian archæology outside of Rome. This was built up by Dr. Ferdinand Piper, the preceptor of the late Dr. Charles W. Bennett, who was for three years a student of Piper and whose use of this fine collection led him to dream of establishing in America a similar museum in connection with the Garrett Biblical Institute.

Dr. Bennett had in a wonderful degree the art of inspiring his students. One who had caught the glow of his teacher said to him, years ago, that if he succeeded in making money enough he would give the funds for the establishing of a museum of archæology. It was many years afterward, when the beloved teacher had ascended to his reward, that the former pupil came to realize his dream and furnished the promised gift to carry out the wish of his honored teacher. It was through the munificence of Mr. William Deering, of the board of trustees of the Institute, and farseeing benefactor of Methodist institutions, that the building was erected which furnished accommodations for the forthcoming museum. This was in connection with the new library building, the upper floor of which was set apart for the collection of Christian antiquities. This structure was dedicated in 1908. Steps were taken by President Little toward the fitting up of the museum, which was finally installed, with the assistance of Professor Alfred Emerson, of the Chicago Art Institute, an expert in

matters of archæology. The museum was open to the public in May, 1911, the formal address being given by the late Professor Olcott, professor of Latin in Columbia University, who lectured on "Some Recent Finds in Christian Archæology."

The visitor to the museum is at once attracted by the elaborate mural decorations. On the side walls and ceiling are painted the cycle of pictures from the catacomb frescoes, ranging from the second to the fourth centuries. The attempt has been to reproduce the style and coloring of the original frescoes as seen in the catacombs of Saints Priscilla, Lucina, Callistus, Domatilla, and Petrus et Marcellinus.

The Christian archæology is set on a background of Greco-Roman archæology. Among the classical monuments we notice complete models of Athens and Rome, with their immortal ruins; a sectional model of a Roman house; life-size models of Roman and Greek soldiers in full armor; illustrations of the several orders of classical architecture; a replica of the monument to Constantine, with a splendid quadriga, fully equipped; life-size statues of several Roman emperors; models of sections of the great Pergamon altar; a tombstone of a Roman centurion. There is also a collection of engraved gems, pagan, gnostic, and Christian, and a collection of ancient coins and medals, Hebrew, Greek, and Roman. There is a valuable collection of replicas of Greek and Roman glass ware.

One can well study here the evolution of the Christian church as to its structure. In a central position are shown the altar and ikonastasis of an ancient Byzantine church, together with a reproduction of the marble chancel rail. A large collection of photographs arranged for study shows the interior and exterior structure and decoration of the leading church structures of the ancient and medieval world.

For the study of early Christian art there is abundant material. The statue of Hippolytus from the Lateran museum is one of the chief treasures. There are several copies, full size, of some of the most beautiful of the Christian sarcophagi, from the Lateran museum. Fifty copies of some of the most celebrated Christian ivories, from the fourth to the twelfth centuries, furnish admirable material for the study of this beautiful work. For the study of Christian symbolism, the ceiling and the walls, already referred to, furnish ample material in the way of pictorial art, while a good collection of ancient lamps with the fish and the palm tree indicates the vast field which opens up in this line.

In Christian epigraphy there have been provided about fifty copies of the well-known Greek and Latin inscriptions found in the leading museums, from the rudely cut catacomb "titulus" to the elaborately chiseled Damascene inscription of the fourth century by the hand of the expert calligraphist Filocalus. Not least to be reckoned in this field are twenty original early Christian burial slabs recently brought from Rome, where they were purchased for the Bennett museum. They belong approximately to the third and fourth centuries.

The collection will undoubtedly be the repository of all material for the study of biblical archæology. The museum has acquired sixty original Assyrian tablets and a copy of the great Nestorian inscription from West China, in Chinese and Syriac.

In connection with the museum there is being assembled a complete library of Christian archæology, so that the student in this field may have every available literary source for research in this direction.

Fresh material will constantly augment the already valuable antiquities assembled, for the work of uncovering the buried remains of the early Christian churches is still in progress.

Garrett Biblical Institute thus has the distinction of establishing the first museum of Christian archæology in America, and with it will be perpetually associated the name of that princely man and accomplished scholar Charles Wesley Bennett.

THE ARENA

REACTIONARY EVANGELISM

One of the most important features of the work accomplished by the late General Conference at Minneapolis, was what was done in the interest of a saner, a better, and a broader evangelism; an evangelism tending toward the very best type of personal evangelism growing out of all other kinds of evangelistic work.

This country has been cursed by a certain type of *reactionary* evangelism, most of which has died a natural death, but some of which is still alive and doing business at the old stand.

The aim of this evangelism is wrong. It aims at big meetings primarily, booming write-ups, great interest created by sensational methods and conditions, and, finally, a very big collection called a "free will" offering, and brought about in nearly the same manner as a big church dedication is consummated. To this end numberless accounts are given of the extensive charity work of the evangelist. He has a dependent father and mother, three sisters, and a crippled brother, all depending upon him. He keeps four dozen poor boys in school and has thirty native preachers over in China. He is going to give his home to the superannuate preachers when he dies—though his wife may not die first. Then he is so hard up for cash that he can hardly save a dollar, for he pays on insurance and on mortgages all the time.

The results of this evangelism are unsatisfactory, for they do not build up the kingdom much. The people are led to act in a body. Under certain conditions all want to be saved, and all excepting the mentally delinquent choose Christianity as the chief religion and are willing to favor some one church as their chief church in the community. Perhaps 3,000 have been led to sign cards to this effect, and if all but about five of these hold out no longer than a few months—or weeks—that is no sign that the churches are dead, for they had not anything to hold on to by means of which to hold out. Moody used to say that many people have the reputation of having backslidden who never slid forward, and hence could not backslide.

Then the dependence of these is wrong. It is well to use the newspapers, but not well to so use them that they all feel, as do most of their readers, that the committee appointed for the press work of the evangelistic meeting is competing with yellow journalism in the art of gross lying. It is well to encourage those who are trying to step out, but it is all wrong to count "one, two, three, four, five, ten, twenty, thirty, forty—glory to God!—forty souls want to be saved here to-night," when only a few have raised their hands to say that they have just a little interest in their own salvation, and they were given the privilege of doing that while others had their heads bowed upon the seats in front of them,

hence could not embarrass them in the least. It is well to help a man forward when under conviction, but all wrong to not wait until he gets really interested and will come all the way, and taking him in this condition, when he will not bow in prayer, but is willing to go and shake hands with the evangelist and hopes to meet him in heaven—which hope all mentally sound people have in their innermost being. Children have been soundly converted under men like Hammond and others. Many of them just as convincingly give their hearts to God to-day and have an experience which brings tears to their eyes and joy to their hearts; but that is quite another matter from having them go forward in a body, most of them laughing and hardly one of them having the least idea of what it really means. Some of these reactionary evangelists get their largest numerical results from these hosts of children going forward in children's meetings. Here in this very field, where a sane evangelism in our Sunday school work would bring the largest *permanent* results to the church—here the reactionary does his largest amount of harm. How many children have been ruined in their spiritual lives by unsound, almost insane, workers making absolutely necessary to their salvation certain features of the work which must of necessity belong only to souls long lost in sin. Boys and girls have been placed in such positions, and such demands have been made upon them at the altar as to forever drive them away from all evangelistic meetings. Noise takes the place of power. Certain bodily gyrations make up for want of logic or sound sense. Certain physical demonstrations satisfy the mentally unsound, and the abnormal who, condemning all others not as abnormal as themselves, praise this kind of work and support it to such extent as to never praise any other kind of work and support nothing else. This is a great curse.

Opposed to this reactionary evangelism is that sane and sound, that sweet-spirited and yet intense evangelism which exalts Jesus Christ, depends upon his Spirit to win and the Holy Spirit to convince, convict and illuminate the soul of the sinner desirous of finding God. It exalts the Word of God, which Word was in the beginning with God and which Word was God. It treats all sacred things in a sacred manner and builds up a reverential spirit which is the salvation of the church as an organization. It believes in giving whatever time is necessary for the blossoming of the work. Faith claims the promise as of old, but it does not claim the promise the same for the sinning adult as for the child or the young person in the congregation. It believes that real, definite results are just as attainable now as ever before, but if these results are to be many and constant in the church, every member who loves Christ must work for him every day, and thus build up a continual personal evangelism which is enhanced by every special meeting and made permanent by the leadership of the pastor and his Board. It holds that real experience can come to any soul, but that it is best to judge of your spiritual condition by what you are willing to do and what you do accomplish for Jesus Christ. It believes in feeling, but feeling coming as a result of doing for the sake of the King is more logical than feeling worked up by assembly of numbers coming to feel alike and thus transmitting feeling to all; for

feeling coming as a result of doing something definite for Christ and his kingdom means far more to the soul, even in revival work, than feeling transmitted from others or the multitude. It believes in keenest sense of sin and deepest conviction wrought by the Holy Spirit, but it does not believe in anyone depending upon worked-up interest which does not center in a practical life squared by the sermon on the mount and having the glory of Christ for its center. It would create that passion for souls in every member of the Kingdom which would go out into the highways and byways and compel them to come in. Create this passion for souls, and a way will be found to reach them. Spiritual activity will not vanish in the summer time and only have being during special seasons of work in the winter season. Get a soul to Jesus Christ, to surrender to him, to allow him to be its Guide and Master for all the future, then have that new-born soul go out and begin working for him and his kingdom, and there will be fewer members of the church accused of having backslidden, and there will be far more real, practical energy expended in the Kingdom. What is needed is a sane, an intense, a broad evangelism which faints at nothing in the world of sin; which has a faith as great as Paul's, a spiritual vision as clear as John's, an enthusiasm as strong as Peter's, and a moral sense as intense as James's. Such an evangelism will sweep the country for Christ and build up the church permanently in things soundly religious and Christian and Methodistic.

Stillwater, Okla. W. T. Euster.

THE HYMN-LOVER

"He looks like a surly old fellow," I thought, as I opened the gate and walked toward the farmhouse. It was the heavy black brows in striking contrast to the snow-white hair that gave me this impression. When he rose from his chair in the shade of the house and came forward to greet me, I learned my mistake. I had not seen the bright blue eyes that twinkled beneath the brows. Now his cordial smile, his erect bearing, his welcoming words, told me that here was a man I should be glad to know.

He was living with his daughter and her husband. His sons, prosperous farmers, lived near by. Too feeble to be of real service on the farm, he was in the position of many old men who wait patiently or impatiently for the end of their earthly life, and pass away the weary hours as best they may.

We talked about the usual country topics—wheat, work, and weather—and then about the plans of the church for this and similar rural communities, and then I discovered his master passion. He was a lover of hymns. From the days of his boyhood among the Primitive Methodists of old England he had been storing away behind those black brows the masterpieces of Watts and Wesley and Montgomery.

"Excuse me a minute, and I'll get my old 'im book," and he was away to his room, as eager as a boy. It was a sadly tattered—no, not sadly, for

every worn spot meant something of spiritual beauty worn into his keen memory,. but a very tattered—volume, with many of the hymns worn quite away. But the eyes of a child could not have shone more delightedly in looking at a book of beautiful pictures than his in pointing out to me the beauties of that old hymnal.

"Here is a hymn by Moore. No, it is by Montgomery, but it sounds like Moore:

"'O who in such a world as this
Could bear his lot of pain,
Did not one radiant hope of bliss
Unclouded yet remain?'"

Could one fail to be impressed with the literary discrimination of this superannuated farmer, after comparing this stanza with one from Moore?

O who could bear life's stormy doom,
Did not thy wing of love
Come brightly wafting through the gloom,
Our peace-branch from above?

His hymn book was his book of theology. "The 'ims are full of doctrine," he would say, and then he would quote from memory some hymn emphasizing this or that belief of the church. To him there was a certain inspiration in the hymns that was lacking in controversial writings. "The writers of the 'ims wasn't trying to prove anything. They wasn't arguing anything. They just wrote what was in 'em. It was in 'em, and it just came out in these 'ims."

"Yes," I said, "it would be well if we studied the theology of the hymns more, for it came from the heart as well as from the head." "Aye!" he responded, his face all alight with enthusiasm for his favorite theme. I wonder if he knows of the controversies out of which some of our great hymns have come? If so, he knows, too, that in the hymns that have endured the pure flame of the writers' heart have burned away all the misunderstandings and differences that the controversies may have engendered, and the hymns are athrill with a message of love, and peace, and good will to men.

What a memory he has! His eyes are still clear, but if they ever fail, he will still possess a mine of pleasure and beauty in these stored-up hymns.

'O Jesus, at thy feet we wait,
Till thou shalt bid us rise,
Restored to our unsinning state
To love's sweet paradise.'

Do you remember who wrote that 'im? Was it Wesley? O, yes; 'ere it is, and Wesley did write it:

"'Since thou wouldst have us free from sin,
And pure as those above,
Make haste to bring thy nature in,
And perfect us in love.'

Isn't that fine? And so full of doctrine!"

Are not the Bible and the hymnal, appreciated in the spirit of this old man, remedies for many of the ills of age? Unless an earlier death bring us to the sweet highlands of renewed youth, you and I are coming one day to the dreary plain of declining years. Then what remembered words will bring more satisfaction than the soul-treasures gathered by the sweet singers of the ages?

A few days later I sent my venerable friend a new hymnal, and as soon thereafter as possible I made him another visit. As I approached the house, I could hear a voice which had been kept in good repair by daily use:

"Sometimes a light surprises
The Christian while he sings;
It is the Lord who rises
With healing on his wings;
When comforts are declining,
He grants the soul again
A season of clear shining,
To cheer it after rain."

In response to his daughter's call he came into the little parlor, carrying in his hand, not the new hymnal with its perfect print and binding, but his beloved old hymn book. The new book was useful as a book of reference, but it could never take the place of the worn old friend of a lifetime.

Edmore, N. D. E. Leigh Mudge.

UNDER THE FIG TREE

In the last verses of the first chapter of John's Gospel there is a simple narrative of the calling of Nathanael to be one of Christ's disciples. Simple it is to the casual reader, but full of meaning to the student.

These two persons occupy the foreground in the scene, Christ, the Son of God, and Nathanael, "in whom is no guile." We are first concerned with Nathanael, and our consideration of him leads us to Christ. We find him with God, but without Christ; we leave him with God through Christ. We catch but a fleeting glimpse of this blameless character, for he is spoken of again but once; he was one of the seven to whom Christ appeared, after his resurrection, at the sea of Tiberias. More than this we know nothing about him. Tradition has it that he preached the gospel in India and was finally crucified. But while the information about the remainder of his life and work is thus meager and of doubtful origin, he stands at this crucial moment in a blaze of glory. While the others called were in some doubt, as later events prove, at best believing in Christ only upon the Baptist's testimony and of the scene at the Jordan, Nathanael had the inward consciousness which voiced itself thus: "Rabbi, thou art the Son of God."

Did Christ refer to Nathanael's being under the fig tree before Philip

brought him the wonderful news simply to evidence his more than human knowledge? And was Nathanael convinced by this alone? I think by reading between the lines we learn a great deal more. It is this possible, rather probable, deeper significance that concerns us in this writing. Assuming that Christ's reference to the scene under the fig tree was more than casual, we look for evidence of something vital. And there it is, written in the largest type at thought's command. Language is but a poor medium for the transmission of thought, and so often we read words, gleaning their literal meaning but passing over much more than we realize. One must place himself in the situation, be fully cognizant of all the conditions, to get the full benefit of any narrative.

Therefore we will sit for the moment with Nathanael under the fig tree. This tree, we are told, is very luxuriant, and we can readily understand that its shade is a great comfort in that heated clime. Nathanael may have been a man of leisure, who spent much of his time in his garden, or a man in more ordinary circumstances, who was driven from his labors by the heat of the day. In either case, a man of his qualities would not spend all his time in sleep or indolence, but much of it in deep meditation. It is foolish to attempt to state just the occupation of his mind at the moment of Philip's arrival, but subsequent developments seem to argue a crisis in his spiritual life. Crises come in every life. Sometimes our minds are busy with preparation for a large undertaking. First, we realize its necessity and in a vague way hope that it will come to the attention of some person of greater ability and influence than ourselves. Time passes, and apparently the great need has not appealed to those in, as it appears, a better position to work out and apply a remedy. Meanwhile, the weight has oppressed us, and finally we determine to do our best, believing that if we are not able to complete the task, our effort will at least attract the attention of others and in time the consummation will be attained. This determination does not come in a moment, but the mental crisis is reached only after mature deliberation. Or, again, crises come in the more circumscribed affairs of our personal experience. Hitherto we have not been confronted by a peculiar temptation, because of the peculiar ordering of our lives by heredity, environment, and early training. We think ourselves immune until this particular time, when, coming unexpectedly, the enticement proves more seductive than we have imagined. We put off the thought, but the crisis comes when the evil thing must be faced squarely and a decision rendered.

Whatever the nature of this crisis in the life of Nathanael, he came from the encounter victorious, for Christ commended him in the words, "In whom is no guile." In such a situation the wise man does not rely upon his own strength. He has learned by experience that the battle is hard fought and of doubtful issue when he undertakes it alone, but of short duration and always resulting in victory when the power of God is enlisted. "If God be for us, who can be against us?" Here is the way that Nathanael leads us to Christ. In his hour of trial he invoked God's help. Or were it not an hour of trial, but, instead, an hour of com-

munion in which he traversed another stage in the upward path, an hour in which, perhaps, for the first time he entirely submitted his desire and will to the will of God, it was a crisis of equal moment and his uplifted heart is eloquent in prayer. To some such experience Christ referred.

And how did Christ know anything about it? Had he referred simply to Nathanael's presence under the fig tree a natural explanation might be offered. One might say that Philip returned first and reported finding him, casually mentioning his whereabouts; or that in the heat of the day one might expect to find him seeking comfort in the shade, in which case Christ might easily have guessed correctly. This explanation might have seemed plausible to the spectator or to the superficial reader, but Christ's words went straight to the heart of Nathanael. His recent experience was still foremost in his thought, and in the man who now addressed him his soul recognized the God who had answered his prayer with comfort. Need we insist that Christ was truly the Son of God? Nathanael believed it with all his soul. And he had reason to believe it, for Christ spoke peace to his soul in the commendation, "in whom is no guile." Before this interview he had worshiped God and longed for the Messiah. Now the Messiah had come and spoken, and his soul responded in sweet communion. With soul enraptured and heart pure, the lips could not remain silent, but proclaimed with firmest, deepest conviction, "Rabbi, thou art the Son of God."

Westbrook, Conn. WILLIAM N. PHILLIPS.

HELPFULNESS

SHAKESPEARE says that "One touch of nature makes the whole world kin." The kin touch in four or five of the articles in the July-August number of the REVIEW attracted my attention. Professor Davidson tells us that "a preacher must so understand a crowd that when addressing it he may so impress it ethically as to give general direction to the moral conduct of the individuals who compose it when it is broken up, scattered, and no longer a crowd." The ethical resultant must be before the modern preacher. Baker places Churchill first among recent novelists because he is first in the realm of conscience. Novels, to be of highest grade, must be conscience-quickening. Beattys sums up an article in the remark of a little lad, who said, "Auntie, when I grow up to be a man I am going to help God paint the sky." Helpfulness again.

Even "Life and Logic" comes to a climax with an engineer in a Mexican town who hitched his engine to a car of dynamite and pulled it out of town, being blown to atoms while he saved a town.

Harry Ward's article, which may well be reread, shows that the drama of to-day is very generally built upon the spirit of social service. Now, I have no idea that the editor, on his tripod, said, "We will have four or five articles in this issue emphasizing the notion that the central thought of Christian life to-day is willingness to help"; that, after

deciding this, he wrote Davidson, Baker, Beattys, and Ward to furnish so many pages on this general subject. It was the evident singleness of aim that attracted my attention. Each had something to say, and said it well. It happened that the same thing was in the mind of all. To each the large work of our religion is to create a willingness to help. One need not confine himself to this number of the REVIEW to find that these men are part of a goodly company. Everywhere we are met with the thought that right relations religiously are to be found in our attitude toward others rather than in any abstract statement. I can remember when this was called "Humanitarian Religion" and was given so scant attention among spiritual people. But now it is not so. Ward and Davidson I know personally to be spiritual churchmen, and I have no reason to think Baker and Beattys are not. Their articles indicate they are. The fact is, you find this notion everywhere. Sermons, novels, essays, poems, songs, have changed from polemic to practical. Or perhaps it would be nearer correct to say that the word "Usableness" has been added to the creed of work-a-day Christianity. Many of us can remember when the doughtiest preacher was the one best able to throw an antagonist in a theological wrestling match. When in college, I rode nine miles several successive nights with a college professor to hear P. T. Rhodes, of Kansas fame, defend the faith of our Methodist fathers as applied to water. It was part of my education. It does not follow that the emphasis of to-day is less Christian than that of yesterday. Rather than that, it is more Christian. Spiritual life is no longer an end, but a preparation. We used to lay great stress upon the blessing. Less stress is not laid upon that now, but we are asking, "After the blessing, then what?" We are coming to believe that others can know about our blessing only by what we do. Emerson says: "What you are speaks so loud I cannot hear what you say."

A faith that finds expression in service is stronger than that which satisfies when stated in words. Objective Christianity is now more potent than subjective. This repeated urging that Christian experience find expression in service is not dethroning spiritual life, but enthroning the dynamics of Christianity. It is urging us not only to be good, but to be good for something. Let the good work go on.

Tulsa, Okla. C. R. ROBINSON.

THE ITINERANTS' CLUB

PAUL'S EXPOSITION OF CHRISTIANITY—(*Continued*)

Abraham's Faith. Fourth Chapter of Romans

The uses of the Old Testament in the New are varied and important. Its historic persons and its historic events are cited in the New Testament as possessing a unique significance. In this chapter the apostle cites an important part of the Old Testament as illustrating and enforcing his fundamental doctrine of Justification by Faith.

The Epistle to the Romans is addressed to the Jews and Gentiles, and it is necessary to Paul's purpose to connect his great doctrine so as to include both these classes which were in religion and historically so far apart. The harmonizing of these two opposite parties by his great principle of salvation by faith is a remarkable manifestation of the breadth of his conception and of his large vision of Christianity. The logical mind of Paul at once anticipates an objection which would naturally be raised by the Jews, namely, that Abraham's justification was not by faith, but by works, and that in affirming salvation by faith only Paul was contradicting the historic scriptures, which they recognized as having divine authority. The reference to Abraham begins with the fourth chapter. The Authorized Version renders the first verse thus: "What shall we say then that Abraham our father, as pertaining to the flesh, hath found?" The Revised Version of 1881 renders it, "What then shall we say that Abraham, our forefather according to the flesh, hath found?" The important MS. B omits the "hath found" from the text, in which case the rendering would be, "What shall we say then concerning Abraham, our forefather according to the flesh." The former rendering connects the phrase "according to the flesh" with "hath found." The reviser's text connects it with "our forefather." The one refers to the advantage that Abraham attained by obedience to law; the other refers to Abraham as their historic progenitor. Both, however, in their relation to the argument recognize that in the apostle's mind the emphasis is upon the "hath found," that is, what advantage hath Abraham attained by works? and the conclusion of the apostle is that he has obtained no advantage. He does not say that works are intrinsically without value or without approval in the sight of God, for works are the inevitable result of the faith for which the apostle is pleading. His insistence is that in the case of Abraham his justification was apart from works. It is only when the believer, making no claim of merit by his works, believes in God, who justifies the ungodly, that justification takes place. To further strengthen his point that salvation is by grace, the apostle affirms in the second verse that although justification by works might be possible in the case of men, it cannot be possible before a holy God. His language is, "For if Abraham were justified by works, he hath whereof to glory; but not before God."

In God's sight no saving merit is possible by works, because men cannot completely fulfill God's law. The first and second chapters of this Epistle show the sinful condition of both the Jewish and Gentile world. It is not necessary for us to depend on Paul to reach the conclusion, for the Holy Scriptures, as well as the consciousness of man, clearly show this inability. In Job 42. 5, 6 we read: "I have heard of thee by the hearing of the ear: but now mine eye seeth thee, wherefore I abhor myself, and repent in dust and ashes." This will ever be the cry of the earnest soul when he finds himself face to face with God, whose great attribute is his holiness. The revelation of God to the human soul in all his purity and majesty precludes all sense of self-righteousness.

The apostle, however, does not refer to this aspect of man at this time. He is referring to the Old Testament as a proof of Abraham's faith in the promise that his posterity should be innumerable. The language of the Old Testament (Gen. 15. 5, 6) is, "And he brought him forth abroad, and said, Look now toward heaven, and tell the stars, if thou be able to number them: and he said unto him, So shall thy seed be. And he believed in the Lord; and he counted it to him for righteousness." Abraham is regarded as a righteous man in view of his faith in God's promise that, contrary to human expectation, he should be the father of a numerous posterity, through whom the world was to be blessed. It was his simple confidence in God that secured his justification. This necessarily excludes human merit, which is the very essence of justification by works.

We may pause here to note what it was that Abraham believed that brought him favor in the sight of God apart from his personal works. It was a great promise then, and is a promise which the modern age is only now beginning to appreciate in its fullness. It was an amazing promise to his time, as it is to ours, that through Abraham's posterity the world should be blessed. The phrase "the world" here has been differently interpreted, but it undoubtedly means that faith in the Messiah should penetrate the entire world of men; not merely the Palestinian Jews, but Jew and Greek, bond and free, all men of all races and of all climes.

One is not surprised, therefore, at the repetition of the promise which was made to Abraham, and belief in which secured his justification. Gen 12. 6, 7: "And Abram passed through the land unto the place of Sichem unto the plain of Moreh. And the Canaanite was then in the land. And the Lord appeared unto Abram, and said, Unto thy seed will I give this land: and there builded he an altar unto the Lord, who appeared unto him." Gen. 13. 14-16: "And the Lord said unto Abram, after that Lot was separated from him, Lift up now thine eyes and look from the place where thou art northward, and southward, and eastward, and westward: For all the land which thou seest, to thee will I give it, and to thy seed for ever. And I will make thy seed as the dust of the earth: so that if a man can number the dust of the earth, then shall thy seed also be numbered." Gen. 15. 18: "In the same day the Lord made a covenant with Abram, saying, Unto thy seed have I given this land, from the river of Egypt unto the great river, the river Euphrates." Gen. 22. 17, 18: "That

in blessing I will bless thee, and in multiplying I will multiply thy seed as the stars of the heaven, and as the sand which is upon the sea shore; and thy seed shall possess the gate of his enemies; and in thy seed shall all the nations of the earth be blessed; because thou hast obeyed my voice." Far away in the distant past, to this great patriarch the Lord unfolded to Abraham the vision of his glory in the final triumph of the kingdom of God. It was the great missionary proclamation of the patriarchal dispensation, the fullness of which is now beginning to be appreciated. In remote antiquity, among a people of a peculiar race, this world-wideness of vision appears to his servant Abraham. The harmonization of the world-wideness of God's promise with the Jewish particularism of his time is one of the objects which Paul had in view in this part of his letter to the Romans.

Paul next considers another claim which the Jew put forth, namely, that to God's chosen people the rite of circumcision was given, and that God approved those only who had submitted, who had become identified through it.

In Jewish thought circumcision was essential to membership among the covenant people, and therefore constituted a work by which man was justified. Paul says, "Is this blessing upon the circumcision only, or upon the uncircumcision also? for we say that faith was reckoned to Abraham for righteousness." Paul responds with a historic fact, that Abraham's faith preceded his circumcision, and hence could not have been the cause. Abraham's circumcision took place fourteen years after his justification. What, the objector would ask then, is the value of circumcision? Paul answers that it was simply a sign, a mark to designate the covenant people, and a seal, that is, an attestation of the righteousness of faith which he had yet being uncircumcised. It was simply an external sign of an internal righteousness secured by faith before his circumcision. Liddon says: "Circumcision was an external authentication of a righteousness already obtained by Abraham through faith in the days of his uncircumcision" (v. 11). That Abraham's justification preceded his circumcision has, in Paul's conception, a far-reaching significance. Thus God shows himself the Universal Father, whose method of salvation opens the kingdom of God to all believers.

He shows that Jews are not all included, because it is said that circumcision must be accompanied by faith in order to give it validity, so that the unbelieving Jew is rejected, while the believing Gentile is accepted as part of God's chosen people. Paul says: "He received the sign of circumcision, a seal of the righteousness of the faith which he had, yet being uncircumcised: that he might be the father of all them that believe, though they be not circumcised; that righteousness might be imputed to them also: and the father of circumcision to them who are not of the circumcision only, but who also walk in the steps of our father Abraham, which he had, being yet uncircumcised." All this seems plain to our modern thought, but it was not so in the days of Paul. The antagonism between Jew and Gentile was so pronounced that the law, excellent and glorious as it was, formed a great middle wall of partition, which was

broken down only by the gospel of Christ, faith in whom was typified and anticipated in the method of the justification of Abraham.

The apostle, having shown that circumcision had no part in Abraham's justification, further shows that the Mosaic law was not its basis. Paul has still in mind the promise that Abraham should be the heir of the world and that he should be the father of an innumerable multitude, while as yet he had no son who belonged to the covenant.

There are two reasons why the law could not be the basis of the promise. One is that the promise which Abraham believed was previous to the giving of the law, and hence the fulfillment of the promise could not be based upon the law. Further, it was not possible for the law to secure the reward offered in the promise because of the inability of man to meet its demands. The law, because of its violation by all men, brings penalty, not reward. See verse 15: "For the law worketh wrath; but where there is no law, there is no transgression." There can be no violation of law where there is no law to violate. There may be sin without law, but it cannot be called transgression, for transgression is the breaking over barriers which have been set up by law. The apostle thus disproves of the contention of the Jews by an appeal to their own Scriptures. This passage reveals Paul's high idea of the authority of the Old Testament Scriptures, and also of their deep meaning. He sees in the Scriptures intimations of the future which the succeeding years have shown to be correct, and the church of to-day can return to Abraham, the historic father of the Jewish people, as largely anticipating the outlook of present-day Christianity. The writer has not attempted an exhaustive or critical discussion of this very important passage, but simply treated it in its main outline as a part of Paul's exposition of Christianity which we may develop further.

It may be well, however, to mention three or four points which have been brought forth or hinted at in the discussion. First, the distinct anticipation in the Old Testament of the great doctrine of faith. Second, that the mark of the covenant, circumcision, had no justifying power, but was merely the sign of the justification already given through faith. Third, that the Mosaic law had no basis for the fulfilling of the promise, because the promise could be secured only by the free grace of God, man being incapable of earning salvation in a way that should be credited to him as merit. Fourth, that in the promise of the Universal Father that Abraham's posterity should include all nations, we have an anticipation of the great command of our Lord, "Go ye into all the world and preach the gospel to every creature." The faith of Abraham in the promise which involved an innumerable posterity, when as yet he had no son, was a great manifestation of confidence in God's goodness and in his power, which is an element that enters into all faith of the Christian life. "He that cometh to God must believe that he is, and that he is a rewarder of them that diligently seek him."

In the twenty-third to twenty-fifth verses of this chapter the apostle sums up the discussion of the history of Abraham in its relation to justification and to the fulfillment of the promise to Abraham. It is to be

borne in mind that the act of faith on the part of Abraham which secured his justification was, in this chapter, the belief in the promise that in his seed all the nations of the earth should be blessed. This promise involved an exercise of faith on the part of Abraham so extraordinary that God reckoned it to him for righteousness. But it is important to take into consideration that this was not the only instance of Abraham's remarkable faith. Dr. Liddon sums up some of them as showing this quality. "Abraham's faith was conspicuously shown, first, in leaving his native land and kindred at the call of God. Second, in his believing, in spite of his advanced years, that Sarah should bear him a son, whose posterity should be innumerable like the stars of heaven. Third, in his willing surrender of the son of promise at the bidding of God. . . . The act of faith in the promise of innumerable seed which was reckoned to Abraham for righteousness did not make so great a demand upon him as the offering up of Isaac: yet it was an heroic act of belief, and the apostle described its difficulty in verses 18, 19. Perhaps it is selected because it best illustrates the triumph of faith as such; the believing assent of the mind and will of Abraham to God's promise of posterity did not at once issue in any definite act, such as the leaving of home before, or the offering of the son afterward, although it was ready to do so."

In these closing verses of the chapter Paul applies the story of Abraham and its religious teachings to his own time, and a careful study of it in relation to present-day Christianity will reveal its application to the beginning of the twentieth century as well. He cannot close the discussion without showing its relation to Jesus Christ, who was indeed the promised seed through whom the world was to be blessed. Paul, in his letter to the Galatians, applies the promise which is spoken of in these chapters as having its fulfillment in Jesus Christ. Gal. 3. 16: "Now to Abraham and his seed were the promises made. He saith not, And to seeds, as of many; but as of one, And to thy seed, which is Christ." And so in these closing verses of this chapter the apostle says, "Now it was not written for his sake alone, that it was reckoned unto him; but for our sake also, unto whom it shall be reckoned, who believe on him that raised up Jesus our Lord from the dead; who was delivered up for our trespasses and was raised for our justification." This gospel of Abraham in its spiritual application is the gospel for our time and for all time. It represents salvation by faith only whose fruits are good works wrought through the power of the Holy Spirit, bringing forth fruits unto righteousness, and the end is eternal life.

MODERN ECCLESIASTICAL COUNCILS AS DELIBERATIVE BODIES

Each denomination of Christians has its periodical councils for the modification of its laws and the enlargement of its methods. In different ecclesiastical bodies, the council takes a specific name, such as the Triennial Convention of the Protestant Episcopal Church, the General Assembly of the Presbyterian Church, and the General Conference of the

Methodist Episcopal Church. As its name implies, the Triennial Convention of the Episcopal Church occurs every three years, the General Assembly annually, and the General Conference quadrennially. They meet for different periods also. The Presbyterian Assembly lasts about two weeks, the Episcopal Convention about the same time, and the General Conference of our church usually occupies about four weeks. We have also the Ecumenical Conference of Methodism, which includes all the branches of the body. This assembles every ten years. The Ecumenical Conference gathers to discuss questions of mutual interest to the whole body and rarely ventures on contested subjects. The ecclesiastical system as a working force is more in view than the peculiar laws of each separate body. This could scarcely be called a legislative body. The other councils to which we have referred are the supreme bodies for the law-making and regulation of the church.

There are certain difficulties which the General Conference confronts as a deliberative body. The time occupied is too short to deliberate carefully on the important and varied subjects which necessarily must come before as large a body representing as large a church as our own. It is true that the work of the committees is painstaking and sometimes prolonged, and it is in the committees that the real work is chiefly accomplished. But when the reports of the committees are presented to the general body, they are often treated very cursorily, especially in the latter part of the session. It is true they recognize the importance of some topics over others and give to them careful consideration, but often the body becomes impatient even of the reading of an important report and is led by its confidence in the committee to pass it without thorough investigation. In some cases this is wise and in some cases we believe unwise. It is exceedingly difficult to deliberate when each committee is pressing to bring in its reports and when the body is beginning seriously to think of going home. To deliberate carefully requires not only time to discuss the subject, but also opportunity for rediscussion after a report has been at rest for a while in the minds of the delegates. In our national councils, which sit for an indefinite length of time, there is opportunity to discuss a subject and then lay it aside, perhaps for days, and take it up again and rediscuss it; and when the representatives feel that it has matured, they can pass it with satisfaction. Even laws are often passed without the necessary deliberation. The early church councils sat for months, and everything brought before them was discussed with the utmost minuteness; hence we find the exactness of the formulation of the symbols of Christianity. We believe that on all questions involving changes of doctrine or ritual, days and weeks may be required to secure accurate formulation. A further difficulty of the General Conference as a deliberative body is found in the fact that so many elections divert the attention from the subjects before them. Unconsciously in the case of the election of bishops or other officers in the church, the discussion of the persons who shall occupy these important positions necessarily disturbs the consideration of matters with the care which is really demanded. No one can avoid being distracted somewhat by his interest in these prac-

tical matters, giving them a consideration not disproportionate to their merits, but sufficient to draw the mind away from the number of subjects which are constantly appearing before them for study and decision. The plea which we make is for more time for deliberation in our great legislative bodies. The voice of the church as expressed in its highest assembly is held in respect by our people, and they are satisfied only when they feel that the subjects on which their representatives pass judgment have been carefully considered under the guidance of the Holy Spirit and with the pure purpose to reach the wisest conclusions. As one reviews the history of our church administration, he must feel that considering the hindrances growing out of the brief time for general discussion and the disturbances which necessarily interfere, the decisions have in the main proved very satisfactory. It has occurred to the writer whether a gathering from different parts of the church in the interval of the General Conference to discuss quietly the subjects which may probably come before that body, without authority to formulate conclusions, but to get before the church suggestions of practical value, would not prove very useful. This has been done in a general way by church congresses and other gatherings for consultation, but our thought is that there might be a number of representative bodies throughout the church, which might serve as lighthouses to navigate the disturbed sea of human progress.

ARCHÆOLOGY AND BIBLICAL RESEARCH

SOME PRESENT TENDENCIES IN THE STUDY OF THE SYNOPTIC PROBLEM

After a century of investigation the Synoptic problem is in this stage of solution: Many scholars are agreed that Mark was the earliest of the Gospels and is the primary source for an outline of the life of Jesus. It is further agreed that Mark is a source for Matthew and Luke in the sections (including all but 50 of the 661 verses of Mark) that are common to the three. Outside of these sections that are common to the three, extensive portions of Matthew and Luke, amounting in all to about one sixth of Luke and two elevenths of Matthew, are so alike in language, form, and subject matter as to compel the conclusion that they are closely related in origin. To account for this fact many scholars have accepted the view that there existed another early source, unknown to Mark, consisting mainly of a collection of the sayings and discourses of Jesus, and that the common portions of Matthew and Luke not found in Mark were derived from this early source. In recent discussions this supposed source or document has been called Q, from the German word Quelle (source). This theory, together with the limits and characteristics of this document, have been worked out in the most thoroughgoing manner by Harnack in his work The Sayings of Jesus, translated by J. R. Wilkinson, Putnam, 1908.

These conclusions carry the synoptic discussions far afield from the early controversies in which the several groups of scholars strove with varying success to establish the priority of one or the other of the three Gospels. With considerable unanimity there is agreement in assigning the following order to the Synoptic documents: Q, Mark, Matthew, and Luke.

The most important feature in the recent progress of the discussion is the wide acceptance of the claims for the genuineness of Q. The estimate of this document among critical scholars may be inferred from a mere statement of the more important conclusions of Harnack. Among other things he is clear "that Q is earlier than Mark, that it was composed in Palestine, that there is a strong balance of probability that it is a work of Saint Matthew, that it alone affords us a conception of the teaching of Jesus that is really exact and profound and at the same time free from bias, apologetic or otherwise; that in Q and Mark we have two authorities for our knowledge of the teaching and history of our Lord, independent of one another, yet composed at nearly the same time, against the rock of whose united testimony the assault of destructive critical views will ever be shattered to pieces."

The significance of the discovery of Q, if authenticated, can scarcely be overestimated. Already two remarkable and surprisingly opposite critical

tendencies are in evidence. The one moves in the direction of confirming a conservative position; the other furthers the radical work of criticism in minimizing the superhuman elements in the work and character of Jesus.

On the one hand, there is a disposition on the part of criticism to concede earlier dates for the origin of the Gospels. Once it was the fashion to find dates, as late and as far as possible removed from the events which they described, for all of the New Testament writings. Now there is a tendency to assign the latest position among the Gospels to Luke. As Luke's Gospel clearly precedes Acts, for which A. D. 62 may be claimed as the probable date, and since, from the evidence of Q, Matthew must be placed before Luke, and Mark before Matthew, it follows that Q, which antedates Mark, is carried back close to the days of Jesus. One competent scholar suggests a date as early as A.D. 30. It is even suggested that Q is founded upon notes recorded by the hearers of Jesus. Thus one result of this discovery is to bring us, through the narrative of Mark, and the sayings of Q nearer to the deeds and words of Jesus.

The other tendency resulting from the Q discussions is not only surprising, but startling. In view of Harnack's claim that Q represents the only basis for a conception of the teaching of Jesus, a reconstruction of our view of the personality of Jesus follows as a necessity. An attempt at such a reconstruction is already at hand in an article by George Holley Gilbert in the April number of the Hibbert Journal, under the caption, "The Jesus of 'Q,' the Oldest Source in the Gospels." According to Professor Gilbert, "The contrast between the Jesus of Q and the Jesus of our four Gospels is nothing less than startling." In the first place, "Jesus comes before us in Q only as the supreme prophet, and the greatest utterance of a personal sort does not carry our thought of the speaker beyond this conception." The implications of Q in reference to the work of Jesus are also remarkable. "The highest note in confession of his own inner life is when the Master spoke of his unique knowledge of the Father, and indicated that it was the aim of his life to reveal the Father to men. The only method of revealing him of which we learn in Q is the prophetic method of teaching by word and by example."

"Again, there is no reference in Q to the death of Jesus. The doctrine that made the cross the chief symbol of the Christian religion was due to the theology of Paul, not to the revelation of Jesus." "Finally, the Jesus of Q says nothing of his rising from the grave. He anticipated a violent death and looked forward to an existence in heaven and to meeting in the presence of God both those who confess him now and those who deny him, but there is no word of rising from the grave." The author concludes then, "That Jesus, according to his words in Q, attached no further significance to his death than any one of the elder prophets might have attached to his own, and that we have no right to attribute to him the thought that his material body would be raised from the grave."

These are some of the tendencies of the present criticism of the Synoptic problem. From the discussions there may come permanent gains. That the Gospels rest upon sources that lie nearer the events

which they describe than critics have been wont to grant may well be believed. The authentication of Mark and Q give a firmer foundation for essential elements in the Gospel tradition. On the other hand, the acceptance of the claims for Q, in the form in which they are now set forth, would cancel the central claims of our current Christian faith. For while the critics accept portions of Mark and the document Q as authoritative, they assume, at the same time, that all the elements of the Gospels that attribute divine powers and qualities to Jesus, since they are not supported by Q, are unhistorical and untrustworthy, the product of the imagination, the idealism or enthusiasm of the apostles and the early Christians. Such a view robs Jesus of all those divine attributes which have from the first claimed and still elicit the devoted adoration and worship of his disciples. To establish such a position would require proofs of such extraordinary weight as are not likely to be forthcoming. In the meantime the evidence that attests the presence of earlier sources in our Gospels may well be accepted.

FOREIGN OUTLOOK

RECENT THEOLOGICAL LITERATURE

THE publication in 1909-1910 of Schlatter's Theologie des Neuen Testaments, immediately followed in 1910 by Feine's work on the same subject (see METHODIST REVIEW, January, 1911), was an event of no little significance in the field of biblical study. That Feine's book in particular admirably met a real need is shown by the fact that in less than two years a second edition appeared. The new edition, moreover, shows a marked improvement over the first. In the new form Feine's Theologie des Neuen Testaments is almost an ideal textbook.

But we have lately been enriched by two other works in the same field. H. J. Holtzmann's Neutestamentliche Theologie was first published in 1897. A revision of that work had been long hoped for even before the author's death in 1910. Indeed, he had made extensive preparations for a new edition. After his death his imperfect manuscript and notes were placed in the hands of Professor Jülicher, who, with the assistance of W. Baur, has given us a thoroughly revised edition of that monumental work. The standpoint of the author and of the revisers is that of the historico-critical school. But for mastery of their materials and for fairness of judgment, Holtzmann and Jülicher leave little to be desired, the latter the ablest liberal New Testament theologian of to-day, just as the former was that in his day.

We have, however, a fourth book in this field, Weinel's Biblische Theologie des Neuen Testaments (Tübingen, Mohr, 1911. 680 pages). In keeping with the principles of the modern history-of-religion school, Weinel concentrates his attention upon the *religion* of the New Testament, rather than upon the *theological concepts*. He has utterly broken with the "*Lehrbegriffmethode*" (the method of systematically presenting the doctrinal concepts of the several writers). The work falls into two parts: "Jesus" and "Das Urchristentum." In the first part Weinel gives us the very unusual subdivisions: (1) "Jesus and the Æsthetic Religion of Redemption"; (2) "The Perfecting of the Ethical Religion"; (3) "The Ethical Religion of Redemption"; (4) "The Religion of Redemption and the Personality of the Redeemer." In the second part we have the three divisions: (1) "The Primitive Church"; (2) "Paul"; (3) "The Christianity of the Developing Church." Everywhere one must be struck by the independence and originality of the author and impressed by his luminous and vigorous presentation. To many persons of liberal theological tendencies Weinel will seem to be the one indispensable guide to the understanding of the New Testament world of life and thought. Such is the judgment of so eminent a theologian as Harnack. The more conservative critics will doubtless give the palm to Feine, though some will find their deepest satisfaction in Schlatter's profound work.

RECENT GROWTH OF INTEREST IN THE STUDY OF MISSIONS IN GERMANY

THE appointment, in 1896, of Gustav Warneck to an active (though "honorary") professorship in Halle for the science of missions was the beginning of a movement which now begins to assume considerable proportions. Warneck's successor, Gottlob Haussleiter, is full professor for the science of missions. While no other university has a full professor for this field, one other, Leipzig, has recently obtained an "honorary ordinary" professorship, to be occupied by Dr. Carl Paul, the able inspector of a missionary society in Leipzig. Moreover, Professor Mirbt, in going as professor of church history from the Marburg faculty to that of Göttingen, is commissioned to make the history of missions a specific part of his task. Besides these three men, who are directly commissioned to teach the subject (although for one of them it is a minor part of his work), there are perhaps a half-dozen other professors who voluntarily include missions in the scope of their teaching. Thus for the current summer semester Lehmann in Berlin lectures on "Religions and Missions in China and Japan"; Arnold, of Breslau, on "Missions in China"; Steinbeck, in Greifswald, on "The Heathen Religions of the Present"; Wurster, in Tübingen, on "Present-Day Missionary Problems." In recent semesters several other professors have presented similar courses. Outside the universities two other institutions have recently given an impetus to the study of missions. One of these is the notable Hamburg Colonial Institute, recently founded in the spirit of broad and far-seeing intelligence which characterizes the policy of the German government. Conscious that she failed to get possession of a fair share of colonies when they were to be had, Germany means now, by training men for all sorts of colonial efficiency, to make the most of the colonies she has. In all this the significance of missions has not been overlooked. Professor Carl Meinhof, one of the leading spirits in the institute, is an enthusiastic supporter of missions. Along with his instruction in the languages of the German colonies in Africa, he gives no little attention to the missionary problem. Besides this incidental instruction in this field, special courses have been arranged. A year ago Professor Mirbt, by special invitation, delivered in the institute a fine course of lectures on "Missions and the German Colonial Policy," since published in book form. In the current summer semester a somewhat similar course is given by Wilde, an inspector of a missionary society. The other institution that has recently taken an important step in providing for the systematic study of missions is the theological school at Bethel (Bielefeld), founded independently, some years since, by Bodelschwingh. The students there have enjoyed a wonderful opportunity to study the "inner mission" (home missions) as represented in the great charitable institutions in and near Bethel. But now Dr. Julius Richter, everywhere known as a missionary authority of the very first rank, has resigned his pastorate to go to the school at Bethel as instructor in the science of foreign missions. Unfortunately, the Mohammedan Seminary, established a few years ago at Berlin by

Dr. Johannes Lepsius, for the training of missionaries to the Moslem world, has been discontinued.

A biblico-theological study of unusual merit is Emil Weber's Das Problem der Heilsgeschichte nach Römer 9. 11. Ein Beitrag zur historisch-theologischen Würdigung der Paulinischen Theodicee. (The Problem of the Historical Course of Salvation according to Romans 9. 11, etc. 108 pp., Leipzig, 1911.) Weber, since 1907 *privatdocent* in Halle, has gained an extraordinary professorship in Bonn on the merit of several able studies, of which, however, the present is far the most interesting and significant. The problem of the Pauline theodicy has engaged the attention of many minds, but all reviewers of Weber acknowledge that he has made a very important contribution to its solution. Our author is original, and yet he finds his new point of view the natural result of the course of the history of the exegesis of the chapters in question. It is gratifying to see how cordial is his recognition of the services of all interpreters who have gone before. Each has either called special attention to some necessary aspect of the problem, or, at all events, by the consistent following out of a certain path has let it appear that it is not a thoroughfare. The interpretation of Weber proceeds on the "principle of the understanding of the practical issue" (Prinzip des praktisch-aktuellen Verständnisses). In chapter 9 he finds this principle established. Paul's readers (or "hearers," for Weber insists we should not forget that the epistle was to be read aloud before the congregation, and the method of Paul is the method of the speaker) could not but feel the weight of the problem of Israel's unbelief. Now Paul has to *deal* with these men and with their doubts. He does not appeal to their understanding—no man can fully comprehend God's ways—but he appeals to their religious consciousness. From the lofty triumph of chapter 8, Paul has suddenly descended to speak of the sorrow in his heart over his unbelieving brethren. Why does not Israel believe? Paul regards this as faith's most painful riddle. Shall faith find no solution? For the mere understanding there is none, yet faith can give a triumphant answer. Paul, having already (in chapter 8) gloriously declared and attested the all-embracing love and the almighty grace of God, now appeals to the great principle of God's sovereignty. Paul finds no room for the thought that such a thing as Israel's unbelief is a mere contingency. God is the God of history; he rules in history. Israel is not without fault in this unbelief, and yet Paul can find no satisfaction in a mere "natural" solution of the problem. Israel's unbelief, whatever their own fault may be, must finally be referred to the divine decree; yet "God has not cast off His people whom He foreknew." But *why* did he "shut them up in unbelief"? Not to destroy them, but "that he might have mercy upon them." He will provoke Israel to a larger and richer faith by the faith of the Gentiles.

Weber regards chapter 9 as merely preparatory, propædeutic; the essential, positive part is found in chapters 10 and especially 11. Even though in chapter 9 there is not a little theological deduction, still this is incidental to the practical purpose of the chapter—to put the readers (hearers) in a frame of mind to let the great principle of faith in God's

ways speak louder than reason. Weber holds that for Paul the power of God over history ("Geschichts-mächtigkeit Gottes") is a presupposition of all genuine faith, and that this conception includes, rather than excludes, the recognition of the moral freedom of man working itself out in history. Paul's interest centers in the assurance that God's saving purpose cannot be frustrated. And these chapters are not designed to show to man's understanding *how* God will work out his designs, but to assure his heart that those designs are ways of wisdom and knowledge and mercy past finding out. For the systematic theologian Weber's interpretation will afford fewer materials for "dogmatic proof" than certain earlier interpretations, yet it makes the chapters appear as a mighty attestation of the fundamental confession of the loving wisdom and power of our God. Weber's book (we may remark), while cleanly exegetical and not dogmatic, shows a pronounced systematic interest, as one might expect from an admiring pupil of Kähler's, to whom the work is dedicated.

BOOK NOTICES

RELIGION, THEOLOGY, AND BIBLICAL LITERATURE

Life's Unexpected Issues. By William L. Watkinson, D.D., LL.D. 12mo, pp. 212. New York and Chicago: Fleming H. Revell Company. Price, cloth, $1, net.

Fronting the title page is the austere, friendly, genial face of Dr. Watkinson, lending to the very opening of this book the charm of "the dear and the familiar." That picture of the widely known and well beloved author is the only pre-Face the volume has, and it could have none more expressive or more welcome. Out from that face look the clear intellect, the refined taste, and the highly spiritualized nature which reveal themselves in the writings of this rare preacher, this artist in sermon making, from whose inexhaustible fountain pour volumes on volumes of richness and beauty undiluted by continual flowing. In Dr. Watkinson's sermons and essays we have "the depth and not the tumult of the soul"; for the most part a limpid tranquillity of mind, yet not without intellectual fire and moral intensity. His chapters shine brightly with literary and scientific allusions and illustrations, all put to spiritual uses, so as to furnish juicy pasturage for the soul's nourishment. Not into dry and barren places does this pastor lead the flock, which hears his voice and follows him, but into green feeding places, where the meadows are no less fertile, nutritious, and succulent for being "flecked wi' flowers, mony-tinted, rich, and gay." The first of these seventeen chapters gives the volume its title, which does not indicate the large variety of its contents. Simplicity and naturalness characterize Dr. Watkinson's division of a subject. Of this the one entitled "Life's Unexpected Issues" is a fair example. The text is Isaiah 64. 3: "Things which we looked not for." Subject: Life's Surprises. 1. *Pleasant* Surprises. "Thou surprisest us with the blessings of goodness" (Psa. 21. 3). "When the Lord turned again the captivity of Zion, we were like them that dream. Then was our mouth filled with laughter, and our tongue with singing: then said they among the heathen, The Lord hath done great things for them. The Lord hath done great things for us; whereof we are glad." "And while they yet believed not for joy, and wondered, he said unto them, Have ye here any meat?" "And when she knew Peter's voice, she opened not the gate for gladness, but ran in, and told how Peter stood before the gate. And they said unto her, Thou art mad. But she constantly affirmed that it was even so. Then said they, It is his angel." The sweet surprise may not seem to come often; yet strangely mournful is the life in which it never occurs at all. Heaven works out an apparently incredible salvation: the thing greatly feared dissolves like mist; an envied but despaired-of blessing is flung into our lap; a door of splendid hope opens in a dead wall; our ship of gold, so long delayed, is signaled; we awake to find ourselves famous. Bits of romance, tags of poetry, snatches of ecstasy, enter into the life of all; and even when good fortune does not reach the dramatic,

it is sufficiently accentuated to prove greatly welcome and refreshing. The miner rarely finds a monster diamond, or the diver a big pearl, and to the majority the flush of success is almost the miracle of life; yet the great Father does not forget the lowliest of his children, lighting up the winter of their discontent with beams of spring, sprinkling gold dust on their meager lot, causing a rose to bloom on their monotonous path, lest their spirit should fail before him and the souls that he has made. 2. *Painful* Surprises: "Terrible things which we looked not for." Adversity comes in unexpected ways. It is looked for on the highway, and it crosses the fields. It gets at us by crooked pathways of which we could never have dreamed. We seem the sport of circumstance. We are challenged by losses and sorrows that no shrewdness could predict, no prudence provide against, no intervention break or soften. The almanac foretells the order of the seasons, the eclipses of sun and moon, the changes of the weather, but furnishes no hint of the vicissitudes which agitate our hearts and homes. The uncertainty of life is a tremendous and dangerous fact, dashing the cup from our lip, quenching in the blackness of night brilliant hopes. "The caravans that travel by the way of them turn aside; they go up into the waste, and perish. The caravans of Tema looked, the companies of Sheba waited for them. They were ashamed because they had hoped; they came thither, and were confounded" (Job 6. 18-20). As the streams dry up, and the caravans, with their riches, wander and perish in the wilderness, leaving the merchants who hoped for great gains red with shame, so in a day do our sanguine hopes perish. The collapse of Job himself affects so deeply the imagination of successive generations, because it is a lurid picture of the unheralded tragedies which give human life its deeper pathos." 3. In such a world of uncertainties, what shall we do? (a) Let us *expect* the unexpected. "Nothing is certain but the unforeseen" is a saying that goes too far, but we must bear in mind that the unforeseen will often come, and so keep our expectations from an overconfidence which will make disappointment too bitter and hard to be borne. (b) Let us *prepare* for the unexpected: for the *agreeable* when it comes. We flatter ourselves that we are always fit for this experience, yet this by no means follows. Thoughtful men are justly suspicious of the flatteries of fortune. Emerson, writing to a relative, refers to the poverty and many troubles of their early days, and to "the straitened lines" on which they walked up to manhood. He remarks upon the altered aspect of things, upon the fact that they were all prospering far more than any of them had anticipated. He then proceeds: "Now I add to all this felicity a particular felicity which makes my own glass very much larger and fuller. And I straightway say, Can this hold? Will God make me a brilliant exception to the common order of his dealings? There's an apprehension of reverse always arising from success. But is it my fault that I am happy, and cannot I trust the Goodness that has uplifted to uphold me? I cannot find in the world without, or within, any antidote, any bulwark, against this fear like this—the frank acknowledgment of unbounded dependence. Let into the heart that is filled with prosperity the idea of God, and it smooths the giddy precipices of human pride to a

substantial level; it harmonizes the condition of the individual with the economy of the universe." This is the spirit in which we should entertain fortune; meeting it with deep humility, conscious of our unbounded dependence, seeking to employ it unselfishly, prepared to yield it with resignation.

> And if some things I do not ask
> In my cup of blessing be,
> I would have my spirit filled the more
> With grateful love to thee.

Otherwise prosperity proves our undoing. Condemned Chinese mandarins are choked with gold-leaf; and the souls of the lucky are sometimes dispatched the same way. Let us also fit ourselves for the *unpleasant* and *painful*. A distinguished professor thus advises young teachers: Go to school each day with your mind prepared for something disagreeable. Good advice for others besides teachers. Unlooked-for tests and trials are sure to come, and we need to be on our guard and ready. (c) Let us *profit* by the unexpected. The discipline of uncertainty and insecurity may be highly beneficial. It is in the midst of uncertainties that we realize our entire dependence upon God, that our vigilance is stimulated, that our reality and fidelity of principle are put to the test, that the strength of the soul is elicited and exercised and all its latent possibilities brought into the light and perfected. A life of routine, a life in which all was customary and expected, would leave us insipid and unrealized. The discipline of the unexpected sharpens our vision, solidifies our fiber, calls out our utmost courage, prudence, and strength. The sense of uncertainty puts us altogether into the hand of God and makes us to possess all the treasures of his purpose. He who, "missing of his design, lays hold with ready hand on the unexpected event, and turns it to his own account," is the brave, wise servant, "taking his revenge on fortune." Heaven often disappoints because it has prepared some better thing for us. Let us, therefore, boldly hail all events. The native vessels which sail the White Sea are so built and rigged that they can take advantage only of winds blowing from half the points of the compass. We must learn how to navigate the sea of life so as to profit by every shifting breeze, and so bring our vessel safely into the desired haven.

> And so I dare not dare to pray
> For winds to waft me on my way,
> But leave it to a Higher Will
> To stay or speed me, trusting still
> That all is well, and sure that he
> Who launched my bark will sail with me
> Through storm and calm, and will not fail,
> Whatever breezes may prevail,
> To land me, every peril past,
> Within his sheltering heaven at last.
> Then, whatsoever wind doth blow,
> My heart is glad to have it so;
> And blow it east, or blow it west,
> The wind that blows, that wind is best.

In estimating our lives, let us offset our painful surprises with the pleasant ones, and we will see that the unexpected has brought us more sunshine than storm, more pleasure than pain. A venerable bank president, a devout man, a member of the Unitarian Church, testified thus in a Methodist class meeting which he was in the habit of attending: "My life has been full of disappointments; the things I most earnestly desired have not been granted me; no one of my dearest ambitions has been realized. I can truly call myself a disappointed man. *But* my life has been full of beautiful surprises. Blessings innumerable that I looked not for and could not imagine have come to me. Even my disappointments have opened the way of undreamed-of joys. I have learned that it is better to be chastened than to be gratified. Yes, I am a disappointed man, but looking back, I can praise God for my disappointments." And let us not imagine that our experience of disappointment is an uncommon one. It is but the common human lot. Browning's lines describe all lives:

> What we expected never came to pass;
> What we did not expect God brought to bear:
> So have things gone our whole experience through.

Dr. Watkinson quotes a remarkable passage from Goethe's Conversations with Eckermann, referring to some work that was being prosecuted. Goethe says: "We have, as you know, been busy with this translation for more than a year; a thousand hindrances have come in our way; the enterprise has often come to an absolute standstill, and I have often cursed it in silence. But now I can do reverence to all these hindrances; for during these delays things have ripened abroad among other excellent men, so that they now bring the best grist to my mill, advance me beyond all conception, and will bring my work to a conclusion which I could not have imagined a year ago. The like has often happened to me in life; and in such cases one is led to believe in a higher influence which we adore without trying to explain it further." Here a pure rationalist confesses the existence of a higher influence dominating life to better issues; and down from the classic ages the greatest of men have been haunted by this consciousness. Do we not all share in this consciousness? We are surprised, annoyed, perplexed, saddened, by the apparently untoward happenings of life, when a sudden gleam shoots across the soul, lights up the darkness, and we realize in the clearest sense that all is right, all is for the best. James Smetham's painting, poetry, and study of literature did not lead to conventional success or "getting on" in his vocation. Yet Dr. Watkinson tells us that late in life he wrote: "In my own secret heart I look on myself as one who *has* got on, and got to his goal, as one who has got something a thousand times better than a fortune, more real, more inward, less in the power of others, less variable, more immortal, more eternal; as one whose feet are on a rock, his goings established, with a new song in his mouth, and joy on his head." This was no vain idealism, no romancing of one attempting to hide from himself unpalatable truths, but the sincere confession of a soul rejoicing in the true riches, the triumphal note of one who had found already "the praise

and glory and honor" which shall be revealed in their fullness "at the revelation of Jesus Christ." Happy indeed are the unlaureled in the background, accounted failures, but who are undisgraced, unembittered, undismayed. Dr. Watkinson quotes from Pepys' Diary, in the account of a visit to a shepherd of Epsom Downs: "We took notice of his woolen-knit stockings of two colors, mixed, and of his shoes tipped with iron, both at the toes and heels, and with great nails in the soles, which was mighty pretty; and, on our taking notice of them, 'Why,' says the poor man, 'the downs, you see, are full of stones, and we are faine to shoe ourselves thus; and these,' says he, '*will make the stones fly till they sing before me.*'" Is not this a figure of the enduement of the saints, and of their triumphant progress on the heavenly road? Verily, by virtue of the divine power with which they are endowed, they not only progress toward the goal, but they "make the stones fly till they sing before them." This grace prevails when the path is rough and thorny, when it can be followed only with sore or bleeding feet. The human lot is often felt to be cruel; it taxes even heroism to the uttermost to sustain it. How precious, then, in these days is that interior light, confidence, and peace with which the loyal soul is inspired! Instead of being bruised or broken by the savage angles of the ugly stones which thickly strew all the way, the pilgrim "makes the stones fly till they sing before him." We end quotations with this version of Paul's description of love in the thirteenth of First Corinthians:

Love is long-forbearing, is all kindness:
Love knows not jealousy.
Love does not parade her gifts, swells not with self-conceit, she flouts not decency;
She grasps not at her rights, refuses to take offence, has no memory for injuries.
She exults not over wrong triumphant, she shows glad sympathy with Truth.
All tolerance is she, all trustfulness, all hope, all strong endurance.

The Adventure of Life. By WILFRED T. GRENFELL, M.D. (Oxon), C.M.G. 12mo, pp. 157. Boston and New York: Houghton Mifflin Company. Price, cloth, $1.10, net.

THESE four chapters are the William Belden Noble Lectures at Harvard University for 1911. "To extend the influence of Jesus as the way, the truth, and the life," was the desire of the founder of this lectureship, and the object of the lectures is to promote the perfecting of the spiritual man and the consecration of every department of human character, thought, and activity in the spirit of Jesus and to his service. With this object few men could feel such wholehearted sympathy, and to it fewer still could render such virile, robust, and stalwart aid as Grenfell, of Labrador, who, like Chinese Gordon, is an example of a naturally adventurous spirit, giving himself to the thrilling adventure of making life a soldiering for Jesus Christ, and finding, in the life of faith and service, full play for valor, courageous enterprise, and high-hearted endurance. The passion for life and action is intense in Grenfell. He regards life as an asset of incomparable value. He revels in it as an opportunity for adventure. Among his forbears were fighters and hunters, and he decided

in boyhood that tiger hunting was the supremely proper business for a man. When in public school, *physical* contests absorbed him as the greatest thing in the world, and his heroes were the winners on the athletic field. Some years later, when he was taking his medical course in London, it dawned on him that the world of the *intellect* offers a chance for still higher and manlier adventures than athletic games. Here was a *second* field for adventure. He was struck with admiration for the famous men of great brains and skill in the medical profession and their wonderful achievements in relieving pain, prolonging life, and restoring faculties and capacities. This made life loom up ten times more attractive than he had even dreamed it could be. And this was at a certain date as far as the medical student Will Grenfell had progressed in his keen pursuit of life as a grand adventure, which was becoming more and more fascinating. As for religion, it did not then interest him. It seemed to him a conventional and formal affair, and the exponents of it whom he knew did not attract him. He thought it effeminate and even stupid. Back in his home life there was the religion of his mother, a fact he could not deny or disparage, a fact toward which he felt some reverence; but he put that (as he put her) in a category apart from the rest of the world. And that is where young Doctor Grenfell stood when, one day, down in the Whitechapel district of London, where Jack the Ripper was at that time stealthily mutilating and killing women, and where Grenfell was working as a physician, his attention was attracted by the excitement of an enormous crowd outside a tent. Little did the mettlesome, adventurous young doctor think that the great crisis of his life was waiting for him in that tent in the slums, and that he was about to discover a *third* realm for manly adventure and heroic action, far higher, more alluring, and more rewarding than any he had hitherto caught sight of. Let Grenfell himself tell what happened to him: "I went into the tent, and there I heard a plain common-sense man talking in a plain intelligible way to a huge concourse of really interested people. The man made me feel in all he said that at least he had thrown every ounce of himself into the issue. In a most matter-of-fact but kindly way he pulled up a long-winded prayer-bore who was irritating the audience with droning platitudes and the Almighty by conferring quite unnecessary information upon him. He even cut short the choir and braved the organist, when he realized that their silence helped more than their art. He ended with an address, the simplicity of which left no doubt in any man's mind that he was a fighter for the practical issues of a better and more cheerful life on earth, a believer in a possible life of big achievement for every soul of us, both here and hereafter. His self-forgetful appeal for help left a determination in my heart at least. Perhaps I had been wrong in considering the main object of the preaching profession to be preferment rather than social uplift. It was a revelation, it opened a new vision, and I guessed for the first time the meaning in the eyes of the knights of chivalry in familiar famous pictures. Somehow religion as an insurance ticket had never interested me. The selfishness and even cowardice of that appeal, to which I had so often listened, now loomed up in the worse light of distrust.

That which I had called faith was after all unfaith. The new faith which there dawned on me for the first time was not the conviction that God would forgive me, but that he had already given me things of which I had not even known; not that he would save me, but that he would use me. I went out with yet a *third field for adventure* before me, and far the largest, to add to the glory and beauty of life." Here was an eager and militant spirit, keen for exciting and even hazardous ventures, hating the very thought of a tame, timid, platitudinous, easy existence, longing for stirring action in an adventurous world. And he had caught sight of life's most spacious opportunity, the most splendid use for human powers. He decided on the great adventure of the life of faith. He enlisted for service under Jesus Christ. A little while before this he would have been ashamed to have his comrades suspect him of being a Christian. He knew how many men sneer at religion and how bitter some of them are. But this young physician, in his search for means to remedy the ills of mankind, came to see by his own observation that nothing does so much to remedy all the ills of human life as religion and the virtues which it substitutes for all manner of vices. And he noticed that those who most opposed religion were those who knew least about it. He says: "Among other odd things which struck me with regard to the acceptance of Christianity as a method of life was the fact that the people to decry it most loudly as a remedy were those who had never tried it at all. The loudest denouncers of a remedy for the body should be those who have tried it without prejudice and found it a failure. It is considered unscientific and irrational for a man to do more than remain silent about a remedy he has not tried personally. If, however, he were to form his opinion by watching others try it, it would be equally unscientific to judge of the experiment unless he were assured it was the unadulterated remedy, the real thing, he was seeing used. Those who have studied Christ's own teachings for themselves, and seen his varied methods tried for humanity's sins and sorrows, have never been disappointed." Most of this doctor's work has been among the fishermen of the Labrador coast; and he has tested there the power of Christ to cure the souls and lives of men. "I could cite," he says, "many instances where faith in Christ has very apparently altered a man's whole outlook and action. Naturally, most of my observation has been among fishermen, and it has included men of almost every kind of temperament. One was a man with whom I afterward made several voyages. A man of exceptional physique, he had been the victim of uncontrollable temper, and various of his drinking sprees had ended in the police station, as the result of violent assaults on others. He had destroyed his home and his wife had left him. He was rapidly ruining his own splendid physique and the lives of all those with whom he came in contact. Suddenly he became sober and peaceful, built up his home again and took back his wife, and developed an absolutely unselfish passion to try to save his fellows from the slavery that had been his. *He always claimed that his faith in Christ was the secret of the change.* He was so cheerful and so uniformly optimistic that his very face became transparent with happiness, and I have never had a more delightful ship-

mate. I once asked him to say a word to encourage other men. He stood up to try, and unaccustomed tears coursed down his cheeks. At last he said, 'To think of the like of me talking to them men,' and sat down. This class of men has been well illustrated by Mr. Harold Begbie in his Twice Born Men and Broken Earthenware. In my own experience it has been multiplied many times. Indeed, I have often wondered why so many clergy and other workers have asked me whether I have read these books, as if the results they describe were rare experiences. *It is only the recording of them that is rare.* There is a reticence always on the part of all good workers to draw deductions from their own work prematurely. There can be no question of their occurrence, however, though my own experience shows me that these more emotionally susceptible men are most liable to temporary retrogression. But even so, I am devoutly thankful for such changes as may occur to change their life and environment, *changes which I can attribute to nothing else but their faith.* I am certain that any one who, even though without faith himself, if also without prejudice, would seek to record such cases in the way we record cures of disease, would be surprised at the extent and value of suddenly acquired faith in the Christ. Before leaving my seafaring friends, however, I would say that, while the suddenness of the change of habits and of life has been unquestioned, the process, it has always seemed to me, has been less brief than they themselves supposed, and the conversion could have been almost as justly attributed to many previous experiences. Yet I ought to add that the majority among these fishermen who are endowed with the kind of faith that dominates their whole life are conscious of the day on which it became a potent factor in their lives—a most helpful experience, it always seems to me. Among those of my own class in life I have been privileged also to see not a few very remarkable changes; but the process has almost always been gradual, and usually accomplished through unselfish service, which is Christ-following. In men of my own profession I have seen just as unmistakably the results of Christian faith. From self-indulgent, destructive, wasted lives, I have seen them become just such ministers to humanity as I conceive that Christ calls for. Among the unfortunate victims of extreme wealth I have known some suddenly accept the Christ's view of stewardship, and without dumping their wealth, for which Christ never called, they have accepted their responsibilities and administered it with such love and wisdom that their renewed lives have entirely stopped the mouths of critics." To Grenfell faith is a venture in the same way that life is. We do our Christian believing exactly as we do our living—by a succession of ventures and with the spirit of adventure. And the venture of faith is as reasonable as necessary, and in a way, as natural as the venture of Life. There is no getting on in anything without this adventurousness. Physical science begins by making the venture of believing in the intelligibility of the physical universe, which is purely an act of faith. The human intellect proceeding to investigate a presumably intelligible universe assumes, implies, and virtually affirms Intelligence to be at the root of all and pervading all. That is the scientist's venture. We submit that the Christian believer is

equally sane, equally reasonable, and, if the scientists please, equally scientific, when he makes the further venture of believing that Infinite Veracity, and Equity, and Goodness, and Love are at the center of all and pervading all. And this one great all-inclusive venture of faith is as justifiable to man's reason as it is necessary to his peace and indispensable to his courage. It is as sensible and reasonable as any noble venture of Life; and the splendid range of its possibilities in undertaking, achievement, and attainment offers infinite lure to the valor and vim of the adventurous spirit. Furthermore, Grenfell, looking on life as an adventure and making the splendid and entirely warranted venture of faith in the Lord Christ, is not only acting in harmony with the procedures of Science, but is also supported by Philosophy in its most recent trend. In this great venture of the soul he is a practical pragmatist, for what the pragmatic philosophy, in opposition to the Kantian, offers us to-day is a new kind of world—the world of adventure. Grenfell made it plain to Harvard students that to choose Christ as Master and follow him is rational: "first, because it is the most remunerative solution of the problem; secondly, the most interesting, as affording a sound basis for fighting, for loving, and for hoping; thirdly, the most manly, as involving hard work with no immediate vision of finality; and last, because it bases the whole on the satisfactory presumption that I am I, and choose this course myself." Then he tells those who are ready to follow and serve the Maker and Master of men to begin by cutting out whatever of sin they are conscious of; and next, to declare openly which side they are on. "Let it be known where you stand. It will help you immensely. It takes a lot of pluck sometimes, but it makes a man of one." This unconventional outdoor evangelist, whose work with men and for them is outside church walls, criticizes the inaction of the churches, but then says: "The church certainly is beginning to wake up. Its members are realizing that there is a loose screw, and are looking about to locate it. I believe to-day you will find in her that which is essential for your development, namely, constructive work which you can do. She will also give you the realization of spiritual fellowship between yourself and God, and between yourself and others who are in earnest about life, which it is her especial prerogative to afford, and of which she should allow no other interest to deprive her. Join her and help her. She, too, to-day is making for the uplift of humanity. She needs all you can give; and she certainly will give it back to you again with interest." Hear also these sane views: "For my part, I find the world is good. It is a most reliable paymaster, whichever way you make your investment, and I am glad to be in it. Everything seems to have a purpose, and from that fact I deduce a purposer. The world seems reasonable, and therefore likely to end reasonably. The evolution of love, the development of intellect, the unceasing metabolism of the body, considered with the principle of the conservation of energy, always seemed to me to argue against the annihilation of personality. But, after all, it is only a reasonable service in this world, not omniscience, which is asked of me. Some men hate the whole universe because they realize how brief the tenure of the things they love in life

is. But I am no pessimist. Knowing that I stay only for a time alongside of what I call my property, I am still delighted with all I get, enjoying immensely the use of it while I have it, and believing, as Christ teaches, that so-called death cannot rob me of spiritual friendships and assets. If I count what I can contribute to life, and not what I can get out of it, that of itself makes it worth while. The gauge is not what we have, but what we do with what we have. I am as sure that I am not my body as I am that I am not my house. But for all that, I know that I am I, and that I shall always continue to be so is sufficiently probable to satisfy me." In closing his manful talks to the Harvard boys, this Oxford graduate, akin in spirit to Chinese Gordon and Henry Drummond, this robust and sinewy adventurer in the spiritual as in the physical world, tells the young men: "I would not cross the road, much less come all the way from Labrador, unless some definite and desirable end could be accomplished." His effort is to induce in them "a desire to stand in life for just those things that Christ stood for, and to beget a determination to reincarnate his life in their own, so attaining the whole achievement of which humanity is capable. . . . My own experience brings me here to-day to try to induce you to accept as your life axiom, not merely that God was once reincarnated in human life, but that as an every-day matter of fact Christ walks in our streets to-day, and can again prove his divinity to us beyond question if we will permit him, by living in our human lives. There is no life but the life which comes from him; to me, as I have said, the rest is merely existence. The reason that Christ came was that we might have life, here and now, and that we might have it more and more abundantly." Before this Labrador doctor leaves the boys he tells them out of his own experience of the "joy of Christian service." In unconventional phrase he says: "My own choice of Christ has given me great fun in life, and still promises to do so; for no capacities need go unused in the field of Christian adventure. . . . There is fun in service because it includes everything we can do to help our fellow men." The healthy exhilaration of this temper reminds us of dear Ben Adams's words: "I don't profess to be perfect, but I've found something that makes me gay"; and also of James Russell Lowell's saying, "I take great pleasure in God."

Lame and Lovely. By FRANK CRANE. 12mo, pp. 215. Chicago: Forbes & Co. Cloth, $1.

THESE forty-five short "essays on religion for modern minds" make the latest volume from Dr. Frank Crane, who is a maker of essays and sermonettes and aphorisms printed in various newspapers, and in previous volumes entitled Human Confessions, God and Democracy, Business and Kingdom Come, etc. An article by him in this REVIEW was commended by Bishop Mallalieu in a letter to the Editor. The author's Foreword begins with, "The human race is incurably religious. We are more religious to-day than were the Puritans, the Crusaders, or the mediæval ascetic orders. Religion is nothing more nor less than life, in its purest and most elemental form as well as highest. Jesus, the greatest of religious teachers, never used the word 'religion': he spoke always of 'life.'"

Perhaps the best quotation for us to sample the book with is the "Preachment to Preachers." Beginning with this quotation from one of Wesley's letters to a preacher: "My dear Brother: You are indeed out of your place, for you are reasoning when you ought to be praying.—Yours truly, John Wesley," the Preachment proceeds thus: "From the layman in the pews this silent appeal rises to the minister in the pulpit: he that hath ears to hear let him hear! What we want from you, sir, is but one thing—yourself. If you preach Christ, it does us no good, unless you preach him in terms of your own personal life. The historic Christ and the doctrinal and tabulated Christ we, as well as you, can get from books. We want no words from you except those that are red with your blood. We do not want the Word, but the Word made Flesh. We do not want you to arouse our emotions; we want to see you gripped by your own. We do not want argument; we do not want anything proved to us; for where you lay one doubt you raise twenty. We do not want information; all its sources are open to us as well as to you. We do not want science, history, or philosophy; we want of you what we want of the one great neighbor—heart. Please go through your sermon, before you bring it to us, and cut out every platitude, every fine-sounding phrase, everything that you will say just because you think your church requires it, or because it is your duty to say it. Give us only what you cannot help saying. We ask you to compete with novels and stories in one thing—human interest. We ask you to compete with poets in just one thing—vision. We ask you to compete with men of science in just one thing—absolute honesty. We ask you to compete with those who make us bad in just one thing—in that you like us. We do not need your guidance; we need your confession—that shall most truly guide us. Do not berate us; we know how bad we are. Do not dictate to us; for the soul leaps to truth and not authority. Do not urge us; for souls that can see need no urging. Simply show us one who is in the clutch of some reality; then we shall be shamed and smitten, reborn and set on the right way. Do not entertain us. You cannot compete with the actor. Strip your soul naked to us and show us what no man can simulate—life in its pure motion. Speak low. The things you should have to say are secrets. Every man's religion is utterly modest; it is his most shrinking and sensitive vital spot. Remember that we are interested in the ultimate things—love, life, God, and death. Whenever you mention one of these things we are anxious to hear if you have any light. Remember that the spirit of this age is not as the spirit of former ages. Learn these words of Griggs: 'Our interest everywhere these days is in the distinctively personal. If one can tell openly and clearly the story of his own life, there are many who will find deep interest in this. Literature is becoming more and more autobiographhical. It all means the deepening consciousness of the absolute significance of the human soul.' It is not doctrines any more we want. It is not theorems and saving formulas. We want doctrines incarnated, theorems shining through souls, formulas that are the aureoles of experience. Holy church has become a trysting place for our souls with yours. We do not want to believe; we want to see. We do not want gold any more,

but the gold mine; not money, but the bank and mint; not the law, but the lawgiver; not the botany of Christ, but the rose of Christ; not the sermon, but the human being behind it. We, too, 'seek not yours, but you!'" It is reported from Sweden that in some of the Olympic games at Stockholm, "two of the American teams were suffering from staleness," which is a bad thing for an athlete or a preacher. Keep fresh! Here is a bit on Going to Church: "We note first of all that the church is the oldest organization on earth. It antedates Masonry; no family tree has roots so deep; no existing dynasty is so venerable. It is a comfort to get hold of something that has stood through centuries. In my little meeting house I claim membership and unity with that church whose altar fires Moses built in the wilderness, whose services were held in the catacombs of Rome in the reign of Nero, whose lofty cathedrals grace Milan and Cologne, and whose weekly gatherings still take place in every city and hamlet of the world whether in Jewish synagogue, Catholic church, or Protestant chapel. It all means God one way or another; it always has meant God. I am drawn to this antiquity, this persistence, this triumph over time. There's a deep thrill in the heart of man in response to Bishop Cox's hymn:

> Oh, where are kings and empires now
> Of old that went and came?
> But, Lord, thy church is praying yet,
> A thousand years the same.

Speaking of the sins of the church, too, it might not be out of place to remark that it has always been the religious feeling itself that has pointed out these sins and demanded and secured reform. The church carries in herself her own cure. Another, and most human reason, for churchgoing is that churchgoers as a rule are the best kind of people. I speak of averages. Of course there are bad people in and good people out. But I speak of averages when I say that the clean-minded, honest, straight, kindly, generous, and loyal folk gravitate churchward. The mass, at least, of the unclean, wicked, criminal, false, treacherous, and cruel folk drift from the church away. On the whole, therefore I go to church because there I find 'my kind of folks'; the kind I want to know, to have for my friends and to be my companions and furnish atmosphere for my children. This is not a low motive nor sordid, but high and pure. Of creed I say nothing, because this writing is not about joining the church, but about going to church. To go, and there to worship, does not necessarily imply that one intellectually assents to the theory of the universe set forth by the preacher. I go to church to develop my religious feeling, not to acquire facts. Most important of all reasons for churchgoing, however, is that it is the most practical way of keeping alive and efficient one's idea and feeling of God. I do not like to have any dark corners walled off in my soul where I am afraid to look. I refuse to allow any dogmatist or organization to make me afraid of God. I want to be familiar with the thought of deity and not ever to turn from it with a shudder or a shrug, as men turn from a fear or from a hopeless puzzle. Now, we may talk as we

please about finding God in trees and books, in poetry and in our meditations, but human nature is human nature, and unless we give regular expression to an emotion or conviction it will die of inanition. The race is some thousands of years old and is some wiser than you or I, and the experience of the race is that stated times of worship alone keep alive the disposition to worship. Moses knew what he was doing when he inserted among the commandments the order to devote every seventh day to the religious feeling. On the whole, therefore, I am sure any right-minded person will be helped by regular attendance at church." A characteristic essay is on The Sermon of the Clock:

"Tick tock, tick tock,
This is the sermon of the clock.

Once there was a very unhappy man. The cause of his unhappiness makes no matter. It is never of any use to ask why one is miserable; the point is, how can he escape his gloom and become happy? In his dumb wretchedness he sat down one day and stared at the clock. If you will look at anything sympathetically enough and let your soul listen you will hear some of the secrets of nature. The way to learn nothing is to talk, and read, and gabble, and do so continually. Be still and things will speak to you.

Tick tock, tick tock,
Listen to wisdom, said the clock.

Furthermore, the clock said: You are a fool. This is always the first thing a human being ought to grasp. Wisdom abides in the things that are; folly and woe abide in the things that ought to be and the things that might have been. Hence only men are wicked and unhappy. Clocks, trees, rabbits, and fishes take the world as it is; men are always trying to change it and wishing it had been different. That is why flowers smile and women weep.

Tick tock, tick tock,
What do you think of that? said the clock.

Happiness abides somewhere hidden in what is, the clock went on to say. The trouble with you humans is that you are ever seeking for it in what is not. Of course, you cannot find it; for, in the first place, it is not there; and, in the second place, if it were there you could not get it because there is no such place. God is, of course. He is happy. It is only the kind of God that is not that is angry, and vengeful, and anxious to make people suffer. All his universe is set for joy. The sky is glad, and the little streams giggle all day, and birds sing for love, and fishes wriggle for fun, and even a piece of wood is glad it is a piece of wood, and milk, and bread and honey, and fire are all quite comfortable bodies.

Tick tock, tick tock,
This world is a pretty good world, said the clock.

People have either too much brains or too little. If you consider the idiots you will find them usually merry. They laugh at nothing at all, and play with their fingers, as kittens play with their tails. And then if you consider the sage you find him also happy, because he has come close to the heart of what *is*, which is that thing we call truth; and so he does not fret any more, for he is drinking at the hidden stream of joy that flows through the universe, through the sun and sand, and through little children and the blessed dead.

> Tick tock, tick tock,
> Cabbages are happier than kings, said the clock.

Yes, yes, continued the clock, happiness is the peculiar juice of the isness of things, and not of the oughtness. And then, look at me! What am I doing? Why, ticking, of course. It is my business to tick. Now, I have to make four ticks a second or 240 ticks a minute, or 14,440 an hour, or 345,600 a day, and to think of a week makes my head reel; and a year amounts to many millions, where numbers cease to have any meaning and are just trills. If I were a fool man I should be everlastingly counting up how much I had to do in a week or a year, and I should simply give one tremendous whizz with my works and quit in despair. Being a sensible clock, however, I remember that while I have several million ticks to do per year, I have just as many seconds to do them in, and do not have to work per year at all. I make one tick at a time, never bother about those I made or am to make, and everything goes off nicely.

> Tick tock, tick tock,
> For every Tick there's a Now, said the clock.

And you people are just as happy and content as we clocks, if you only knew it. Most everybody is happy. Our unhappiness is borrowed; borrowed from the past in shape of remorse or regret, and from the future in the shape of apprehension. The present is always tolerable. You drag up from the pit of the past your sins and follies and mistakes, and load them on the poor little Now, and when you are not doing that you are reaching forward to the future and imagining things disagreeable that are going to happen and piling them upon the back of poor little Now. As a matter of fact, the past is not yours. It is God's. It belongs to the universe. It has been dissolved into the eternities, as a drop of water is lost in the sea. It is beyond your control. Let it go. All you need take from it is a little wisdom to help you to use your own. And the future is not yours. That is also God's. Every bud has but once to bloom, says a philosopher, and every flower but one hour of perfect beauty. Each star passes but once at night the meridian above our heads, and burns there but an instant. So each feeling has its floral moment in the heart, each thought in the mind's sky its zenithal instant. Let us watch the punctual universe. All things are but one huge clock. Your heart has its beats. Earth has its seasons. Generations of men come and go as the hours upon my face. Everything has its moment. You have yours. It is—*now!* For every creature except man, heaven is now." The author insists that the

River of God runs through the streets of your city, our city, his city, every city. Thinking of Jane Addams, of Hull House, he writes:

"There is a river the streams whereof
Make glad the City of God."
I went through death to find this thing
And all through heaven I trod.

Now heaven's a wide and wonderful place,
But the people are much as we,
So I came back home in sorrow and thirst,
And there one said to me:

"O fool, you have traveled far to find
What you've crossed over time and again;
For the River of God is in Halsted Street
And is running black with men."

"Then maybe Chicago's the City of God?"
Said I. "Perhaps," said he;
"For to find that City you need no wings
To fly, but eyes to see.

"And low in the rushes the river sings,
And sweet is its spirit lure,
For it waters the joys of loving and living
That grow in the hearts of the poor."

So I took me a place in the City slums
Where the River runs night and day,
And there I sit 'neath the Tree of Life
And teach the children to play.

And ever I soil my hands in the River,
But ever it cleans my soul;
As I draw from the deep with the Silver Cord,
And I fill the Golden Bowl.

PHILOSOPHY, SCIENCE, AND GENERAL LITERATURE

Canzoni. By T. A. Daly. Pictures by John Sloan. 16mo, pp. 172. Philadelphia: Catholic Standard and Times Publishing Company. Price, cloth, $1.00, net; by mail, $1.10.

This is a book of gathered-up newspaper poetry not up to magazine grade, most, if not all, of it printed first in newspapers, as was also, we believe, much of Whitcomb Riley's poetry, which has had very large and, we are told, very lucrative sale. Poor John Milton, it is said, got twenty-five dollars for his immortal Paradise Lost, read now by how many of Riley's and Daly's readers, we wonder? This little book is now selling its ninth thousand! And subsequent volumes like it are coming, for every day, now, a new poem by Daly appears in some newspaper, so

that, if he keeps it up, we will have to spell his name "Daily." Most of his verses are in some dialect, a few in Irish, fewer in Negro, and the most in Italian, of which last Mr. Daly has nearly a monoply, so far as we know. REVIEW readers may here see what newspapers judge that the everyday man dearly loves to read. The home-sickness of the Irishman finds sure and sweet expression in this "Song of the Thrush":

Ah, the May was grand this mornin'!
Shure, how could I feel forlorn in
Such a land, when tree and flowers tossed their kisses to the breeze?
Could an Irish heart be quiet
While the Spring was runnin' riot,
An' the birds of free America were singin' in the trees?
In the songs that they were singin'
No familiar note was ringin',
But I strove to imitate them an' I whistled like a lad.
O, my heart was warm to love them
For the very newness of them—
For the ould songs that they helped me to forget—
An' I was glad.

So I mocked the feathered choir
To my hungry heart's desire,
An' I gloried in the comradeship that made their joy my own,
Till a new note sounded, stillin'
All the rest. A thrush was trillin'!
Ah! the thrush I left behind me in the fields about Athlone!
Where, upon the whitethorn swayin',
He was minstrel of the Mayin',
In my days of love and laughter that the years have laid at rest;
Here again the notes were ringin'!
But I'd lost the heart for singin'—
Ah! the song I could not answer was the one I knew the best.

These verses on "The Butt of the Loafers" appeared very recently in the newspapers:

O! they needn't be so sly,
All them lads when I pass by,
Wid their winkin' o' the eye
An' their jokin' an' all that.
Sure, I'm wise enough to see
That the cause of all their glee
Is the ancient cut o' me
An' me ould high hat.

Yerra! boys will have their play,
So I've not a word to say—
'Tis mesel' that wanst was gay
As the gayest wan o' you;
An' there wasn't manny men
That'd care to joke me then,
When me blood was warm an' when
This ould hat was new.

It was wid me an' me bride
When the blessid knot was tied,
An' it follied, when she died,
  Where they soon will lay me, too.
It has served me all these years,
Shared me pleasures an' me tears—
As it's sharin' now the jeers
  O' the likes o' you!

Now, ould hat, we're worn an' sick,
But 'tis joy to think, avic,
That you never held a brick—
  An' there's some that can't say that!
So they needn't be so sly
Wid their winkin' o' the eye
When they see us passin' by,
  You an' me, ould hat!

Daly's Negro verses are fairly represented in "The Kettle's Song of Home":

Ain't berry menny people w'at'll listen to a Niggah,
  Or 'low dey's enny sense in w'at he say,
But I gwine to gib de 'sperience ob mah feelin's, an' I figgah
  Dat dey's quite a smaht ob people t'inks mah way.
W'en a man begins a-shoutin' 'bout de good t'ings dat he's missin',
  Kickin' kase dey ain't no fo'tune in his job,
Let 'im go home to his kitchen, an' set down a while an' listen
  To de singin' ob de kittle on de hob.

De rich man kin inhabitate a palace ef he wishes,
  Wif chiny-war' an' pictuahs on de wall,
An' kin lay on velvet sofers an' eat off'n golden dishes,
  But I wouldn't swap mah kitchen fo' it all.
Fo' hit wouldn't seem laik home to me, but 'ceptin' I could listen,
  A-puffin' at de backy in mah cob,
While de good Lawd seemed a-speakin' ob a home-like kind o' blessin'
  Frough de singin' ob de kittle on de hob.

Daly might almost be called the Laureate of Little Italy, in which office his dialect verses are delightful. No one can help liking "An Italian King":

I am so good for evratheeng
I oughta be electa Keeng!
Ees no som'body else at all
So strong like me, so beeg, so tall,
An' no som'body else can do
So greata theengs like I can, too.
How mooch you try you no can be
So fina beega man like me.
You bat my life! I oughta gat
A crown for wear eenside my hat,

An' makin' all da style I can,
Baycause I am so granda man.
All dees ees true. Eh? how I know?
My leetla boy he tal me so.

You maka fun weeth me an' tease,
An' call me "Dago" eef you please;
An' mebbe so I what you call
"No good for anytheeng at all,"
An' you weell theenk you speaka true
Baycause eet looka so to you.
Wal, mebbe som'time you are right,
But not w'en I gat home at night.
Ha! dat'sa time dat I am Keeng
An' I am good for evratheeng!
I know; baycause Patricio,
My leetla boy, he tal me so.

Little Italy's frugal life is seen in Joe D'Annunzio's "Change of Diet," just printed:

Yestaday, w'en da wheestle blow noon,
Joe D'Annunzio lay down hees spade,
An' he's feedin' heemsal' pretta soon
From hees deenner-pail here een da shade.
W'en da 'Merican boss ees com' by
From dat eatin' house over da way,
"Deesa costa da food ees so high
Eet ees keep a man busted," he say.
"Eet ees verra small lunch dat I eat—
Som' roas' beef an' potato an' pie
An' a leetla bit sauce for my meat—
But eet's costa me seventy-fi',
An' I don'ta see how you can pay
For da fooda dat keep you so fat."
"O! I maka fine deenner," Joe say,
"Weeth da onion an' bread an' tomat'."

An' to-day w'en da wheestle blow noon
Here's D'Annunzio eatin' som' more;
Comes da 'Merican boss pretta soon
An' he mak' da keeck like dayfore.
"Som' potato an' cabbage an' ham,
An' som' cream an' som' peaches," he say,
"Dat ees all dat I eat, but, by dam,
Eet ees costa me ninety to-day!
An' you're eatin' da bread an' tomat'
Lika yestaday. My! eet ees strange;
Don't you nevva gat tire' of dat
An' try deefferant food for a change?"
"Sure! da yestaday's deenner," Joe say,
"Was tomat', bread an' onion for me,
But eet's deefferant now, for to-day
I ain't eatin' no onion, you see."

Here is one merchant who reports that business is looking up, and sings this song of "Prosperity":

Who say dat beezaness ees blue
An' times ees hard? Eet ees no true.
You bat my life! I nevva see
Sooch trade like now ees com' to me.
Ah! lees'en, an' I tal to you.

Las' fall w'en first I com', my frand,
For keep dees small peanutta stand,
Eet was too playnta beega 'nough
Baycause I sal so leetla stuff.
But now so many com' for buy
Banan', peanutta, cak' an' pie,
I soon mus' gat, I am afraid,
Fine beega store for serve my trade.
Den mebbe, too, I gona see
To sal da coffee, milk, an' tea
For customer dat aska me.
You be su'prise' for see how fine
Ees all dese customers of mine,
An' so polite dey eat deir food,
An' look so nice, an' talk so good.
O! dere ees wan, so beeg, so tall,
He ees da grandes' wan of all!
An' w'en he eat hees pie, my frand,
An' I am watch heem go an' stand
Een doorway of dat beeg hotal
On Broadway, dat ees so swal,
An' see heem peeck hees teeth an' smile
An' bow een soocha granda style
To all hees frands dat passa by,
I am so proud I like to die!

Eef times ees hard you s'pose I gat
So fina, beega trade like dat?
From all dat I am tal to you
Can dees "bad beez'nees" talk be true?
Eh? w'at?
I bat you, not!

New Yorkers, just now, can listen feelingly to Angelo's account of his first "Lesson in City Politics":

I no care for gattin' meex'
Een dees ceety politeecs.
I no gatta vote, an' so
I no weeshin' mooch to know
W'eech side right an' w'eech side wrong;
I no bother mooch so long
Dey no bother mooch weeth me—
I jus' want do beez'ness, see?

I no like poleecaman
Com' to dees peanutta-stan',
Like he do most evra day,
Jus' for talka deesa way:
"Wal, my frand, I tal you w'at,
Politeecs ees gattin' hot.
Don't you mind all dessa queer
Talka 'bout da 'graft' you hear.
Notheeng een eet!" (Here he tak'
Bigga pieca geenger cak'.)
"Dees 'Reforma' mak' me seeck!
Sucha foolish theengs dey speak!

"All dees 'graft' ees een deir eye."
(Now he taka pieca pie.)
"I been een dees politeecs
Seexa year an' know da treecks,
But I tal you I ain't met
Any kinda grafta yet."
(Here he taka two banan'.)
"Evra publeec office man
Worka for a salary
Jus' da sama lika me.
We no want no more dan dat—
Jus' contant weeth w'at we gat."
(Den he tak' weeth botha hand
Som peanutta.) "So, my frand,
Don't baylieva all dees queer
Talka 'bouta 'graft' you hear."

Nutta, caka, pie, banan',
All for wan poleecaman!
Mebbe ees no "grafta"—say!
W'at ees "grafta," anyway?

Delicious, indeed, is this story about Tony, the æsthete, worshiper of the Beautiful, entitled "The Blossomy Barrow." Did you see it in your newspaper?

Antonio Sarto ees buildin' a wall,
But maybe he nevva gon' feenish at all.
Eet sure won'ta be
Teell flower an' tree
An' all kinda growin' theengs sleep een da fall.

You see, deesa 'Tonio always ees want'
To leeve on a farm, so he buy wan las' mont'.
I s'posa som' day eet be vera nice place,
But shape dat he find eet een sure ees "deesgrace";
Eet's busta so bad he must feexin' eet all,
An' firs' theeng he starta for build ees da wall.
Mysal' I go outa for see heem wan day.
An' dere I am catcha heem sweatin' away;
He's liftin' beeg stones from all parts of hees land
An' takin' dem up to da wall een hees hand!

I say to heem: "Tony, why don'ta you gat
Som' leetla wheelbarrow for halp you weeth dat?"
"O! com' an' I show you w'at's matter," he said;
An' so we go look at hees tools een da shed.
Dere's fina beeg wheelbarrow dere on da floor,
But w'at do you s'pose? From een under da door
Som' mornin'-glor' vines have creep eento da shed.
An' beautiful flower, all purpla an' red,
Smile out from da vina so pretty and green
Dat tweest round da wheels an' da sides da machine.
I look at dees Tony an' say to heem: "Wal?"
An' Tony he look back at me an' say "Hal!
I no can bust up soocha beautiful theeng;
I work weeth my han's eef eet tak' me teell spreeng!"

Antonio Sarto ees buildin' a wall,
But maybe he nevva gon' feenish at all.
Eet sure won'ta be
Teell flower an' tree
An' all kinda growin' theengs sleep een da fall.

Here is the dialect of the East Side City Kid giving his opinion of "The Country-Week Kid":

Say, all de kids is purty slick
W'at runs aroun' our way,
But dey ain't none kin shake a stick
At little Patsy Shea.
W'y, he kin pitch de "in" an' "out,"
An' onct 'e trun a drop,
An' he's de kin' youse read erbout
Fur dodgin' frum a cop.
An' w'en it comes ter jumpin' trains
An' hoppin' off agen,
Dere's where 'e shows 'e's got de brains
Uv half er dozen men.
An' shootin' crap an' marbles—say
He win an' never try;
Dey ain't no flies on Patsy Shea,
But, gee, how he kin lie!

W'y, say, youse knows de Country Week,
W'at takes de poor kids out
An' gives dem grub an' country air,
An' lets dem run erbout?
Well, dey're de people w'ats ter blame
Fur all de lies we hear
Since Patsy run ag'in deir game
An' started actin' queer.
Dey on'y had 'im out a week,
But 'fore I'm t'rough dis pome
I'll tell youse how he lied a streak
As soon as he got home.

'E tried ter bull uz kids; but, say,
I guess we're purty fly,
An' we jist laugh at Patsy Shea
W'en 'e begins ter lie.

Foist lie 'e told wuz how 'e went
A-swimmin' in a creek,
An' how nobody cared a cent
If he had swimmed a week.
Dey wuz'n' any cops, 'e sed,
As fur as youse could see;
An' dey wuz cherries, ripe an' red,
A-growin' on a tree,
An' youse could eat 'em if youse please
Till youse could eat no more.
An' apples growed on udder trees
Like w'at's in Clancey's store.
He told us all dese lies, 'e did,
An' never winked his eye—
O! Patsy Shea's a clever kid,
But, gee, how he kin lie!

But not all of Daly's poems are in dialect. For example, these two on "The Old Parishioner" and "The Building Inspector," both persons whom many ministers have met:

The graybeard glories in the past
And prates of "good old days."
These times are out of joint, he growls,
And sneers at modern ways.
He shakes his head at every move
That's up-to-date and new,
And everything you do is just
The thing you shouldn't do.
It's: "Mercy save us! Look at that!
We're slidin' back, I fear.
The parish isn't what it was
Whin Father Mack was here.

"The weddin's now are not as fine
As weddin's used to be,
An', faith, they're not so numerous
At all, at all," says he.

"Then, christ'nin's, too, were plentiful
An' carried out wid style;
'Twould warm your heart to see them there
A-crowdin' up the aisle.
An' sermons! How the crowds would come
To listen! Dear, O! dear,
The parish isn't what it was
Whin Father Mack was here."

Yet, from a study of the rolls
And records, 'twould appear
The parish claimed but fifty souls
When Father Mack was here.

And here is the well-known self-appointed supervisor of church erection:

When ground is broken on the site
For your new church, some busy wight
Is certain to assume the right
To pose as chief inspector.
He deems it quite the thing that he
Should represent the laity,
And watch the builder's work and see
He doesn't cheat the rector.

Of course the whole thing's badly planned,
He tells you, and you understand
How good it is that he's at hand
To check some greater blunder.
The mortar's bad. He breaks a crumb
Between his finger and his thumb,
And shakes his head and murmurs, "Bum!
Who sold 'em that, I wonder?"

Thus after church each Sunday morn,
With mingled pity, grief, and scorn,
He goes about on his forlorn
Grim duty of inspection.
But, no, not every Sunday though—
That statement's not exactly so—
Some Sundays you take up, you know,
The building fund collection.

Tears and laughter are in Daly's verses. In "Dirty Little Fingers" he touches the same human chord that sounds in Eugene Field's "Little Boy Blue":

From the moment he could stand alone and toddle
Across the bedroom floor from chair to chair,
There was never any respite for his mother;
He was getting into mischief everywhere.
There were somersaults distracting down the stairway,
And tumbles off the sofa, to be sure,
And the bumps he got were really quite terrific,
But none a mother's kisses couldn't cure.
He'd a most plebeian fondness for the kitchen,
Whose precincts were his favorite retreat,
And the coal-hod held for him a fascination,
For he seemed to think it's contents good to eat.
But the thing that caused his mother's greatest worry,
And made her ply her house-cloth o'er and o'er,
Was his subsequent invasion of the parlor
With his grimy little fingers on the door.

How the whiteness of the paint was desecrated
By those dirty little digits every day;
Though his weary mother wept and begged and scolded,
He pursued the even tenor of his way.
It was evident that he was only happy
When his fingers held their share and more of dirt,
And the only thing he loathed was soap and water,
And, O my, goodness gracious! how that hurt!
But it hurts us now to contemplate the cleanness
Of everything about this quiet place;
All the finger marks that used to mar the woodwork
Have disappeared, nor left the slightest trace.
For the last of them was wiped away last summer,
Glad summer that is gone forevermore!
We are lonely, Lord, and hungering to see him,
With his grimy little fingers on the door.

We began by calling T. A. Daly a newspaper poet; not in disparagement, be sure, but in characterization; it may be to his praise. His verses are so close to the level of our common, every-day life that they can be caught on the fly as we run, so near to the primitive universals that they touch all sorts and conditions of men. Far be it from us to disparage newspaper poetry! Some of it is worth watching for, and helps to redeem the page from sordidness and vulgarity and wickedness and filth. Did we not this very day light upon this pithy and far-reaching verse on Miracles all alone by its suggestive self in the bottom corner of the editorial page of our daily newspaper:

In order rolled each starry sphere,
A babe was born, a raindrop fell,
And yet he wearied heaven's ear
By asking for a miracle.

For this relief much thanks to McLandburgh Wilson.

HISTORY, BIOGRAPHY, AND TOPOGRAPHY

Cuneiform Parallels to the Old Testament. Translated and edited by Robert William Rogers, Ph.D. (Leipzig), Litt.D., LL.D., F.R.G.S.; Professor in Drew Theological Seminary; author of A History of Babylonia and Assyria, in two volumes; The Religion of Babylonia and Assyria, Especially in its Relations to Israel; Five Lectures Delivered at Harvard University. 8vo, pp. 567. New York: Eaton & Mains. Cincinnati: Jennings & Graham. Price, cloth, $4.50.

The present is an era of comparative study. In the sphere of language has grown up the science of comparative philology, which compares language with language, seeks, by means of this comparison, to discover the relation of various languages to one another, and to formulate universal laws of language. The same principle is applied to the study of history, literature, philosophy, ethics, and religion. The literature and religion of the Old Testament have come to be studied in the same manner. Men are laying to-day the whole Hebrew literature, history, and

religions alongside of the literatures, histories, and religions of other nations, test them by the same methods, and apply to them the same rules. These investigations have been carried on with the greatest interest ever since the results of excavations in the Bible lands, especially in the Euphrates-Tigris valley, have become known. When it was found that persons and events mentioned in the Old Testament were also referred to in the inscriptions, the question was raised, What is the bearing of the cuneiform historical records on the trustworthiness of the historical records of the old Testament? An even more serious question presented itself when discovery was made that the religious ideas expressed in the Old Testament had their parallels in the sacred literature of Babylon. If the religious ideas expressed in the Old Testament have their parallels among nations commonly called heathen, and if these extrabiblical ideas cannot be explained as dependent on the Bible, does it follow that the ideas of the Bible are appropriated from these nations, and if so, what becomes of the uniqueness, the sacredness, the inspiration of the Old Testament? The importance and far-reaching significance of this subject is suggested in the following quotation from a prominent assyriologist, Hugo Winckler: "We come in the end to this, that we can distinguish only two world views which the human race has known in its historical development: the old Babylonian and the modern empirical naturalistic, which is still in process of development and is yet struggling with the old one in many departments of life." To avoid misunderstanding respecting the extent of Babylonian influence, he adds: "The world view and religion are *one* for the ancient Oriental." In this statement Winckler robs the Old Testament religion of all originality; he considers it nothing more than a natural development of Babylonian religion. Friedrich Delitzsch, in his lectures on "Babel und Bibel," expressed the same idea in a somewhat modified form by pointing out the predominance of Babylonian thought in the Hebrew conception of the origin of the world and of man, the fall, the deluge, life after death, angels, demons, the devil, the Sabbath, a large part of the sacrificial cult, directions concerning the priesthood, the name and worship of Yahweh (Jehovah), and a more or less clearly defined monotheism. Utterances of reputable scholars like these deserve consideration, but the Bible student should not be asked to accept blindly the opinions even of experts; he has a right to demand of the latter to furnish him not simply conclusions, but also a presentation of the material which will enable him to test, check, and, if necessary, correct their conclusions. There have always been Assyriologists who recognized the justice of this demand, and have sought to meet it; but no one has done this more adequately or more satisfactorily than Professor Robert W. Rogers in Cuneiform Parallels to the Old Testament, recently published by The Methodist Book Concern. For ten years Professor Rogers has been at work collecting, transliterating, and translating for the purpose of supplying to English readers a "complete corpus of all Assyrian, Babylonian, and Persian inscriptions which are parallel to or illustrative of the Old Testament." The result is a large volume of 567 pages, about 100 of which are devoted to an index and 48 fine plates

of representative tablets and monuments. Author and publishers may be congratulated on the external appearance of the book: binding, paper, typography, arrangement of material on the page, plates—all combine to make it a beautiful specimen of the bookmaker's art. In estimating any book, the author's purpose must be kept in mind. Professor Rogers did not mean to "thresh out every theory and make every possible comparison with the Old Testament," but rather "to supply the materials and let the student exercise his own judgment upon them." The general plan includes translations of all the texts into English and transliterations of the originals, by which those acquainted with Semitic languages may control the translations. Prefixed to many inscriptions are brief introductions, which give the setting of the texts and other information that may help the student to a better appreciation of their meaning. The introductions to the historical inscriptions are of special interest, for they trace in outline the history of Assyria as affecting the fortunes of Israel. The material is arranged in six groups: I. *Mythological Texts:* Numerous myths of Babylonia and Assyria have been preserved. Some of these are of great interest to the Old Testament student, because they reveal striking similarities between certain ideas and motives in the literature of Israel and that of Babylonia. There are, for example, several creation myths, very much like the Hebrew narratives of creation. Another equally famous work is the Gilgamesh epic, the eleventh tablet of which contains the story of a deluge which shows remarkable parallels to the Old Testament account of the flood. Ishtar's descent into Hades is one of the best preserved of these stories. It gives a description of the underworld which shows many resemblances with certain Old Testament utterances. Of interest is the story concerning the childhood of an early king, Sargon I, which reminds one of the experiences of the child Moses. II. *Hymns and Prayers:* The Old Testament is rich in beautiful religious lyrics. A very interesting type of Babylonian poetry is represented by the hymns of praise in honor of Sin, Shamash, Marduk, and other deities. Some of the Babylonian prayers might well be addressed to Jehovah himself. Of peculiar interest are the so-called Penitential Psalms, resembling, in many respects, the psalms of the Old Testament. One can feel, even at this distance of time, the real pang of concern for moral uncleanness which inspired these confessions of sin and petitions for forgiveness. Under this head Professor Rogers gives also specimens of wisdom literature, among them the so-called Babylonian Job. III. *Liturgical and Doctrinal Texts:* One of the most important results of recent archæological discoveries is to show that many of the religious rites, customs, and institutions of Babylonia and Assyria closely resemble those ascribed in the Old Testament to the Hebrews. The Sabbath, one of the earliest religious institutions recognized in the Old Testament, seems to be rooted in a Babylonian institution. No doubt it is exaggeration to say that "if we want to trace the origin of the late Jewish ceremonial of the Priest Code, we must look for it in the cuneiform ritual texts of the Babylonians." Nevertheless, the inscriptions reveal extensive and striking resemblances between the ceremonial systems of the Hebrews and the

Babylonians, and what is even more significant, between the principles and ideas underlying these systems. IV. *Chronological Material:* It is generally admitted that the chronology of the Old Testament presents serious difficulties, and many expedients have been employed to remove them. It was, indeed, gratifying to discover that the chronological system of the Assyrians was more precise. Among other valuable chronological documents, all given in Cuneiform Parallels, the most interesting are the so-called Eponym lists, by means of which the Assyrian chronology can be definitely fixed from about B. C. 900 on. This, in turn, enables us to bring order into the chaos of Hebrew chronology during the most important period of the nation's existence. V. *Historical Texts:* Perhaps the most elaborate inscriptions are those which may be called historical: historical legends, annals, chronicles, etc. The age of Abraham is illuminated by the inscriptions of Hammurapi; the Tel-el-Amarna tablets throw light on conditions in Palestine before the conquest. Of later kings, Shalmaneser III (860-825) names Omri, Ahab, and Jehu; Tiglath-pileser IV (745-727) mentions Menahem, Pekah, and Hoshea, three kings of Israel, and Ahaz of Judah. Sargon II (722-705) records the fall of Samaria, while his son Sennacherib (705-681) gives a lengthy description of his campaign against Judah and Jerusalem in 701. The downfall of Babylon, which preceded the return from exile, is now better understood because archæology has uncovered the records of Nabonidus, the last king of the doomed city, and Cyrus, the conqueror. In short, the historical inscriptions enable us to paint an entirely new background for the historical and prophetic books of the Old Testament. VI. *Legal Texts:* There is an abundance of administrative and legal material. Of interest are the so-called boundary stones with their inscriptions. Among the legal texts proper, the most complete is the so-called Code of Hammurapi, found in Susa in the Winter of 1901-1902. This code contains nearly 300 laws, formulated and collected by the great contemporary of Abraham, which reveal many striking resemblances with the legal system of the Hebrews. Legal documents dealing with private transactions of various sorts have been preserved by the thousands. These records deal with the sale of houses and lands, exchange, hire, loans, interest, deposits, gifts, pledges, etc. Marriage contracts, settlements with divorced wives, and their children, or with children of concubines, and documents of adoption, are also quite numerous. Indeed, almost every kind of legal document is represented in the cuneiform literature. This brief outline of the contents of Cuneiform Parallels at least suggests the wealth and variety of the material in Professor Rogers's book. Nothing seems to have escaped his keen vision. The author unquestionably has furnished the most complete collection of cuneiform literature ever brought together in any language for the purpose of illustrating the Old Testament. Concerning the quality of the work little needs to be added. Those who know The History of Babylonia and Assyria, and the Religion of Babylonia and Assyria, by the same author, know something of the thoroughness and skill with which Professor Rogers handles the material which his superior scholarship places at his command. All these characteristics

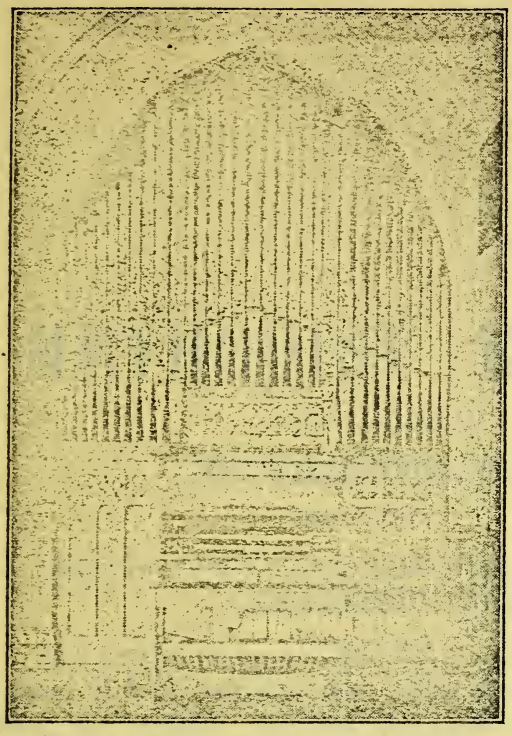
appear in this, as in his earlier works. Granting, then, the importance of the comparative study of the Old Testament, and on this point there is no room for difference of opinion, students everywhere owe a debt of gratitude to Professor Rogers for the long and painstaking labors that have produced this remarkable volume. It should have, and without doubt will have, a prominent place in the libraries of all earnest Bible students, experts as well as laymen, for it is an absolutely indispensable help to an adequate appreciation of the nature and uniqueness of the Old Testament literature and religion.

The Life of William Robertson Smith. By JOHN SUTHERLAND BLACK and GEORGE CHRYSTAL. Royal 8vo, pp. ix, 638. London: Adam and Charles Black. Price, cloth, $4, net.

THE experience of a pioneer is generally hard and severe, but his fidelity has always opened up fruitful fields for the nourishment of the race. This is true not only of the hardy pioneers who made homes in the wilderness for succeeding generations, but also of those who travailed in spirit in leading men to view larger vistas of truth. William Robertson Smith was one of these latter pioneers, and his life was passed in a stormy atmosphere. His father, Dr. William Pirie Smith, had been a schoolmaster in Aberdeen at the time of the disruption. But he gave up a life of scholarly ease to enter the ministry of the Free Church, and he served the country parish of Keig for thirty-five years. The career of this clerical martyr recalls that of another Aberdeenshire minister, whose life has been written by Sir W. Robertson Nicol under the title, My Father. Robertson Smith was born and spent his early years in Keig. His studies were carried on at home under the guidance of his father until he entered Aberdeen University, at the age of fifteen years. Here he achieved brilliant triumphs and carried off all the scholarships, medals, and other academic recognitions. The first three chapters of the book are of great interest for the light thrown on the home, university, and seminary life of this mental prodigy. It was a home where learning was untiringly and successfully pursued, in a spirit of austerity, which, however, was relieved by the deep affection of the members of the family. The hard labor recorded of the university students lets one into the secret of Scotland's leadership in thought, and why many of her sons are eagerly sought after for pulpit and chair in this country. It is true that the hard study on hardy fare at times had fatal results; but those who survived the sacrificial ordeal secured rich laurels from church and state. While Smith was a divinity student in the New College, he also acted with distinction as assistant to Professor Tait in the department of Natural Philosophy in Edinburgh University. At the age of twenty-four years he was elected to the Hebrew Professorship in the Free Church College of Aberdeen. His work here is graphically recorded by his faithful biographers. What impresses one from the very outset is Smith's keen devotion to the acquisition of universal learning. "As a Hebraist he made rapid progress, but as his erudition grew, he seemed to sacrifice nothing of the interest in universal knowledge. He, however, combined great synthetic power with a high ideal of minute and painstaking scholar-

ship." His editorship of the Encyclopædia Britannica, in itself the achievement of a lifetime, gave full scope to his wide and deep learning. However abstruse and diverse the subjects were, he handled them with the skill of an expert and passed judgment on the work of the contributors with the acumen of an authority. He enjoyed intimate relations with many of the famous scholars of Europe and America. A reference to the index of this volume will show names notable in academic and ecclesiastical circles. Nearly half of this book is devoted to the recital of the heresy trials of Smith during six painful years. They were occasioned by his articles on "Bible" and on other subjects in the Encyclopædia Britannica. Controversy always introduces elements of bitterness and injustice, but the history of thought shows that the progress of truth has been inevitably made by way of excited disputation. One result of these agitations was that Smith vindicated for the Church the right of free research by an appeal to "the scientific as well as to the religious consciousness." Our sympathy with this persecuted scholar must not lead us to ignore some of the very defects of his virtues. He was naturally of a controversial temperament, and, as his biographers state, he "had not sufficiently considered the fact that he was not addressing an audience of experts." The controversy, however, accomplished a great deal. The Old Testament became increasingly recognized as a book with a vital message; it is a vast and animated record which unfolds the redeeming purpose of God in a gradual development. The duties and privileges of "believing criticism" were made clear. Questions of scholarship must not be confounded with questions of practical piety and the living experience of redemption through Christ. Truth can never be decided by a mere majority vote; and the methods of a football match are futile in arriving at right conclusions concerning religion. "The Church had learned in the years between 1875 and 1881 how exhausting and—all things considered—how unremunerative the sport of hunting a heretic could be." The names of Briggs, Toy, H. Preserved Smith recall similar experiences in the United States. We are, however, living in a better day, made so, in large measure, by pioneers of this type. We now recognize the fact that scholarship and saintliness can and must abide together for the furtherance of the gospel of redemption. The discipline of these years of trial developed the rich qualities of Smith. After he was deposed from his chair, he was appointed Lord Almoner's Reader in Arabic in Cambridge University, in 1883. He was then elected fellow of Christ's College, 1885, Librarian of the University in 1886, and Professor of Arabic in 1889. In response to urgent invitations, he delivered a course of lectures on the problem and methods of biblical criticism which were subsequently published in 1881 under the title: The Old Testament in the Jewish Church. A second course, also delivered in Edinburgh and Glasgow, discussed luminously the subject of prophecy and the positive contribution made to religion by the prophets of Israel. This volume "has achieved one of the greatest known literary successes in the department of theology" since its publication in 1882, as it is yet consulted as a work of authority. Kinship and Marriage in Early Arabia

was one result of his work as Reader in Arabic. His volume The Religion of the Semites (1889) has justly been regarded as the most original and important of all his writings. It is this book that heralded him as one of the founders of the science of comparative religion. It was his combination of incisive criticism with scientific imagination that gave importance to his pioneer work in this department. Dr. Smith realized in an exceptional way the ideal of the scholar's life. His optimism and cheerfulness were distinguishing marks of his character. His motto, inscribed in Hebrew on the title page of this book, was the text: "He that believeth shall not make haste." It aptly expressed his attitude to life and learning and his vision of the far-sighted goal. He passed away at the early age of forty-eight years. He had achieved most exceptional triumphs in scholarship, but, as Dr. W. Robertson Nicol, one of his early students from Aberdeen days, stated, "his noblest achievement was the victorious patience with which he endured the sufferings of his later years." This is a worthy memorial to the honor of the greatest scholar of his generation, who was, above all things, a devout Christian.



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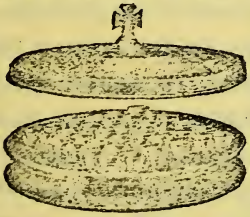

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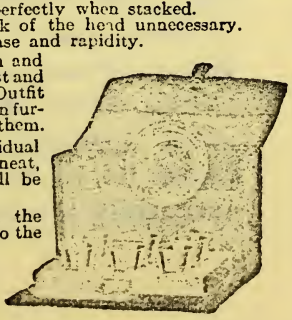

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METHODIST REVIEW

NOVEMBER, 1912

Art. I.—"THE RING AND THE BOOK": ITS ORGANIZING IDEA

The central theme of "The Ring and the Book" is the sacredness of Love and Marriage. This theme is not patent, but latent; not explicitly declared, but implicitly contained in this rare and splendid product of genius. It is the organizing idea of the vast and wide-ranging poem—

> The straight backbone—thought

—through what many have felt was not only a "crooked" speech, but a welter of disconnected musings. It is not strange that so many readers of Browning's greatest poem should have failed to catch the main theme. The work is vast. It is a classic. Its movement is complicated, and the range over which the poet travels is so ample that it should not occasion surprise if many lose their way. Like music and architecture, such a stupendous work of literature as "The Ring and the Book" must be patiently studied if it would be understood and appreciated. How many in a popular assembly grasp the true *motif* of compositions by Handel or Beethoven when first heard? What amateur traveler in Europe enters fully into the significance of the various parts of the vast cathedrals which have been thrown up against the sky in those older civilizations? Had the musician no central theme? Did the architect build without an organizing idea to which every

arch and tower, every statue and even the gargoyles lent their own peculiar suggestions? One of the most discriminating commentators on the works of Browning is Mr. James Thompson, and he has compared this great work of English verse to a cathedral. "For here truly," he writes, "we find the soaring towers and pinnacles, the multitudinous niches with their statues, the innumerable intricate traceries, the gargoyles wildly grotesque; and within, the many-colored light through the stained windows, with the red and purple of blood predominant, the long, pillared, echoing aisles, the altar with its piteous crucifix and altar-piece of The Last Judgment, the organ and choir pealing their *Miserere* and *De Profundis* and *In Excelsis Deo,* the side chapels and confessionals, the fantastic wood carvings, the tombs with effigies sculptured supine; and beneath, yet another chapel, as of death, and the solemn sepulchral crypts. The counterparts of all these, I dare affirm, may veritably be found in this immense and complicated structure whose foundations are so deep and whose crests are so lofty." For the very reason that this particular poem is "immense and complicated" it must be true that it did not lie in the mind of the author "without form and void," but was fashioned in an orderly manner from prologue and solemn invocation to Guido's wild cry as the executioner approached—

> . . . Life is all!
> I was just stark mad—let the madman live
> Pressed by as many chains as you please pile!
> Don't open! Hold me from them! I am yours,
> I am the Granduke's—no, I am the Pope's!
> Abate—Cardinal—Christ—Maria—God, . . .
> Pompilia, will you let them murder me?

This theme has been treated by workers in the world's best prose and verse from the time men first put pen to paper, but in no language was there an adequate treatment. As incidental to great Greek and Roman works of literature, some consideration had been given to Love and Marriage, but nowhere did Browning find the field covered. Only in the brief poem entitled "Aylmer's Field," by his contemporary, Lord Tennyson, has the profanation of pure love been formally attempted by a first-rate poet. It may

fairly be presumed that this production was not known to our author, and, had it been known, it was so brief and its range so narrow that Browning would not see in it such occupation of the field he had in mind as would in any way preclude the completion of his project. Long brooding over this poem leaves the impression clear and distinct that Browning regarded it as the work into which he had put his utmost power. He girds up the loins of his mind for its creation as for that of none of his other immortal productions. No common theme lured him to so masterful an effort. All his powers were challenged by the vast and fundamentally important task to which he had addressed himself. After reading "the old yellow book" which contained in quaint, old-time Roman-law pleadings and counter pleadings the story of the murder trial of Count Guido Franceschini for the crime of having stabbed his beautiful young wife, Pompilia, with twenty-two dagger wounds, and brutally putting to death her innocent foster-parents, Violante and Pietro, which old and time-stained relic he had bought for a trifle in a second-hand shop in Florence, he saw before him and ready to his hand the outlines of a plot so fascinating and so complete as to stir all his creative instincts to their highest exercise. Hear him:

> Thence bit by bit I dug
> The lingot truth that memorable day,
> Assayed and knew my piecemeal gain was gold.
>
> I fused my live soul and that inert stuff
> Before attempting smithcraft.
>
> The life in me abolished the death of things,
> Deep calling unto deep: as then and there
> Acted itself over again once more
> The tragic piece.
>
> A spirit laughs and leaps through every limb,
> And lights my eye, and lifts me by the hair,
> Letting me have my way with these.

Were there need for further preliminary proof that Browning was conscious of having put his hand to a great task, and to the particular task of putting into an imperishable art form an adequate

treatment of a theme that vitally concerns, and must concern, humanity in all lands and all ages while human hearts and human homes are factors in social and religious affairs of communities and nations, we should find it in the man himself, in his own idyllic love-marriage, and then in the solemn and lofty Invocation addressed to his sainted wife. Browning was a clean-minded man. He had enjoyed the priceless advantage of being born "all of love" in a home founded upon the highest ideals of mutual love between husband and wife. His mother was a woman of unusual natural refinement and wholesome piety. His father was more than a high-class merchant of the old school—he was a scholar of the finest tastes and a lover to the end of a sunny married life. Bred in such an atmosphere of affection, the lad grew to a clean manhood, in love with goodness in all forms, and sensitive to all suspicion of stain or pollution in sex relationship. His studies of society and the church were serious and profound. The evils of his age smote him hard, and he girded at them all in turn with a keen blade. Satire, logic, Scripture, history, and burning denunciation were at command, and his growing army of readers expected him to strike out boldly against every wrong that ate into the pure metal of domestic, social, or religious life. Given Robert Browning, therefore, and the evils of marriage for sordid and unholy ends, and some such deliverance as "The Ring and the Book" was to have been expected. And adding a marriage for love with the frail but gifted Elizabeth Barrett—a love so intense and pure and a married life so like an idyll that was lived out in domestic perfection before their most intelligent and intimate circle of friends—it will be seen that he would be driven to use the theme; to treat of the damnable sin of thwarting the trembling motions of holy human love by "weaving coarse webs" of convention and worldly advantage to snare wives and husbands for children, when God meant that they should have liberty to found homes upon God-given love of heart for heart. He saw that such marriages are the only guarantee of the home. And when a blow is struck at that divine institution which we call the home, it is a blow that makes society tremble through all its frame. In the thought of God the home is the fountain of the race. Within this

sacred inclosure, fenced from pollution by the provisions of Sinai and the whole moral law, men and women are to really live and children are to be born; and here, in this home, they are to be fashioned for their places in the complicated fabric of society and fitted to be true sons and daughters of the Almighty, doing his royal bidding in all lands until the kingdom of righteousness is fully set up and the kingdoms of this world have become in very deed the kingdoms of our Lord and of his Christ. Befoul this fountain, and moral sickness and political death follow wherever its streams flow forth. Keep this fountain pure, and generations of youth shall follow similar generations to the whole and rounded redemption of the race. Legislation can do much. Reform movements sweep across the face of society, clearing away moral miasmas and making clean the institutions of our common life. Religion, in its activities in church and Sunday school, works at the heart of the social problems upon the solution of which the continuance of civilized society depends. But not one nor all of these can do the work of the home. To the last generation of man upon earth the home will remain the fundamental training school of the men and women who make our world. Marriage is the corner stone of the home, and love is the selective agent by which this corner stone is chosen, rolled into place and held there, though the rains descend, and the floods come, and the winds beat upon the home that is based thereon. Tennyson has put our thought in form for men to frame in their memories when he says, in "The Princess":

> Then comes the statelier Eden back to men;
> Then reign the world's great bridals, chaste and calm;
> Then springs the crowning race of humankind.

For this service which he would fain render the world Browning craves the aid of her whom he had "loved and lost awhile." She had inspired what was best in much of his poetry while she yet lived and worked, as fellow artist in the creative tasks of literary work in its highest ranges. Could she not yet stoop to hear the cry of his spirit? She who loved with such a pure passion could so interpret to him this high theme, and could so raise

what was low in him to the lofty conceptions of Love and Marriage which he would enshrine in verse. She had been

> Not perfect, nay, but full of tender wants,
> No angel, but a dearer being, all dipt
> In angel instincts, breathing Paradise,
> Interpreter between the gods and men,
> Who looked all native to her place, and yet,
> On tiptoe seemed to touch upon a sphere
> Too gross to tread, and all male minds perforce
> Swayed to her from their orbits as they moved,
> And girdled her with music.

Filled with this thought, he, the tender husband-lover, pens the "Invocation," which is eloquent with memories of a wedded life of pure bliss. Every line of this "Invocation" is instinct with the argument of the poem:

> O, lyric Love, half angel and half bird,
> And all a wonder and a wild desire—
> Boldest of hearts that ever braved the sun,
> Took sanctuary within the holier blue,
> And sang a kindred soul out to his face.
>
> This is the same voice: can thy soul know change?
> Hail, then, and hearken from the realms of help!
> Never may I commence my song, my due
> To God who best taught song by gift of thee,
> Except with bent head and beseeching hand—
> That still, despite the distance and the dark,
> What was again may be; some interchange
> Of grace, some splendor once thy very thought,
> Some benediction anciently thy smile.
> Never conclude, but, raising hand and head
> Thither where eyes, that cannot reach, yet yearn
> For all hope, all sustainment, all reward,
> Their utmost up and on—so blessing back
> In those thy realms of help, that heaven thy home,
> Some whiteness which, I judge, thy face makes proud,
> Some wanness where, I think, thy foot may fall!

As the long and intensely dramatic story unfolds all its sinuous windings, and the plot lies fully bared to our vision, we see that here, as everywhere in the works of this master of verse, we are not treated to platitudes—the unpardonable sin of literature.

He deals with his materials in his own masterful fashion. He depends for the clinching of his case upon negations rather than affirmations. He proves what marriage should be by showing what it was not in the particular case of Pompilia, "the chattel that had caused a crime," and Guido, the principal criminal. Incidentally we are treated to a vista of possible love so enticingly beautiful and so compelling in its allurement that the work is finally laid down with the plot of an ideal love story forming in our minds. Never before in any tongue have mean and commercial ideals of Love and Marriage been so adequately thrown upon a literary canvas. All the petty intriguing and bargaining for the hand of a wealthy heiress by a broken-down member of the nobility is here. The title-hunting mamma with daughters to trade for titles or positions is drawn to the life. Every move in the deep game of matrimony as it is played by those worldly wise begetters of offspring

> Who set their daughters forth
> Here in the woman-markets of the West
> Where our Caucasians let themselves be sold,

is fully illustrated. At least seven times over does Browning make you hear the story of the steps leading up to the unholy marriage of Pompilia, and each version is original. In all of these delineations of motive, condemnation for this kind of man-made substitute for God's way of home-founding is made cumulative. Before the last delineation, that by the Pope, has been completed, any healthy-minded man or woman who has sympathetically gone over all those that preceded will have been ashamed and indignant at the motives laid bare in the souls of the parties who arranged the marriage of convenience and worldly advantage. By contrast rather than by direct and positive argument does the author make his case. By showing blackness he would make us to fall in love with whiteness. By showing sin in its native ugliness and shame he would instill into us a horror of it and a deep and reverent love of marital righteousness and goodness. He would have us rise from the perusal of this seven-times-repeated description of the wrong way to proceed in founding a

home with the settled conviction that "Marriage is an honorable estate, instituted in the time of man's innocency, signifying unto us the mystical union between Christ and his church," and that, being such an institution, "it is not to be entered into unadvisedly, but reverently, discreetly, and in the fear of God."

It will be necessary to let some of the parties put their own views of the matter before us if we are to feel the full force of the opening claim that the central theme of the poem is the sacredness of love and marriage. And at every step it is to be remembered that Browning elected the use of the negative method, concreting his argument in a particular marriage in a particular way, and that he runs his concrete, so to speak, in at least seven different molds that its strength under different tests may be fully proven. Count Guido Franceschini is an old and broken-down hanger-on at the court of "Rome's most productive plant—a Cardinal." He is hawk-nosed, bush-bearded, and undersized. His palace at Arezzo is tumbling about his ears, and years are coming on apace. A younger brother has become a favorite in the church, is a full priest,

> A bishop in the bud, and now
> A canon full-blown so far.

This younger brother is annoyed that Guido has not made a financial success of life, and sees no way for him out of the mire of poverty unless the Count should find a wife with a purse of ample proportions. This scheming priest gains the consent of Guido, and insists that the case be left in his hands. He says to his titled older brother,

> 'Tis I, this time, that supervise your lead.
> Priests play with women, maids, wives, mothers—why?
> These play with men and take them off our hands.

A woman in his acquaintance is sought, and she tells the sly priest of easy-going Violante and of the hard-bitted old husband, Pietro, and, what is most important of all, of the comfortable dowry which the child-wife would bring to a husband. Straightway he is at the home of Violante. After an ingratiating opening, he begins:

> Guido was home-sick, yearned for the old sights
> And usual faces—fain would settle himself
> And have his patron's bounty when it fell
> Irrigate far rather than deluge near.

All too plain, he pined
Amid Rome's pomp and glare—
He must find straightway, woo and, haply, win
And bear away triumphant back, some wife.

We want no name and fame—having our own:
No worldly aggrandizement—such we fly!
But if some wonder of a woman's heart
Were yet untainted on this grimy earth,
Tender and true—tradition tells of such—
Prepared to pant in time and tune with ours—
If some good girl (a girl, since she must take
The new bent, live new life, adopt new modes),
Not wealthy (Guido for his rank was poor),
But with whatever dowry came to hand—
There were the lady-love predestinate!
And somehow the Abate's guardian eye—
Scintillant, rutilant, fraternal fire—
Roving round every way had seized the prize
—The instinct of us, we, the spiritualty!
Come, cards on table; was it true or false
That here—here in this very tenement—
Yea, Via Vittoria did a marvel hide,
Lily of a maiden, white with intact leaf
Guessed thro' the sheath that saved it from the sun?

A wife worth Guido's house and hand and heart?
He came to see; had spoken, he could no less—
If harm were—well, the matter was off his mind.

Then with a great air did he kiss, devout,
Violante's hand, and raise up his whole height
(A certain purple gleam about the black)
And go forth grandly—as if the Pope came next!

Another version of this initial interview is given by Tertium Quid in a smashing summary as follows:

The straight backbone—thought of the crooked speech
Were just—"I, Guido, truck my name and rank
For so much money and youth and female charms.
We, Pietro and Violante, give our child
And wealth to you for a rise i' the world thereby."

Each did give and did take the thing designed,
The rank on this side and the cash on that—
Attained the object of the traffic, so.

One's breath comes faster as poor Pompilia's fate is considered. A child in everything but mere stature and that early ripeness common in southern Italy, her sacred rights were ruthlessly ignored in this base and bestial transaction. She knew no whit of the meaning of it all. She says, in her dying statement:

> Well, I saw no more sense in what she said
> Than a lamb does in people clipping wool;
> Only lay down and let myself be clipped.

All the sturdy good sense of stout-hearted old Pietro was in rebellion against this selling of their child for a title, and Violante outwits him by a clandestine marriage agreed upon with this same wily priest-brother. The wedding scene is everything that it should not be. It is held in a gloomy church, mid-afternoon of a chill winter day in Rome. The day was dark and cold and dreary, as befitted the dark deed that was being enacted in its slow-dragging hours. Muffled and veiled, Violante and Pompilia go in great secrecy to the church. There is a hurried service, all in the church of God, and all by the connivance of men set apart as ministrants in Christ's stead at the altars of the Lord of holiness and righteousness. Hear Pompilia's account of this ghastly wedding:

> However, I was hurried through a storm,
> Next dark eve of December's deadest day—
> How it rained!—through our street and the Lion's mouth.
> And the bit of Corso—cloaked round, covered close,
> I was like something strange or contraband—
> Into blank San Lorenzo, up the aisle,
> My mother keeping hold of me so tight
> I fancied we were come to see a corpse
> Before the altar which she pulled me toward.
> There we found waiting an unpleasant priest
> Who proved the brother, not our parish friend,
> But one with mischief-making mouth and eye,
> Paul, whom I know since to my cost! And then
> I heard the heavy church door lock out help
> Behind us; for the customary warmth,
> Two tapers shivered on the altar. "Quick!
> Lose no time!" cried the priest. And straightway down
> From . . . what's behind the altar where he hid—
> Hawk-nose and yellowness and bush and all,
> Stepped Guido, caught my hand, and there was I

O' the chancel, and the priest had opened book,
Read here and there, made me say that and this,
And after told me I was now a wife,
Honored indeed, since Christ thus weds the church,
And therefore turned he water into wine,
To show that I should obey my spouse like Christ.
Then the two slipped aside and talked apart,
And I, silent and scared, got down again
And joined my mother, who was weeping now.

At her broidery frame, a few days later, the child, who had not breathed a word of the experience of that chill evening, not in the least comprehending what it had all meant, heard loud voices in the room below.

. . . In I ran to see.
There stood the very Guido and the priest
With sly face—formal, but nowise afraid—
While Pietro seemed all red and angry, scarce
Able to stutter out his wrath in words;
And this it was that made my mother sob,
As he reproached her—"You have murdered us,
Me and yourself and this our child beside."

Guido insists upon his wedded rights. The fox-faced priest witnesses to the validity of the marriage and counsels Pietro to make the best of what cannot be prevented.

Then I began to half surmise the truth;
Something had happened, low, mean, underhand,
False, and my mother was to blame, and I
To pity, whom all spoke of, none addressed;
I was the chattel that had caused a crime.
I stood mute—those who had tangled must untie
The embroilment. Pietro cried, "Withdraw, my child!
She is not helpful to the sacrifice
At this stage. Do you want the victim by
While you discuss the value of her blood?
For her sake I consent to hear you *talk*.
Go, child, and pray God help the *innocent*."

Violante's wiles had triumphed.

With an angler's mercy for the bait,
Her minnow was set wriggling on its barb
And tossed to mid midstream; which means this grown girl,
With the great eyes and bounty of black hair
And first crisp youth that tempts a jaded taste,
Was whisked in the way of a certain man who snapped!

The portrayal of the agonies of body and mind and spirit which were entailed by this wretched barter called marriage is a climax in the argument. One is filled with awe as the furnace of her suffering is stoked hotter and yet hotter. In a way not possible to be set forth within the limits of this article, Guido did not secure the financial advantage hoped for by the union. Then all the sluices of his cruelty were opened, and Pompilia was made to bear abuse in a thousand forms in the hope that she would be goaded to a suicidal or a scandalous ending of the tragedy. The good young priest, Giuseppe Caponsacchi, helps her to escape to Rome, where her child is born, and the husband, accusing her of unfaithfulness, takes "four wretched lumps of life" from his vineyard force and kills her and her foster parents in a wild fury of disappointed greed and hate born of a marriage that was a lie at its every step. Of the suffering of that four-year period Browning writes as only one would write who was making a case. The arraignment is a terrible one. Over and over, from the lips of different parties who had been near to or more remote from the center of this domestic storm, we have all phases of the anguish through which this innocent young wife passed told with all the force of a cumulative indictment. Guido abused her with words, charging her with all the evil intentions that could be harbored by the most depraved of womankind. He bullied, and threatened to kill with sword or dagger or poison. He burned with jealousy or affected the temper to infuriate the one who had balked his greed of its prey. Entitled to all gentleness and all courtesy, she was made to feel the whips of a relentless and cowardly domestic persecution. The old Pope says, in his review of the appeal from sentence of death pronounced in the secular courts upon Guido and his four companions in bloodshed,

> Hence a plan for so plaguing, body and soul,
> His wife, so putting day by day, hour by hour,
> The untried torture to the untouched place,
> As must precipitate an end foreseen,
> Goad her into some plain revolt, most like
> Plunge upon patent suicidal shame.

Of her suffering she says:

. . . t'was by step and step
It got to grow so terrible and strange,
These strange woes stole on tiptoe, as it were,
Into my neighborhood and privacy,
Sat down where I sat, laid them where I lay,
And I was found familiarized with fear.

. . . his face threw fire at mine,
He laid a hand on me that burned all peace,
All joy, all hope, and, last, all fear away,
Dipping the bough of life—so pleasant once—
In fire which shriveled leaf and bud alike.

Hear the aged Pope as he sits alone, in a late winter afternoon, poring over the pleadings in this appeal from the government tribunal to the Papacy, for the reason, forsooth, that Guido had taken one or two of the lower orders leading to the priesthood, or, as one of the parties puts it,

. . . he clipped
His top hair, and thus far affected Christ.

In the conclusion of this monologue is the final climax of the argument which Browning has been putting into concrete form through all the mazes of this great poem:

For I find this black mark impinge the man,
That he believes in just the vile of life.

See this habitual creed exemplified
Most in the last deliberate act; as last
So, very sum and substance of the soul
Of him that planned and leaves one perfect piece,
The sin brought under jurisdiction now,
Even the marriage of the man: this act
I sever from his life as sample, show
For Guido's self, intend to test him by,
As, from a cup filled fairly at the fount.
He purposes this marriage, I remark,
On no one motive that should prompt thereto—
Farthest, by consequence, from ends alleged
Appropriate to the action; so they were:
The best, he knew, and feigned; the worst he took.
Not one permissible impulse moves the man
From the mere liking of the eye and ear

To the true longing of the heart that loves;
No trace of these; but all to instigate
Is what sinks man past level of the brute—
Whose appetite, if brutish, is a truth.
All is lust for money: to get gold,
Why, lie, rob—if it must be, murder! Make
Body and soul wring gold out, lured within
The clutch of hate by love, the trap's pretense.

All this he bent mind how to bring about,
Put plain in act and life, as painted plain,
So have success, reach crown of earthly good,
In this particular enterprise of man,
By marriage—undertaken in God's face
With all those lies so opposite God's truth,
For end so other than man's end.

The pathos and power of this claim are best seen in the pure love that sprang up between Caponsacchi and Pompilia and noting how human conventions barred the way to the natural and divinely intended ending of such pure love had Pompilia lived. On the side of the priest rose up the unnatural and man-made abomination known as enforced celibacy—a masterpiece of the Prince of this world. He was a sworn priest. As such he was debarred from the delight of love and the large usefulness and sweet enjoyment which would have followed marriage with a nature as strong and well poised as that of Pompilia. As he contemplated the bare possibility of a life so companioned there was wrung from him the cry,

O great, just, good God! Miserable me!

And Pompilia, the dying child-wife of a man who had no right in her that had come to him from any love they bore each other, cries,

. . . let men take, sift my thoughts
—Thoughts I throw like the flax for sun to bleach!
I did pray, do pray, in the prayer shall die,
"O to have Caponsacchi for my guide!"
Ever the face upturned to mine, the hand
Holding my hand across the world—a sense
That reads, as only such can read, the mark
God sets on woman, signifying so
She should—shall, peradventure—be divine.

Tell him—I know not wherefore the true word
Should fade and fall unuttered at the last—
It was the name of him I sprang to meet
When came the knock, the summons, and the end.
"My great heart, my strong hand are back again!"
I would have sprung to these, beckoning across
Murder and hell gigantic and distinct
O' the threshold, posted to exclude me heaven!
He is ordained to call and I to come!

So, let him wait God's instant men call years;
Meantime hold hard by truth and his great soul,
Do out the duty! Through such souls alone
God stooping shows sufficient of his light
For us i' the dark to rise by. And I rise.

In the white light of an affection which in God's merciful plan would have glorified two lives and lighted another family to his service on the earth, this imperishable classic comes to a pathetic but luminous ending. Its theme is made plain. It is the one adequate literary treatment of the divinity and sacredness of love and marriage.

Homer A. Stuntz

Art. II.—THE KINGDOM

It is significant that the first petition of what we call the Lord's Prayer has to do with the coming of a kingdom—God's kingdom. It is also noteworthy that the place for the establishment of this kingdom is the earth. The ideal is in the heavenlies, but the realization of the ideal is on the earth. "Thy will be done in earth, as it is in heaven"—this is the petition Jesus taught his disciples to utter daily. And he taught it to them because it was uppermost in his thought. His mind moved in the circle of the Kingdom. He was always speaking about it—telling what it was, what it was not, what it was like. It is important that we have a fairly adequate understanding of what Jesus meant when he prayed for the coming of the Kingdom.

The Kingdom of God cannot be complete in an individual. The cross means more than that. Calvary does, indeed, mean the salvation of the individual, but let us devoutly thank our God that it also means infinitely more. Calvary and the Kingdom mean the redemption of the race and the purification of all the avenues and activities of the race. The coming of the Kingdom means that some day science and society, commerce, letters, and politics—the whole round circle of the world's life—shall be purified and uplifted, an offering acceptable and well-pleasing in the sight of God. It means that one day God's will is to be done on the earth as it is now done in heaven. If it does not, then our Lord's prayer is meaningless. It must mean that some time men will so conceive the ordinary vocations of farm and factory, mill and mine, office and store, home and society that they shall be means of grace, enriching the soul and enlarging the life. The business of the Christian and of the Christian church is not merely with individuals, but with individuals as they relate themselves to the Kingdom. The supreme purpose of Christianity is the inbringing and the establishing of the kingdom of God on the earth. To offer the petition and go our way without a practical program for its actual realization in the ordinary affairs of daily life is to stultify ourselves and confess hypocrisy and Pharisaism

after the New Testament type. All too frequently we have been content with emotional experiences. Some even seem to think that the inner experience is the only essential. Before the kingdom of God can truly come, however, the inner experience must be wrought into action and life.

Revivalism and the Kingdom. That revivalism has been largely depended upon for the establishment of the Kingdom cannot be questioned. By revivalism are here meant the mighty mass movements, either denominational or interdenominational, whereby spiritual forces have been brought to bear upon communities, and through which the spiritual motive and life of individuals and communities have been quickened, deepened, and carried over into the realm of individual and community practice. Nor can anyone deny the powerful influence of these movements as they relate to the Kingdom. The careful and candid student gladly acknowledges the power of revivalism to transform lives and uplift communities. As it has been in the past, so doubtless, under the right conditions and with proper leadership, it will be in the future. It is possible, however, to put too great dependence upon this method and to assign to it a power and influence altogether out of proportion to the permanent results. An Australian paper, in a comment upon the modern type of mass evangelism, has this to say:

> It is necessary to be very frank about the whole subject of these gigantic missions. That they attract immense audiences of people is obvious to everybody. But it is equally obvious that the vast majority of the men and women who attend are already attached to Christian churches or Christian congregations. Nothing is more clear than this simple fact: that great evangelistic campaigns fail, to a large extent, to attract the real nonchurchgoers. The problem of the man in the street still remains unsolved.

An American paper, after quoting the above extract, continues:

> That this putting of the case is fairly accurate in our day the experience of Christian workers in many places besides Australia has abundantly shown. At least this much is true: if the local churches and local Christian forces are not making a mighty effort to reach the nonchurch-going people with the gospel every day in the year, there is not much hope of the spasmodic and wholesale efforts of a great evangelistic occasion being specially successful in reaching them. The only trouble with the

revival, or the mission, or whatever we may call it, is that sometimes we expect it to do too much, and to relieve the church of her obligation to be evangelical every day in the year.

These quotations get close to the heart of this part of our problem. The chief merit and the supreme value of the great mission or revival (and this value is not to be lightly estimated) is to develop an atmosphere and create conditions in which it shall be easier for the local church to do the work that must be done for the bringing in of the Kingdom in the community to which it ministers. Let us by all means have the revival, the mission, but let us clearly understand its purpose, its power, and its limitations. Let us not assign to it a power or an influence it does not possess; let us not accept it as a substitute for the church or for the work of the church. The field for the revival or the mission is the church itself. The field for the church is the world outside its fellowship and indifferent to its spiritual ideals. The revival, with its massed Christianity, its glorious singing, its inspiring testimony, turns up the dry and hardened soil, creates a spiritual atmosphere, beats down barriers and removes mountains of prejudice and opposition; and when it is all over, the work that really needs to be done waits the wise, steady, regular, and courageous work of the local church. The revival in its very nature is occasional, special, and extraordinary, and has the virtue and defects of its nature. The real work has been done and always must be done through the channels of the regular, the daily, and the ordinary.

The Church and the Kingdom. One can but wonder at the persistency, not to say the obstinacy, of the church. Notwithstanding many burials at the hands of its enemies, it persists in living. Though often wounded in the house of its friends, it recovers itself and, on the stepping-stone of its apparent defeat, rises to levels of higher efficiency. It is not for naught that Paul speaks of it as "the church of the living God, the pillar and the ground of truth." The church is divinely ordained for bringing in the Kingdom. And a wise student of history will not fail to trace the power and influence of the church in the social, economic, and humanitarian ideals and institutions of the modern world.

The church, however, needs to think more highly of herself than in these days she does. She needs also to conceive her task more clearly and to grip it more concretely. The plan of Nehemiah in the rebuilding of the walls of Jerusalem is not antiquated. It is still the plan of wisdom and of efficient service—every one over against his own door. Every church should hold itself to a rigid accountability for the coming of the Kingdom into its particular territory. If the Kingdom has not come, who is to blame? The church too often depends upon the extraordinary, the special and the spectacular. It should depend upon itself; upon the efficiency of its constituted services and wisely planned methods of working. A business man expects daily, weekly, monthly, and yearly results. He has a plan. He knows whether he is advancing or not. Too many of our churches have no plan, or at best only a desultory one. What is needed is a sense of responsibility and a consciousness of divine empowerment equal to the emergency. When the churches depend less upon outside agencies and special times and seasons, and more upon their own divinely ordained and guaranteed powers, and especially when the ordinary and regular ministry and service is instinct with the presence and power of the living Christ, and when through these channels the Christ touch and life are put in contact with individual and communal need—then will the Kingdom come with increasing power.

The Ministry and the Kingdom. In this connection a word needs to be said regarding the ministry and the establishment of the Kingdom. Every Methodist preacher comes to his task and goes forth to his work with the consciousness of a divine call. In his ordination vows he confesses his confidence in a divine compulsion moving him to his office and work. "Woe is me if I preach not the gospel," sounds in his soul, and his spirit rejoices in the privilege of proclaiming the good news of Jesus Christ. He is called of God and ordained by the Spirit of God before he is ordained of men. The call of God, the ordination of the Holy Spirit, and the commission of the Methodist Episcopal Church combine to assure him of the unction and power essential to one who would be a good minister of Jesus Christ. It is to be regretted that a certain type of evangelism seems to disparage the

regular ministry. It is further to be regretted that some ministers have fallen into the habit of depreciating themselves and the spiritual efficiency of their regular work. The time has come for every minister in Methodism to recall his ordination vows and to remember that the enduement of power for successful evangelism is a part of his divine equipment. That our ministry possesses this power is unquestionable. That it is not exercised in fullness is undoubtedly true. Spiritual passion is still the heritage of the sons of Wesley. Well does Richard Watson Gilder illustrate and incite us to our privileges in his memorable ode to Wesley:

> Let not that image fade
> Ever, O God! from out the minds of men
> Of him, Thy messenger and stainless priest,
> In a brute, sodden, and unfaithful time,
> Early and late, o'er land and sea, on-driven—
> In youth, in eager manhood, age extreme—
> Driven on forever, back and forth the world,
> By that divine, omnipotent desire,
> The hunger and the passion for men's souls!

For the coming of the Kingdom Methodist ministers need not the methods of the eighteenth or even of the nineteenth century. But we do need the sense of spiritual power that is born of spiritual passion. Not Wesley's method, but Wesley's spirit—the spirit of consecration and of culture, of courage and of religious initiative. With this spirit our ministers will take their rightful places as spiritual leaders in their respective communities. Under such leadership the local church will take on new life, and since life always organizes itself for effective ends, there will soon be found methods suited to the needs of the hour. Nothing is more pitiable than to see ministers, hat in hand, standing at the door of some high-priced evangelist beseeching him to come and undertake the work for the very doing of which the church is organized and the minister himself called, commissioned, and ordained. The imperative need of our day is a generation of men surcharged with spiritual confidence and spiritual self-respect; men who will feel that under God and through the agency of their churches they are abundantly able to give full proof of their ministry.

The Laity and the Kingdom. Methodism has always hon-

ored her lay membership. Her local preachers, exhorters, class leaders, stewards, and trustees have been men of character, wisdom, and spiritual power. In the early days many of the laity, both men and women, had evangelizing ability of the highest order. They felt a call to divine service and realized that they had a responsibility for the spiritual condition of their neighbors and friends. To-day the layman of Methodism has a prestige, power, and place higher than at any previous period of our history. He has equal place and rights in the high councils and on all the great boards of our church. We are in an era of lay gatherings and conventions with the special stress upon civic movements and large benevolent offerings. Well and good. We bid every such movement "Hail and Godspeed." But if the world is to be won to Christ in this or in any succeeding generation, it will not be won by proxy, nor yet by pouring great gifts into the treasury. Paul says they first "gave their own selves." What is needed to-day is the laity of Methodism giving itself in spiritual service. Once more the men and women who sit in the pews must realize that *they are the church.* If the Kingdom is to come, the parents in the home must realize a burden and responsibility for the spiritual nurture and training of the children. Neighbors must be interested in the spiritual condition and well-being of neighbors. Men and women in every rank and walk of life must be ready to speak with their associates on religious matters, and must be ready to urge the Christian way upon their fellows, enforcing that urging with a consistency that brooks no question. No revival will be more potent than a revival of specific, personal spiritual activity on the part of the laity of Methodism. The Brotherhood Movement is a sign of the times. Here is provided at the psychological moment an organization through which laymen can work for the moral and spiritual betterment of their fellow men. In close alliance with this is the Organized Adult Bible Class. Already approximately one hundred and fifty thousand Methodist men are enrolled in these classes. The Bible is the textbook. In the Bible are found the principles of individual, social, civic, and industrial righteousness. Through these new movements—movements not distinct from the church, but an in-

tegral part of twentieth-century church life—the layman of to-day can find his spiritual opportunity even as the layman of the past found his opportunity in class meeting and lay preaching. The forms of spiritual activity change, but the spirit itself is constant through all types and forms. We care utterly nothing about forms or fashions, new or old. What is needed is a deep and quick sense of personal responsibility on the part of the average layman for the fulfilling of the Master's prayer, "Thy kingdom come." Spiritual passion will surely find the fit form for its expression and action.

Literature and the Kingdom. The printed page was never more powerful than it is to-day. The newspaper, the magazine, the novel are increasingly influential. Authors of brilliancy and power discuss every phase of social, civic, and corporate life in volumes that are read by millions. The time has come for Christian authors, editors, and publishers to use this arm of power as never before. In this respect, as in many others, John Wesley was a pioneer. His associates coöperated with him in writing, printing, and publishing literature that was suitable for the time. The people read, and read eagerly, what was thus provided. The evangelistic influence of Wesley's publications can hardly be exaggerated. It was like a plowshare breaking up the ground and fitting it for the seed. It prepared the thought of the people for receiving the preacher's message. It created a mental atmosphere favorable to the truth. Ours is distinctively a reading age. But, to be read, the literature provided by the church must be as attractive in form, as compelling in interest, and as powerful in treatment as that supplied through any other medium. It is quite the vogue to depreciate the output of denominational authors and presses. Some of the criticism is doubtless deserved, but much of it is distinctly undeserved. Mediocrity is not confined to denominational presses. If our Christian constituency fully realized the evangelistic value of the right kind of literature, and if it would read and recommend books and papers of the right character with as much zest and urgency as the votaries of a cheap and unwholesome literature read and recommend their favorites, there would be a surprising increase in the output of religious

publishing houses and a corresponding strengthening of the things that make for the kingdom of God. The necessity for the wide distribution of a worthy literature is greater now than in Wesley's day. Wesley fought ignorance and gross sin. We face and fight a superficial wisdom, a misguided intelligence, and a gilded wickedness which at heart is as black and deadly as any in the past. Before the kingdom of God can come in any large or ample fashion there must be a literature of righteousness. Much present-day literature needs a new birth and baptism. The churches have a duty in this respect. They are under a solemn obligation to prepare and push a literature that will combat and counteract the fallacies and falsities of much that is now published. They have also the obligation, through such literature, to create the atmosphere and temper of heart and mind in which the fruits of the Spirit will most surely flourish. The Christian laymen who will devote their talents, time, and wealth to the establishing and maintaining in each of our great metropolitan centers of a newspaper that will stand unflinchingly for righteousness, and will at the same time command patronage because of its genuine ability in all lines of legitimate newspaper work, will render high service to the Kingdom and will deserve well of this and coming generations.

The Youth and the Kingdom. Too long we have overlooked the relation of childhood and youth to the Kingdom. "We hold that all children, by virtue of the unconditional benefits of the atonement, are members of the kingdom of God," and then we go on and treat them just as if they were members of some kingdom not God's. There is no disposition at this time to discuss mooted theological opinions. One thing is clear. If one is to help in bringing in the kingdom of God, he must take hold of the task early in life. To fancy that we are bringing in the Kingdom in any really large and vital way by letting our young people wander into sin and give the better part of their lives to the opposition is a fallacy so plain as only to need statement. If God's kingdom is really to come to the world, currents must be channels of grace, the epochal movements must make for righteousness. Every trade, profession, or business, all art, science, and litera-

ture, must take on spiritual significance and must be a means toward the realization of the desired end. For all this we need the years of childhood and youth—all the years of a full-orbed life. Nothing is more desperately needed than a generation of high-souled, generous youth with a conception of God's kingdom that measurably meets God's thought. The world needs idealistic and energetic young folk who will not think so much about saving their own souls as about saving the universe. These young people must be made to realize that the establishment of God's kingdom in the hearts, lives, and works of men is the greatest, the sanest, and the most inspiring task in the world—the task for the accomplishment of which Christ lived and died, and for which they, too, please God, will live and, if need be, die. And they are ready, needing only a challenge and a leader. The young people we are thinking of are in the period of imagination and idealism, of chivalry and courage, of sacrifice and service. The youth of our land are undertaking great tasks, are going on high quests, are braving manifold changes in all the ways and works of the world. In science and literature, in invention and discovery, in profession and trade, in study and sport, the youth counts no hardship too severe, no surrender too great, no service too costly, for the accomplishment of his purpose. He is just as ready to do and dare, to serve and suffer, in the cause of religion as in any other cause. It is to be feared, however, that the religious ideal so often presented has not appealed to his spirit of devotion and chivalry. It has not captured his imagination, nor challenged the effort of the best that is in him. All too frequently the religious appeal has been negative rather than positive, passive rather than active. A religion of negation and passivity will never enlist the youthful host. If only there can be presented to them a religious appeal big enough and broad enough, with enough of heroism and sacrifice in it to satisfy the imagination, the courage, the daring, the chivalry of youth, the young people of to-day and to-morrow will gladly meet the challenge of so high a call. Let them once thoroughly understand that the world "means intensely and means good," and they will set themselves to the task of bringing it to the level of its highest and best with an enthusiasm of spirit and

a tenacity of purpose that cannot fail. Up to the present hour the church of God has utterly failed either to realize or to rightly utilize the stores of moral initiative and of spiritual daring latent in the hearts of the boys and girls in our homes and Sunday schools. To touch and use, to mold and control, to guide and direct this source of illimitable power is the supreme duty of Methodism. It is likewise the open road to success. The salvage of the moral derelict must not be neglected. Let it never be forgotten, however, that the main business of Christianity is construction, not salvage. God is able to save out of the veriest depths of degradation and sin. He is equally able to save in childhood and to continuously develop that child life in spiritual symmetry and power. Such a life necessarily becomes a constructive force in Kingdom-building.

By the active use and the wise correlation of all the forces at our command, we may easily give a mighty impulse to the world movement that makes for righteousness and come near to the fulfillment of our oft-repeated prayer: "Thy will be done in earth, as it is in heaven."

So shall the world
That ever, surely, climbs to God's desire
Grow swifter toward his purpose and intent.

Art. III.—THE APOSTLE PAUL AS AN ORATOR

Those clever analysts of the period—the Maurice Maeterlincks and the Bernard Shaws—who make no more of dissecting and explaining a hero or a saint than of carving an orange, to whom genius is a calculable product of antecedent elements readily discoverable either in the ante-natal stamp of heredity or in the various influence of environment, will be rather hard put to it to account, upon either of these hypotheses, or upon both combined, for the career of the apostle Paul. This man was a genius, if any man ever was, but—and here is the psychological puzzle—a genius as many-faceted, so to speak, as a full-cut diamond, each facet flashing with its own distinct and different ray, some of them not at all in line with either heredity or environment. In this variety, not to say contrariety, of endowment resides a kind of warrant, no doubt, for the oddly conflicting epithets which have been chosen by Christian writers when they would entitle, by a word, the distinctive potency of this astonishing personality. Thus, to Augustine, to Luther, and to the Reformed Theology generally, Paul has been *par excellence* the teacher, thinker, theologian. On the contrary, our friend Dr. Lyman Abbott calls him a "mystic," a "poet." In quite another direction, James Martineau is impressed by Paul's power as a writer and by the singular force of his style, "brilliant, broken, impetuous as a mountain torrent freshly filled, never smooth, but on the brink of some fresh leap," while modern, practical, organizing minds, like that of John R. Mott, for example, point to Paul as the model leader, founder of churches, head of a movement, the foremost propagandist of Christian history. Now what is to be said is that each and every one of these estimates of the great apostle is legitimate and true. And not less warranted is still one other aspect of his genius, to which perhaps less attention has been given, namely, his mastery as an orator. For an orator Saint Paul was, and of the first rank, although in no sense of the Ciceronian type. The type of Paul's oratory illustrates the earlier and more vital Demosthenean tradition that eloquence is not rhetoric, but "action"—

action in the Greek sense, a personal *tour de force* that brings the whole man into play in one intense focus of released energy, and is, accordingly, of the nature of combat; not a parade, but a wrestle. Thus Beecher once, in the hearing of the writer, defined an orator as "a wrestler with men." So Emerson, in his essay on "Eloquence," one of the most trenchant pieces of writing we have on the subject, lays it down that eloquence at the heart of it is a kind of battle—one roused man plus a cause, meeting and overmatching a thousand men plus a situation. Our picture of Saint Paul the orator can include nothing in it, therefore, of the "Websterian front" or the studied pomp of words. The hazy old tradition presents to us the Cilician tentmaker as a man rather of under stature, like Napoleon and Gladstone, with high brow, an aquiline nose, a longish beard, according to rabbinic custom, and an exceedingly quick, glancing, bright gray eye. He possessed also, we may be certain, an unusually ringing and resonant voice and the orator's hand for gesture. But nothing can exceed the quick energy of this little man before an audience. His speeches are all one instant grapple. He deals with sudden and stormy excitements. The soldier whistle of the initial S in his earlier name is never quite lost in the Christian P. Whole he is preacher and missioner, he is also, as some one describes Demosthenes, "the perfect combatant all armed." He is as ready as the swordsman, fearless as the sword; a kind of compact and charged dynamo of a man, of whom you will say that, while small in stature, he is every inch alive. And, accordingly, his manner in public address is rapid, trenchant, masterful, like that of the great Greek, striking straight at the main facts and at the main consciousness of the men before him.

I remember that as a boy I received my first real conception that Saint Paul was a human being, a veritable flesh-and-blood man, by imagining him in one of his speeches standing halfway up the stairs of our old, broken-kneed county courthouse in Lenox, Mass., which was at that time the county town of Berkshire. To my boyish fancy that dingy and frowsy old courthouse was for the moment the castle at Jerusalem, and I was one of the mob at the bottom of the stairs. (I doubt if I was fit for any-

thing else in those days!) I thought that we (that is, the mob) had all crowded up to listen to the prisoner on the stairs. We heard the rattle of chains hanging from his wrists. Then the officer unshackles one hand to leave it free. Up in a moment goes that hand, the orator's hand, "beckoning" to us. I thought how Paul would look up there and how I should feel when I saw his hand wave. Then I seemed to hear the big, rich, hammer-stroke of voice from that little man as it came pealing down, and suddenly it flashed upon me that Paul was a real man, although he was in the Bible. I think I got a truer insight in that moment into the real fire-heart of this wonderful opal of New Testament literature than I had gained in a month of Sundays in the old white church on the hill.

There are four addresses of Saint Paul which one would cite in confirmation of this estimate of his power. The first was uttered at Antioch and was directed to an audience of Jews, learned men and rabbis. The second speech was in the open air, at Athens, and was addressed to a gay, critical, frivolous crowd of wits and loungers, from the top of the hill of the God of War. The third address was from the wharf of the little Mediterranean seaport of Miletus and was addressed to a dozen sad-faced, plain, and elderly men whom Paul had known as elders of his little Ephesian church. And the fourth, and last, was Paul's great plea for his life and his cause before the brilliant and royal assembly in the great hall at Cæsarea. These occasions differ widely, but each betrays the supreme oratorical genius. Like every great master of speech, Paul possessed a quite incalculable mastery. He possessed both heat and light. He melted men; he transfigured moments. Occasions roused him, and when roused, he transformed the occasion, but the excitement did not carry him off his feet. When the hot blood mounted to his brain it did not confuse him. He watched his audience. He knew how to concentrate the diffused electricity of the hour into the thunderbolt of an instant. He was swift, bold, concise, displaying that union of rigid argument with concrete illustration which all experience since Demosthenes has shown to be the most effective style in oratory. Paul, in a word, is the Demosthenes of the Bible. In this rush of logic

blended with personal sympathy we discern the born orator and master of men. Before the mob he tells a story—the story of his own life—and that is the one thing a mob will listen to from a strong man who is its prisoner. Even the mob's tiger nature pauses to listen ere it springs. Before the Athenian sophists and dilettantes he piques and paralyzes his auditors by a rapier thrust keener than their own. On the seashore he entreats, he soothes, and his tones catch a pathos from the murmur of the sea as he tells his friends that they shall see his face no more. Before the royal court—and this is the finest touch of all—he tells the same story he told the mob, but more fully, more elaborately, showing its background and illustrating by it both his own sincerity and the vital philosophy of his cause.

Shall we close with an instant's flashlight upon these scenes?

High on an upland plateau in central Asia Minor, in the bustling little provincial capital of Antioch, on Saturday, the Jewish Sabbath, a considerable number of Jewish rabbis, venerable and gray-bearded fellows, are ranged in three fourths of a circle round about a room which perhaps would hold three hundred people. A wooden desk or platform projects from the remaining side of the room a third of the way toward the center. On this platform sits the chief rabbi, "ruler of the synagogue," with his immediate scribes. At the opposite end of the room is a small gallery reserved for the women, who were supposed to receive religious impressions through a latticework, if they got any at all. The ruler of the synagogue has just finished reading from the great scroll of the Old Testament Scripture, a slow, ponderous, mechanical reading, very much as the Bible is read to-day, and with about as little sense of anything living in it. There is a moment of silence, then comes—lightning! The ruler of the synagogue, seeing a stranger, a small man, but with a high forehead, an intellectual look, and a long beard (an essential desideratum for a teacher in those days, and a kind of synonym for wisdom), seated in the audience, politely asks him to speak. This was quite the custom in the Jewish assembly. The ruler addresses Paul: "Stranger, if you have any word of exhortation for the people, say on!" *Say on!* It is a tremendous thing to ask a

thinker to say on; it is a still more tremendous thing to ask a man who is at once thinker and orator to say on. It was equivalent to asking the world to move on to ask that little man to say on, though the ruler didn't know it. No second invitation needed. Paul doesn't say that he had left his manuscript at home and isn't prepared. The masterful genius of one of God's great orators stirs within him. He steps forward and, as the narrator so forcibly adds, "beckons with his hand." Of course he did; that hand was made to beckon and to sway; those fingers were touching the hands on the dial plate of time. Now listen to the first sentence! What will it be?

"Men of my fatherland, and you who reverence the Eternal, give attention!"

Paul touches the nerve at the first stroke. In this very first phrase Jewish prejudice is conciliated and the human conscience is summoned forth. It is mastery in one second.

Then what does the orator do? With a marvelous swift skill he recites in outline the creed of Hebrew patriotism, the history of the chosen people, and shows how the old prophecies are not a dead letter, but are indeed fulfilled in Jesus. After that follows an equally swift change of cadence, a yearning proclamation of good news, the good news of redemption, and finally a bold and solemn challenge against the unbelief that confronted him. No wonder "the whole city came together" to hear him speak the next Sabbath.

Now the marvel is that this same Paul does quite another sort of thing equally well. Look for an instant in contrast at the scene two or three years later, in the midst of the bright, gay capital of Attica, the intellectual Paris of that era, its pristine glory diminished, indeed, yet even then intellectually as far away from the rude provincial Syria where Paul hailed from as modern Paris is from a fishing village in Brittany. We cross the field and climb the twenty stone steps and are on the small terrace of the Areopagus. There Paul stands in his rude Syrian garb, this same small, high-browed, restless creature of steel and fire as when we saw him last, now serious and pale, a Hebrew among Greeks, a prophet in a theater, Carlyle at Vanity Fair, the only earnest man

in Athens, yet with his own earnestness absolutely mastered by his intellect, turning itself with instant facility and precision, like a sword in the hands of an expert fencer, upon the possible points of attack in the clever, jesting crowd in front of him. What was his first stroke? Utterly unexpected! It is the unexpected that conquers.

"Men of Athens, you are too credulous! You think yourselves skeptics, but really you surpass all men in credulity!"

What? "Ha, ha!" "Hear the barbarian!" "Too credulous!" "Why, we pride ourselves on our witty, cynical skepticism and absence of credulity. Too credulous! Let's listen to the fellow!"

Then, with again unexpected urbanity and a curiously cosmopolitan note entirely un-Hebrewlike having excited their curiosity, he executes a swift flank movement upon his hearers and proves his point by alluding to something in their own city which they did not know and which was a monument to their credulity! He repeats, "You *are* too credulous, because, not content with erecting altars to all the gods you know, you have even built one to whatever divinity you might have forgotten or known nothing about." Ah, there he "had the laugh on them," as we say. But without dallying a fraction of a second, he seizes this advantage and permits a flash of half-humorous critical scorn to play out upon his hearers for the anomaly that, in a city which professed to know everything, they must even build an altar to the "Unknown God." Then, having thus opened the door to the attention of his audience, he instantly hurls through that door the crashing torrent of his powerful Hebrew passion in the proclamation of the one august paternal Deity, a conception intellectually welcome, as the Greek philosophy and poetry had themselves conceded, but also ethically authoritative, making all the beautiful idol worship of Athens seem like a child's playing with tainted toys. Finally, he crowns all by the wonderful vivid flash of the supernal doctrine of Jesus's resurrection, a doctrine which, though it seemed nonsense to his hearers, yet curiously chimed in with the Greek artistic worship of the human body.

Well! At that point the bewildered crowd of idlers snapped

its fingers, hissed and hooted a little, and jokingly dispersed. *But they had gone under.* In those few words Paul, the tent-maker, had conquered Europe and the classic civilization.

We cannot dwell upon that wonderful address to the old men of Ephesus, with its exquisite nobility of pathos tuned to the murmur of the island-sprinkled Ægean, but let us close with one swift glance upon the tremendous scene at Cæsarea fifteen years later, when Paul, now near sixty years of age, is on trial for his life.

It is in the great judgment hall of Festus. All the chief men of the city are there assembled—rabbis, lords, judges, soldiers in their gleaming armor, scholars skilled in literature and law. Festus occupies his seat of judgment, surrounded by his counselors, and in royal state by his side, with glitter of robes and sparkle of gems, sits King Agrippa with Bernice, his queen. The moment is terrible. Paul comes into court, thin, dauntless, ready. He is plausibly accused of disloyalty to the Jewish history and law and, by subtle innuendo, of insubordination to the imperial government. He must, on the one hand, silence the ferocity of rabbinic hate, and on the other, mollify the arrogance of Roman pride. With all this he must also and by the same stroke vindicate his cause and commend it to all men. It is his turn to speak. Again he "beckons with his hand." What shall he say? How begin? Pile up fine words? Argue the question? A lesser orator would have attempted this. Paul does nothing of the kind. There is just one masterful thing to do, and Paul does it. He swiftly, simply, tells the story of his own life, shearing straight away down to the human heart of the matter. He begins with finished courtesy, which is also a master stroke of the orator's art, by a tribute to the guest of the hour, King Agrippa, to whom, as the guest of the Governor Festus, special honor should be shown. Then he goes back to his own boyhood. He tells how he was bred; how he lived at Tarsus when a boy; how he had gone to school at Jerusalem; how fierce he was against the Christians; how the light flashed on him when in the road over the mountain to Damascus, the city of the green in the gray, on the rim of the desert; how changed everything was afterward.

And as he went on speaking a hush fell upon all the room; the trappings of state were forgotten; the soldiers did not rattle their spears; the human sentiment came uppermost; the common conscience approved the integrity of the man and the justice of his cause.

Paul sees his advantage. Instantly he launches his mastershot. He turns straight upon the king. "King Agrippa, believest *thou* the prophets?" Silence! Possibly the king nods his conventional assent. Everybody was looking at him. He stood for the Jewish state and law. He would not dare not to assent. Then follows the same word differently accented. "I know that thou believest." Read the verb, in either English or Greek, with the half arch, half scornful, circumflex accent. The whole swift turn of insight and mastery in the Pauline oratory is in that circumflex. *Believest?* Yes, as a diplomat might, as a formalist might, as the "king" of the Jews, he must say he does. But dost thou *believe* really, intelligently, and with thy heart, in such fashion as must admit my argument upon those ancient Scriptures to be just and true?

Agrippa draws a long breath. He does not quite know what has struck him, but he responds with a rather vague, but probably civilly meant, sentence, to which the prisoner rejoins with an instant change of cadence, and with an utterly finished and manly courtesy. Then Agrippa says, "This man might go free if he had not appealed unto Cæsar."

Genius! Yes, Genius plus Faith, plus Truth. And Genius plus Faith, plus Truth, is almighty. Rising an alleged criminal among a hundred enemies, Paul sits down a king among a hundred friends.

Albert J. Lyman

Art. IV.—TWO TOPICS

A candid study of the amended Constitution of 1808 necessarily leads to the conclusion either that the Membership Originally Held by the Bishops in the General Conference Should Be Restored, or that the Exercise of Original and Final Judicial Powers by the Delegated General Conference Should Be Restrained?

As the Constitution of 1808 is an eventuation from that of 1784, our inquiry must extend into the events which preceded that instrument, into those also which immediately followed it, and include a reference to Wesley, the originator of the movements of which the Methodist Episcopal Church was the final outcome.

So far as relates to this paper, however, such a reference must be so brief as only to verify the life and labors of Mr. Wesley, and will require that that verb be in the *active transitive*, the mode the *imperative*, the tense the *present*, the person the *first*, the number the *singular*, and the *nominative—John Wesley*. For, though a loyal churchman, a broad statesman, and a noble philanthropist, John Wesley was, nevertheless, an autocrat of the severest type. "He knew no superiors and recognized no equals." Resolute, resistless, restless, and intense, his zeal knew no abating. Vital to the last, he went down finally like some great chieftain.

In developing and administering "The Societies in Great Britain" he called into conference whom he preferred, consulted with whom he would, and accepted what counsel he chose. Considerate only of his own convictions, to these, and to these only, he was "servant to all." The impress of his hand was upon "The Societies in America" in like manner. To these, in the autumn of 1784, when he had determined that the fullness of time had arrived for their being organized into a church, he sent Thomas Coke, Richard Whatcoat, and Thomas Vasey—three presbyters, ordained according to the canons of the English Church. By these he also sent "a Liturgy little differing from that of the Church of England," as he declared, containing the Forms of Ordination, according to which, no doubt, he had "set apart

Thomas Coke to the Episcopal Office"; to whom he gave "letters of Episcopal Orders," and also gave instructions that he "set apart Francis Asbury to the same Episcopal Office and Orders."

Pursuant to these instructions, on his arrival in America, in November, Coke arranged with Francis Asbury, then assistant to Wesley and in charge of the Societies in America, to call the preachers together in Baltimore, Md., in December, 1784, where they were formed into a church under the following Declaration:

> We will form ourselves into an Episcopal Church, under the direction of Superintendents, Elders, Deacons, and Helpers, according to the Forms of Ordination annexed to our Liturgy, and the Form of Discipline set forth in these Minutes.

This was Mr. Wesley's own plan, and by this formal and final proceeding the entire governing authority over the Societies in America was transferred, with Mr. Wesley's knowledge and by his direction, so that the newly organized church thenceforth came under the direction of the body of ministry designated and ordained according to the specifications of the organic act. It had unlimited authority, and could enact, revise, reverse, or abrogate laws—organic or statutory—at will.

The ministry received and accepted this plan, and for some time exercised these powers when "in *Conference*"; later, when assembled as *"The Annual Conference"*; and still later, when assembled as "The General Conference." Beginning with 1792, this body continued to meet in quadrennial session as the supreme governing body of the church until 1808. At this session, under a motion, the purpose and intention of which was declared to be "to perpetuate and regulate The General Conference," the following modifications of its composition and powers were submitted and, after prolonged and earnest debate, finally adopted:

> "The General Conference shall be composed of one member from every five members of each Annual Conference," etc.
>
> The General Conference shall have full powers to make rules and regulations for our Church, subject to the following limitations and restrictions,

of which six were given. (See the Discipline of 1808.)

The political sentiment of the country making it ill advised

that ministers holding allegiance to a foreign government should at the same time hold prominent and authoritative relations with an ecclesiastical organization bearing allegiance to the Government of the United States, both Mr. Wesley and Dr. Coke retired from those they had held in America. Their names accordingly disappeared from the Minutes, their official relations terminated with the church in America, and the church was thus preserved from foreign complications and entangling alliances.

This amendment does not seem to make so distinct and complete a transfer of powers as Mr. Wesley had made in 1784, but it does distinctly transform and differentiate the original body, composed as it had previously been of the entire body of traveling elders of the church—bishops, elders, presiding elders, and pastor elders—mingling in undisputed equality and privilege as members in a governing body possessed of original powers and exercising supreme authority, and, subject to certain limitations, transfers these powers in part to another whose membership was made representative and distinctly reduced in numbers, and whose powers were not only reduced from the quality of original powers, but also limited in scope and restricted in their application. Not an original body, but one that part of whose composition was to come from the Annual Conferences was ratably limited and made elective and representative. This legislation appears in the Journal of 1808 and in the subsequent Disciplines as a unit action —under the heading, "The Composition and Powers of the General Conference." Its provisions as to composition and powers must stand or fall together, therefore, as one action, governed by the same rules of interpretation of intention and the same rules of construction of language. If the composition of this newly constituted body must be limited, and limited solely to elective members, and these be confined to "the members of the Annual Conferences"—thereby excluding the former bishop members from the new body—so must the powers be limited to "powers to make rules and regulations"—thereby excluding the former exercise of judicial powers—which in no just sense belong to the legislative department of a representative government.

If this simple analysis seems persuasive and convincing, is

it not because it leaves the General Conference just where the amendments, when proposed, sought to place it—a governing body perpetuated and regulated, but limited? Now if there be a rule which by a rigid interpretation presumes to exclude from the new body a former member of the General Conference who, even though neither then nor now a member of an Annual Conference nor specifically enumerated and included in the new composition, was nevertheless a bishop, a traveling elder, and an originally designated integral part and constituent element of the original governing body, and therefore entitled to recognition in this legislation, shall not that rule, to be consistent throughout and at the same time and by the same presumption, exclude the exercise of judicial or other powers enjoyed by the former body unless they are specifically included by enumeration in the same legislation?

Just here are the points of cleavage and the two topics. For if by any rule of construction or interpretation, or by any principle of justice, the exclusion of the former bishop member of the General Conference is demanded because he is not specifically designated in the enumerated composition, the same rule or principle logically demands that the exercise of judicial or any other unenumerated powers by that body be also excluded.

The arrogation of composition not distinctly defined, or the persistent exercise of powers not distinctly authorized by any delegated and representative body on assumptions supported only by an interpretation, and these so distinctly inconsistent with the principles of representative government, can hardly escape remark or evade the suspicion of usurpation, actual or constructive.

Why shall not the Conferences—General, Annual, and Electoral—unite to perfect our organic law into such an expression of the principles of our ecclesiastical and representative system as for its constitutional equipoise, its simplicity, its completeness, and its dignity will command the confidence and admiration of our people for all time?

Robert T. Miller

Art. V.—THE "EVOLUTION" OF CHRISTIANITY

The word "evolution" has been justly called a "comfortable" one—for the writer who takes refuge in it—but it has become correspondingly uncomfortable for the reader, who is obliged to fish out from the broad and muddy margin of its current use the exact meaning intended to be conveyed in the specific case. For it has acquired the amœbalike power of turning itself inside out over most heterogeneous ideas and thus digesting them into apparent homogeneity. When Christianity is said to be the product of evolution one needs to be on the lookout for still further confusion of thought through the insidious and arbitrary introduction of like illusiveness of definition into the term Christianity itself. Some illustrations of such "fatal imposture of words," as Dr. South calls it, are worth notice:

I. Christianity a Temporal "Mode" of an Eternal Thing. Professor Henry Drummond, in his Ascent of Man, defines Christianity as "a history of some of the later steps in the evolution of the world. The continuity between them (Christianity and the ethnic faiths, including Judaism) is a continuity of spirit; their forms are different, their forces are confluent. Christianity did not begin at the Christian era, it is as old as nature." He thus, apparently unwittingly, adopts the very phraseology of eighteenth-century Deism, then resented as a bitter sneer at the claims of Christianity. For Tindal's chief work was entitled Christianity as old as the Creation. Dr. Lyman Abbott, in his Evolution of Christianity, falls into substantially equivalent language. He there says that "Jesus Christ was neither the founder of religion nor of a religion. If religion be the life of God in the soul of man, that existed long before Jesus Christ came into the world." "A religion, as distinguished from religion, is a particular and organized type of the life of God in the soul of man." The consistent evolutionist must, according to Dr. Abbott, logically reckon Christianity as dateless in beginning. For, as he is careful to affirm, and reaffirm, evolution ignores origin wholly. It deals with transitional phases only, since these come within the

scope of human observation and inquiry, but that of which they are passing phenomena itself passes out of the realm of computation and remains changelessly eternal. If asked whether the universal sway assigned to evolutionary forces must not make Jesus himself their natural product, it is easy to answer that the same logic which denies a temporal origin to Christianity must refuse to class Jesus among transient phenomena—leaving him essentially infinite and eternal, as Christians believe him to be. Brilliant and plausible as are these utterances, one cannot but suspect both the acute thinkers who issued them of a little amiable but overingenious rhetorical prestidigitation—a "paying themselves with words," as the French say.

"Nothing to do with origins"! What then of Darwin's Origin of Species? What of the Nebular Hypothesis, which Darwin found so suggestive of "origins"? What of Herbert Spencer's primal and pregnant "oscillating atom"? Christianity "not a religion"! Not a distinct entity, then; separable in thought from Shintoism, for instance, or Egyptian crocodile worship? The laborious study of Comparative Religion, in that case, is stupidly fallacious, and the millions expended in trying to convert men from "heathenism" to Christianity are mistakenly, if not criminally, wasted. Christianity not "founded by Jesus"! The assertion must surely seem to the ordinary reader to burst the bounds of intelligible speech and swamp him in a flood of transcendental rhapsody. He who would "deliver himself like a man of this world" must certainly speak of the origin of Christianity as traceable to the historic Jesus of Nazareth as definitely as Lutheranism to Martin Luther or Mohammedanism to Mohammed. The name Jesus calls up the figure of a man born of woman at a determinate date and living a tangibly real and describable life—the incarnate Son of God, as separated in idea from the preincarnate Logos. To say that Christianity is "not a religion," nor "founded" at a definite time by Jesus, but only a passing phase of the perennial "life of God in the soul of man," is tantamount to the denial that there can be "a religion" at all. It is as if one should say that there can be no such thing as a man, but only humanity; and not even humanity, but only organic life;

nor even that again, but only cosmic force; of which all the others are only phantasmagoric hints. Good old Isaac Watts sang long ago,

> In all the world there's nothing old,
> Great God, there's nothing new,

but he would have stood aghast at the treatment of his poetic hyperbole as prosaic fact. Christianity presented itself to the world as an avowedly "new thing," superseding the old, which had looked onward to it, and introducing the new, which was to "fulfill" the old. It located itself unequivocally in time and space. The problem it suggests cannot be disposed of by sublimating the fact into an idea, or treating a time phenomenon *sub specie eternitatis*. This is not to solve the problem, but only to erase it.

II. Christianity a Survival—the Residual Best of Ethnic Faiths. Evolution, as outlined by Darwin, is a process of erosion rather than of actual growth. Overmultiplication brings attrition; grinding out the superfluous or detrimental. The new, thus carved out, embodies only the excellencies of what has preceded it. According to this hypothesis Christianity becomes a kind of pudding-stone—a conglomerate of ethnic traditions worn into shape by environmental stress. The Literary Digest (July 1, 1893) cites from the columns of the Christian Union the following paragraph, in which this conception is elaborated:

> A profound change has taken place within the last thirty years in men's mode of thinking. The doctrine of evolution has done it. . . . It has come to be seen that there is nothing in the world, not even theology, which has been made out of whole cloth. Everything that is carries in itself survivals of the things which have been as well as prophecies of what will be. . . . Here is an epitome of Christianity as it exists to-day. A temple builded of stones quarried in many lands and in remote times; a temple in which the Son of God sits enthroned above an altar for which primitive cults have furnished unhewn rocks, the Phœnicians brass, and which the Hebrew priest has deluged with blood; a temple in whose ritual are mingled the taurobolium and scapegoat to Azazel, in whose music the ecstatic chant of the Pythoness sounds through the notes of the Te Deum; a temple in which the devotees bring with them unconsciously the religious conceptions of their pagan forefathers while they worship the incarnate God!

At this point the Hexateuchal theorist joins hands with the evolutionary physicist, concluding that Hebrew ceremonial and litera-

ture, the antecedents of Christianity, are a conglomerate of flotsam and jetsam deposited from the flood of earlier custom and tradition.

Curiously enough, Romanism, while bitterly condemning "Modernism" in all its forms, lends its sanction to the fundamental idea which is Modernism's characteristic feature, for the Pope still claims the title and functions of the heathen Pontifex Maximus. It may be doubted whether priestly vestments survive from Judaism or Paganism, but there is no room for doubt as to the Pagan origin of a large part of the ceremonies and ritual paraphernalia of the Romish church. Gilbert (Ecclesia II, 211) insists that "modern defenders of Romanism" expressly attribute the origin of a large part of their ritual to heathen sources. They claim that "idolatry and fetishism must have their expression in the Christian church as Catholic doctrine and practice, because that which is truly Catholic must contain paganism entire down to its most adulterated notions, polytheism and idolatry." Saint George Mivart, the noted scientific expert, was a devout Romanist as well as an ardent evolutionist. In his work on Contemporary Evolution he attempted to bring evolutionary reasoning to the defense of the high ritual of Rome. Here are some excerpts from his argument:

> It is, then, here contended that the whole modern movement, from the Humanists of the Renaissance to the present day, has been a pagan revival. . . . The essence of the paganism in Europe and Aryan Asia with which Christianity contended did not consist in any *credo*, or in any exclusive cultus, else how could the strange gods of the East have found a home in the capital of the Roman Empire? . . . In the various fragmentary relics of the church's worship which have been adopted by the sects the reason of the evolutionist can hardly fail to be tried and irritated by a service (which is a product of mere disintegrating action) in which worship consists of sentences distinctly uttered in the vernacular tongue, followed by a sermon with which it is very likely he will have but little sympathy. At mass, his intellect, though amply exercised should he so will it, yet need not be tried by the hearing of a single word from beginning to end. His æsthetical instincts may be gratified by treasures of the organic and inorganic worlds, by products of human skill, whether of the artisan or the musician, and by the solemn movements and stately rhythms of motion incident to the sacred rite. His historical sentiments will be gratified by contemplating a worship essentially the same as that spread over the land before these last three cen-

turies of repression. . . . Even dimly, as in a glimmering twilight, he may see in the sacred offerings and the accompaniment of flowers, of tapers, and of perfumes, suggestions of a past, remote indeed, of his primitive Aryan forefathers in their Eastern home. . . . The evolutionist recognizing a First Cause everywhere, and also (if a consistent follower of Mr. Spencer) recognizing the need of a religion, must require a real worship of profound, at least mentally prostrate, adoration of that Cause as actually present here and now. . . . In joining in worship at the elevation of the host he cannot err. Since, as he admits, his Deity is everywhere, he must surely be also there.

To some this defense may seem grotesque enough, but it is as candid and logical as the zeal which prompted it was generous and sincere. It was received at Rome, however, with an ungrateful frown, both defense and defender being promptly put under the ecclesiastical ban. The argument was, in fact, too candid and too logical. For it showed that, in stifling the intellectual in behalf of the sensuous, and in encouraging the superstitious worship of a piece of bread, Romanism has, in these particulars, been prolonging a disguised paganism under the name of Christianity.

The theory in question does not, indeed, deny that Christianity is, properly speaking, a distinct religion, having a visible cult and demonstrable historic origin. But it still insists that it is exclusively earth-born; that it embodies no message from God, but only the ripened and sifted harvest of men's thought about God; that it is the fruit of aspiration from below, rather than of inspiration from above; the inevitable product of "resident forces" in the community among whom it arose. Let us test the theory by the facts. Two ethnic religions, the Greek and the Roman, then dominated the "habitable world." From them, if from any earthly source, Christianity must, theoretically, have derived its high ideals and its cogent impulses. But one need only turn to the classic writers, who fully support the New Testament account, to find how incredible is such an assumption. Athens, at the top of the world's intellectual climb, still floundered in the mire of childish superstition, being "wholly given to idolatry." Rome, where political and ethical ideals were supposed to have reached their climax, worshiped imperial gluttons and libertines as divine. In both alike the history of religion had been one of decay ending in moral putrescence. "Professing

themselves to be wise," they had steadily "become fools," had sunk to the adoration of baubles "graven by art or man's device," or bowed down to "four-footed beasts and creeping things," and were wallowing in vices too loathsome to be named. That gleams of truth concerning the Divine had reached the heathen world Paul did not hesitate to admit, for God had not "left himself without witness" among them. But he as explicitly affirmed that they had "changed the truth of God into a lie." Now "a lie that is half a truth is ever the worst of lies." Can a lie at the root be expected to bring truth in the blossom? Instead of approving or appropriating any part of these "traditions of men," it should be observed that Jesus distinctly repudiated them, contrasting them, as "from beneath," with his own message, which was "from above." That some of these would in time "steal the livery of heaven to serve the devil in" he foresaw, and warned his followers not to be deceived thereby. It is a gross error to treat the parasitic pagan growths that have come to infest the tree of Christianity as of its essence; and still more absurd to trace its origin to them. Let him who will believe that the religion which "is from above," and which is "first pure, then peaceable," was self-distilled out of the further fermentation of the foul pools of heathenism, which had already bred a scum so poisonous and which still persistently benumbs and defiles its votaries.

The theories thus far considered propound each a kind of nebular hypothesis of the origin of Christianity. The first sees in "the life of God in the soul of man" a species of spiritual ether, in itself intangible and eternal, of which Christianity became one of the solidified expressions, giving it a visible although ephemeral outline. The second postulates a primeval chaos of ethnic myth and custom instinct with certain "resident forces" by help of which Christianity has been carved out—a symmetrical cosmos. There remains another theory far more exact in statement and far more historically defensible—so plausible, in fact, as to demand patient examination and valuation. It finds

III. Christianity a Prolongation and Culmination of Hebraism. It needs but a cursory study of the New Testament to discover that it brings a message avowedly responsive to that of

the Old. There is no escaping the allegation that Christianity is in some sense the normal sequent and legatee of early Hebraism. But one needs, at this point, to be reminded of Plato's caution against the common tendency to confound a condition with a cause, and so fallaciously reckon every sequence a consequence. The Hebrew "shadow of good things to come" must not be hastily assumed to be either identical with the things it foretokened or the creator of them. It is curious to observe the sophistical conclusions to which the acutest thinkers have been led by failure to observe this obvious distinction. Witness the efforts of that master of verbal and dialectic subtlety, Dr. John H. Newman, to prove that the Christian church, being identical with the New Testament "kingdom of heaven," must also be identical with and a continuance of the Hebrew monarchy, and therefore a visible world power. Three of his discourses (in Sermons on Subjects of the Day) are accordingly entitled, "The Christian Church a Continuation of the Jewish," "The Principle of Continuity between the Jewish and Christian Churches," and "The Christian Church an Imperial Power." "Why should the Old Testament be retained in the church," he asks, "but to be used? *There* are we to look for our forms, our rites, our polity; only illustrated, tempered, spiritualized by the gospel. The precepts remain; the observance of them is changed." It is thus concluded that the new regime must be a "kingdom of this world"—being a bodily reëstablishment of the Jewish state, with its organic law, its priestly orders, and its elaborate ritual, outwardly unmodified, although suffused with riper meaning.

Closely analogous to the Romish theory is that of the "national church"—an ecclesiastical state in which every citizen becomes a Christian by birth. "Is Bismarck a Christian?" Joseph Cook asked of a simple-minded German. "Of course," was the prompt reply. "What did you take him for, a Turk? Was he not born in Germany?" From a somewhat different point of view, yet with no less confidence, Dr. Charles Hodge insists on the new as identical with the old. In his Systematic Theology he even ventures to rest his whole theory of church polity on the reality of such identity. "This is really the turning point of the

controversy concerning infant church membership. If the church is one under both dispensations, if infants were members of the church under the theocracy, then they are members of the church now, unless the contrary can be proved." The thread of continuity is, however, no longer, as in the Romish conception, civic or ceremonial, but hereditary. The covenant with Abraham, taken in its literal sense, is assumed to be perpetual. But that covenant, in legal parlance, "runs with the blood." The new Israel being thereby "bound up in the bundle of life" with the old, it follows logically that all those born in Christian households become thereby "heirs of promise." Whatever be the legitimacy of infant church membership *per se,* a question not here essential, it is plain that this argument in behalf of hereditary privilege, equally with that of Rome in defense of papal authority, implicitly reverts to principles strictly evolutionary. For both refer the origin and perpetuation of historic Christianity to the operation of purely natural causes. They differ as to the nature of the efficient agency in the process, whether political or racial, but they fully agree that, in any case, Christianity is a new "mode" of an old thing, reached through "descent with modification." Mark the naturalness of the theoretic stages through which the "Christian church as an imperial power" is traced back to its origin in a patriarchal germ. Abraham was conspicuously a tribal chieftain—famed for skill in rulership no less than for his prowess in war. He was promised a great progeny whose increasing dominion should bring blessing to "all the families of the earth." Well, was not the promise fulfilled in the ordinary march of events? Did not the vagrant clan swell and settle into an organized state under Moses? Did it not further expand and solidify into a centralized monarchy under David? Did it not yet again broaden and ripen into a Christianized empire under Constantine? And are not "all the families of the earth" blessed in the consummate world sway of the Christian successor of the Cæsar on the pontifical throne?

Or, again, how plausible the inference that the Christian church, the "Israel" referred to in the New Testament, must be continuous with that described in the Old, and, like it, characteristically hereditary. Abraham is best known as the "Exalted

Father." In this capacity alone was the covenant made with him. But how shall we justify predictions made and promises given to a posterity entitling themselves thereto by no merit save that of involuntary physical descent? How except by appealing to that transcendently potent hereditary precipitation which modern anthropology so greatly emphasizes? If mental and moral, as well as physical, qualities be transmissible from parent to child, and if these tend to harden at length into inveterately permanent "race traits," why may not prediction and promise have been alike based on the scientific certainty that the virtues which merited reward in Abraham would "run with the blood" as rigorously as the covenants in question? If "acquired characters" be also transmissible, the objection need not be fatal that "grace" in the parent has been attained only through a "new birth" and at second hand, so to speak. Christianity being propagable through physical descent, the Christian race thus genealogically laps on to the Hebrew, and the church becomes, as Dr. Hodge claims, "one under both dispensations."

The Pope to-day repudiates "Modernism" as anti-Christian, and Dr. Hodge did not scruple to denounce Darwinism as flat "atheism." Is it not a singular circumstance that while both thus explicitly condemn evolutionism, they both, with equal confidence, implicitly adopt and build upon its fundamental tenet? It is the more singular, since appeal to the language of Scripture and to the facts of the case, as the latter must be interpreted by evolutionary canons, alike forbid the conclusion that Christianity ever was, ever was expected to be, or from the nature of the case ever could have been, the normal outcome of self-developing Hebraism. For:

1. The theory of continuity in either form rests on entire ignoring of New Testament teachings, not to say upon their absolute contradiction. How explicitly and repeatedly did Jesus denounce and caution against the illusive Jewish dream of a literally restored Solomonic splendor, or a prolonged race privilege, as characteristic of the Messianic era. Nothing could be more repugnant to his purpose than the establishment of an external administrative organism or the prolongation of a birth-right lin-

eage. He indignantly repelled the Satanic temptation offering him the "kingdoms of this world." He fled from the fanatics who would "take him by force and make him king." He forbade his servants to "exercise lordship," or to "fight" for earthly power. He distinctly denied that he had come to found a "kingdom of this world." The new dominion was to be "within." He gave no hint of successorship in Peter or any other visible potentate, but promised instead an invisible "paraclete" only. With equal vigor he repudiated the assumption of peculiar virtue on the part of those who proudly said, "We have Abraham to our father." The "children of the kingdom" according to the flesh were to have no preference over uncircumcised Gentiles coming "from the east and from the west." The blue-blooded Nicodemus might not trust in his orthodox Abrahamic descent, but must be reborn of the Spirit precisely as any "sinner of the Gentiles." It is evident, then, that the ideal of Christianity as outlined by Christ himself, hinted nothing of its embodying in itself a prolongation of Hebraism, civic or hereditary.

2. It mangles and misapplies the Abrahamic covenant and prophecy. The promise in question was to Abraham and his "seed after" him "throughout their generations." If construed literally as to form of fulfillment, it must be construed literally also as to its subjects, and therefore restricted to his actual descendants. But Christianity expressly looked to the Gentile world as its field of development. To this it speedily passed over, and Christendom of to-day is essentially Gentile—a people who may truly repeat the prophet's words that genealogically "Abraham knoweth us not and Israel doth not acknowledge us." The imperial organism at Rome, civil or ecclesiastic, did not historically spring out of the Hebrew monarchy. Nor were the successive Christian "generations" chiefly of Semitic, to say nothing of Abrahamic, origin. How absurd to argue that a covenant "running with the blood" brings a literal hereditary claim to a people of wholly alien blood.

3. It ignores the historic persistence of Hebraism itself and its actual outcome. Hebraism still lingers, clinging to its ancient traditions and ritual, and, more or less literally, to its exclusive

Messianic hopes. But no sane Jew would, or rationally could, tolerate the conception of Christianity as a variant form or normal outgrowth of his own unique faith. It is not difficult to determine the actual movement of Hebrew history nor to perceive that it has been one of degeneracy rather than of advance. Even before the close of the Old Testament era the people had become politically enslaved and morally the subject of fierce prophetic denunciation. In New Testament times they had narrowed into arrogant self-righteousness and sunk into Pharisaic hypocrisy, Sadducaic skepticism, or Herodian fanaticism. Their later history has fully justified the mournfully significant prediction that because of their unfitness the "kingdom of God" should be "taken away" from them and "given to a nation bringing forth the fruits thereof." Instead of realizing a revival of Solomonic mastery and splendor, they have become enforced exiles from their ancestral city, denationalized "wanderers among the nations," everywhere racially isolated and ostracized. Their experience has compelled the perennial echo of Shylock's lament, "Sufferance is the badge of all our tribe." The Jewish race has been, indeed, preserved to a unique "life beyond life." Historical philosophers have recognized their exceptional survival as an enigma difficult of solution. Whatever theoretic explanation may be proposed, it cannot be denied that they have been held together chiefly by their steadfast devotion to the "oracles of God," of which they have remained loyal custodians, and which they believe themselves to have been intrusted with for the world's behoof. These sacred documents are not, however, the spontaneous product of national sentiment nor its normal reflex, as is so often sophistically insisted. Instead of embodying the experiences and aspirations of a religiously advancing people, they contain an unflinching record of national apostasy and indignant blasts of prophetic condemnation and warning as to consequent coming penalty. The sublime strains of Isaiah and his colleagues are not the voice of Israel, but of the chosen messengers of God to Israel—to a dissolute and "backsliding" race.

If we are to seek the actual literary outcome of national development, we must look to a later and riper stage, after the voice

of inspired prophecy had been withheld. From the heights of the Old Testament we must descend to the miry and indecent level of the Talmud. Can the fast descending and muddying current of such a stream be fairly conceived to have automatically clarified itself into the crystal purity of the New Testament?

4. It illogically ignores and excludes the claims of Mohammedanism. The "growth" emphasized by evolutionism is, strictly speaking, endogenous. It elaborates its products through a single stem and, aborting incidental sideshoots, delivers them, when ripened, at the top. For the "survival of the fittest" implies a single resultant outcome of a complex of interacting forces. "Time's noblest offspring" must, therefore, logically be "her last." But the last outgrowth from the "stock of Abraham" in historic order was obviously not Judaism, but Mohammedanism. This should, therefore, evolutionally speaking, be the "bright consummate flower" of which Judaism was only the prophetic shoot. This was, in fact, precisely what Mohammed asserted. He claimed to be the "Paraclete" whom Jesus had promised; the ultimate prophet, "greater than Moses," whom Moses had foretold. Moses, Jesus, Mohammed—this was the order of gradation in rank, coinciding with the order of succession in time. Nor did the shrewd camel driver of Mecca fail to observe and avail himself of the hereditary precedence accruing to himself and his tribe by reason of their Ishmaelitic, and therefore direct Abrahamic, lineage. The covenant being broadly given to the "seed" of Abraham, it was easy to infer slight mutilation or misinterpretation of the record, such mutilation transferring to Isaac the precedence actually allotted to Ishmael as the true "child of promise." And how much better does such an inference agree with the scientific probabilities of the case, for the hope of imperial mastery, as a racial entail, is far more reasonable in the progeny of the wild and aggressive Ishmael than in that of the meek and unenterprising Isaac. And the event seems to justify such prognostication, for while the Jews are everywhere a fugitive race—nationally "scattered and peeled"—the world has never seen so swift and tremendous a passage into imperial mastery as in the rise of the Caliphate. Overleaping all boundaries, geographical and racial,

Mohammedanism, Semitic in origin, has extended its rule over Aryan Shahs in Persia and Rajahs in India, is fast overspreading the crude mixed populations of Africa, and sways its vast dominions from a European center under the hand of a Turanian Turk. And this is the inevitable issue of the evolutionary method, if it lean upon racial continuity or historic succession as its clue. Christianity was, in that case, a riper form of Hebraism (only, however, as represented in its purity by the Judaizers whom Paul condemned), but this only as an intermediate stage leading on to its consummation in Islam. Mohammed thus supersedes Jesus as the true incarnation of the divine, the Koran eclipses the New Testament, the religion of blood and hate advances upon that of peace and love, the ultimate "Vicar of Christ" is not the supreme Pontiff, nor any chief rabbi, but the "unspeakable Turk." Instead of waiting for a New Jerusalem to "descend out of heaven from God," where the "gold is as glass" and the glad notes of the "new song" fill the air, we must be content to find all prophecy end in the abominations of the harem and the screams of helpless victims of swinish diabolism in Armenia.

Modern "pragmatism" has this, at least, to commend it, that it forbids us to believe the preposterously unbelievable. There is no loophole of escape from absurdity save in that which Jesus alone appealed to—"belief of the truth." And the truth is that Christianity, like the Christian, was born "from above." It was the product not "of blood, nor of the will of the flesh, nor of the will of man, but of God."

Art. VI.—THE TWO-MIND THEORY

It is now ten years since my friend Van Dyck asked for an evening with me to demonstrate that man had two minds. Until that time I thought I had but one, and also that one was enough when there was difficulty in making it up. Upon my saying as much, he answered with admirable candor that he felt sorry for me then, since the second mind could not be made up at all, or at least not to stay. It was endlessly and amazingly amenable to suggestion. It was a mind that could be led about by the nose. Indeed, by a process called autosuggestion, the party of the first part in my cranium could wheedle, cajole, or force the party of the second part into almost anything.

In Van Dyck's conversation, and also in the books which he brought along for aid and comfort, great use was made of the term "threshold of consciousness." Until that barrier, whatever it might be, was withdrawn, through sleep, hypnotism, or some other agency, the subliminal mind was never in evidence. Its function in the home of thought was like that of the wide pine board I had fitted into the nursery doorway to keep the wee toddler of our household from venturing forth at peril of life or limb. But I was not to gather from hence that the subliminal mind was a baby. Rather it was a Hercules for strength, a Bacon for versatility, a Chevalier Bayard for memory, and a Puck for globe-girdling. Think what it can do with the body! Shakespeare (who, by the way, had two uncommonly good minds) was once so benighted as to write,

> O, who can hold a fire in his hand
> By thinking on the frosty Caucasus?
> Or cloy the hungry edge of appetite
> By bare imagination of a feast?

Had he but known himself to be a double-faced somewhat, objective on the one side and subjective on the other, he would never have considered that question a poser. Suggest to a man's subjective mind that he has had a feast, and he will have a sense of repletion; suggest to it that he has taken snuff, and he will sneeze. In-

deed, it can relieve pain without the intervention of medicine if only the objective mind can hoodwink it into believing that a cure is coming. It was Van Dyck's thought that here was fine scope for altruism, for the subjective mind could cure other bodies than the one it inhabited; could do it as well when they slept as when they woke; could do it a thousand miles away as easily as in the same room. "But," he asked, warming to his theme, "is not this something too good to be left optional? Sickness is a great economic loss. The Government ought to exercise a wise paternalism in its prevention or cure. It ought to make psychotherapy mandatory and require the employer to keep his employees in health. All he would need to do would be to reinforce their autosuggestion with his telepathy; their two 'dull, mechanic' minds with his two Napoleonic."

I wish to make it plain that my friend had more than an academic interest in this Æsculapian power of the subconscious mind. He hoped, with my aid, to put it at once to practical use. We held alike that alcoholism was a disease, and he urged my sympathetic coöperation in reforming the drunkards of our village. His plan was bewitchingly simple. He would engage to bring the patient into a state of willingness. A physician known to possess mesmeric powers was then to put the dipsomaniac into a trance by a charm of woven paces and of waving hands. I was to be in waiting, with my Shakespeare open at Cassio's lines, beginning:

> O God! that men should put an enemy into their mouths to steal away their brains.

These I was to read at the psychological moment in my most impressive manner, which Van Dyck was kind enough to pronounce very impressive indeed, and thereupon an instant and permanent cure would be wrought. At this point came my first demurrer. I did not relish being linked with anything so eerie as hypnotism. It struck me as a strange fellowship. It was reminiscent of the collaboration of Stumpy with Jinny the donkey in rearing "The Luck" of Roaring Camp; and of Stumpy's remark, "Me and that ass has been father and mother to him."

It is not alone for weal that the subjective mind can affect

the body it dominates. It can give one all the symptoms of fever, if, while it is in the ascendant, it be suggested that he has a fever. It could starve the body, if you kept suggesting to it that food was poison. If it can bless the bodies of others a thousand miles away, it can likewise blast that far, and witchcraft again becomes credible. The potent whisky distilled by our grandfathers, whose fumes could intoxicate at forty rods, was not a circumstance.

Wonderful, however, as is the power of the subjective mind for weal or woe over the bodies of men, it is as nothing to its power over mind, its own dual unit not excepted. As an instance of its power to deceive its own self I was cited to the spiritualistic medium. That functionary, when he wishes a communication, suggests with Mind Number One to Mind Number Two that he is about to communicate with the late M. N. That spring having been touched, Mind Number Two does the rest. It alternately interrogates and impersonates M. N.; and Spiritualism turns out to be the case of a dog chasing his own tail. When it comes to other minds, this prodigy can understand their thoughts afar off through thought-transference. It can communicate with them by its own system of wireless telegraphy, better known as telepathy. This latter word brought Van Dyck to the Shakespeare-Bacon controversy. "Nothing," said he, "could be more stupid than the deliverances of the literary pundits upon this subject. To the last man of them they assume that the plays must have been written by the one man or the other. I maintain, in the light of the new psychology, that they were written by both. Parts that could not have originated with the man who 'knew small Latin and less Greek' obviously originated with the man who 'had taken all knowledge to be his province.' To be sure, Shakespeare's hand guided the pen; but he was in an exalted psychopathic state, as was indicated by his eyes rolling in a fine frenzy. And while he was in that condition of extreme receptivity, great surges of omniscience came to him by thought-transference from the mighty brain of Bacon. It were to be wished that the higher criticism of Shakespeare had reached the same advanced position as the higher criticism of the Bible. There it is indicated by marginal letters, J, E, and P, whether a paragraph was written by a Jehovistic or

an Elohistic author, or whether it was an excerpt from the priestly code. Some day we shall doubtless have a Rainbow Edition, in which it will be graphically shown, by parti-colored text, how much of Shakespeare was Shakespearean, and how much came to him by psychic influence from his Elizabethan contemporaries."

After my friend had sent out the new-found mind as envoy plenipotentiary over all mind and over all animate matter, it would have smacked somewhat of niggardliness in him to deny it power over inanimate matter as well. He was too generous to think of it. He proceeded to claim for it power to manipulate the planchette, to do slate-writing, and to lift tables—all without the soiling, sordid contact of one's digits. At the risk of heaping Pelion on Ossa, he went on to affirm that it was invested with full power over airy nothings. It could raise its own ghost after death and send it back to haunt houses and graveyards.

Ghosts come back through telepathy raised to the second power. Beyond this, however, was a third power, in which the subconscious mind neither telegraphed thought, as in simple telepathy, nor sent it by ghost special delivery—in each instance to die upon impact with the mind for which the message was intended—but projected thought endowed with indefinite existence and left it to haunt like an invisible ghost the place where it came into being. A certain woman of Van Dyck's acquaintance had occasion to change her place of residence. In the new home she found herself profoundly depressed, though just why she could not understand until at length she discovered that the woman who had just moved out had been brought by domestic trouble to the verge of melancholia. Plainly the earlier occupant had saturated all that atmosphere with her despondency. *Post hoc, ergo propter hoc.* Now I myself am a nomad by predilection and practice, and this prospect opens up new vistas of wretchedness for me. It is bad enough to move into a house infested with buffalo moths, but now I see I stand a chance of leasing unwittingly a house infested with creepy thoughts. If my predecessor was positive that he would end his days in the poorhouse, I shall be obsessed by that selfsame foreboding. If, like the Idle Fellow who has left on record his Idle Thoughts, he imagined himself

successively a sufferer from every disease in the medical dictionary except housemaid's knee, I shall fall heir to the same form of hypochondria. Many a man is not to be blamed for his masculine whimwhams. His domicile is responsible; it is fairly reeking with successive increments of them.

Perhaps I ought not to complain, but still I do think Van Dyck might have had enough regard for my sensibilities to break his next news more gently. He said that to bid one go to the devil was tantamount to requesting him to retire into his own subjective mind, for there was the only place where that individual had any existence. I had suspected that he would kill the devil before he was done; but it was in vain I held up imploring hands.

> O, it is excellent
> To have a giant's strength; but it is tyrannous
> To use it as a giant.

Mark Twain tells us that when, as an innocent abroad, he first visited Rome, the guides kept up a running fire of "Michelangelo built this; Michelangelo painted that; Michelangelo chiseled yonder masterpiece," and it wearied him. He ventured to suggest that they economize breath, and just say once for all, "The eternal bore built the Eternal City." I confess to having had some such resentful feelings as I listened to the interminable wonders of the subconscious mind. I could not avoid growing as suspicious of a mind that did everything as I am of a medicine that cures everything. It was therefore with sincere commiseration that at a late hour I accompanied my friend to the door. He had counted on an ambrosial night and had not had it. His spark had fallen in wet tinder. Often since I have wondered whether other advocates of the theory have fared as badly; and the other day I thought I found a partial answer when, on picking up a recent volume by Münsterberg, I chanced upon this sentence: "The story of the subconscious mind can be told in three words: There is none."

Alpheus B. Austin

Art. VII.—THE RELIGION OF RUSKIN

It is extremely difficult to classify John Ruskin. No ordinary measuring rod applies. He was altogether exceptional. His nature was exceedingly complex, and full of contradictory elements which he never succeeded in harmonizing. It was not granted him to attain unity of spirit or persistent fixity of aim. Tranquillity of soul was rarely his. He was torn and rent by violent emotions, hailed and hauled and hurled most tempestuously, storm-swept and fury-haunted. This makes his personality intensely interesting and the study of it exciting; makes it also very easy to construe him incorrectly. He had several sides, and unless all of them are combined, our estimate of him will go far astray. He throbbed with life to the very finger tips and defied all theories of classification. There is no doubt that he was a genius, that he was one of the most brilliant, eloquent, passionate, powerful persons of his generation, a man of loftiest ideals, untiring industry, and disinterested devotion to his fellows. He was the most extraordinary literary phenomenon of his age both in the mass of matter which he put forth and the number of topics which he treated; also in the beauty of his diction. He easily bears the palm as the prose-poet of the Victorian era. Yet, while a poet by temperament, he was in manner and motive a preacher, always preaching. The moral helpfulness of his ideas is fully equal to the charm and attractiveness with which they are presented. He was not only the greatest master of English prose, but one of the most original thinkers and one of the most inspiring teachers of the day, an influence for good hard to appraise.

Professor Charles Eliot Norton, of Cambridge, Mass., an exceedingly intimate friend and close correspondent, said: "For the sake of others, who have not known him as I have, I would declare my conviction that no other master of literature in our time has more earnestly and steadily endeavored to set forth, for the help of those whom he addressed, whatsoever things are true, honest, just, pure, and lovely; or in his own life has more faithfully tried to practice the virtues which spring from the contempla-

tion of these things." And Frederic Harrison, one of his biographers, declares: "In all the vast mass of his writings there is no line that is base or coarse or frivolous; not a sentence that was framed in envy, malice, wantonness, or cruelty; not one piece that was written to win name or popularity or promotion; not a line composed for any selfish end or in any trivial mood. Every word of this enormous library of print was put forth of set purpose, without any hidden aim, utterly without fear and wholly without guile; to make the world a little better, to guide and inspire and teach men, come what might, scoff as they would, turn from him as they chose, though they left him a broken old man crying in the wilderness with none to hear or to care."

His first successes were won as a critic of art. But he was a man, it has been said, "who cared for nature more than art, for humanity more than nature, and for the glory of God most of all." "A man of many sorrows and much disappointment, he saw very little of the travail of his soul, wore himself out in the help of his fellows, loved not his life unto the death. He quickened morality in the affairs of men, permanently enriched English literature, and bequeathed to us the legacy of a great example of service and the gift of a pure spirit." Yes; all this and much more is wholly true. There is no question that in the chivalrous spirit of an ancient knight he set his lance in rest for the defense of all that was noble and good, he resolutely fought against what he believed to be evil, and unselfishly devoted his days to duty. There was something even saintly in certain aspects of his life.

On the other hand, over against these many excellencies there were not a few faults which have to be taken into the account in adjusting the balance, faults springing in part from his natural temperament and aggravated by the peculiar conditions which surrounded his early years. It is freely asserted, and with too much justice, that he was arrogant, conceited, dictatorial, scornful, contemptuous, sarcastic, arbitrary, self-opinionated, vain, exacting, suspicious, wayward, inconsistent, with a tyrannical temper, a childish petulance, impatient and irritable, violently unjust, unable to bear opposition, full of crazy crotchets, exaggerated condemnations, impracticable theories, Quixotic, querulous nostrums,

fantastic notions. There is no doubt that he was intensely sensitive, as much so as a woman, a prey to the impressions of the moment; and his habit of uncontrolled extravagant expression reacted to increase the temper from which it sprang. He was in a state of either disgust or rage, or both, most of the time at a large part of the things which met him. He was wounded and embittered by the harsh criticisms to which his writings naturally exposed him both by their matter and manner. His deepest convictions were diametrically opposed to the prevailing ideas of his time. But he did not cease, from first to last, to fling himself with reckless abandon, with most exasperating dogmatism, and with every indication of intellectual and spiritual pride, self-confident, intolerant, straight against the iron walls of prejudice which absolutely refused to budge. The result of all this was, that constantly working his emotions as well as his intellect in an utterly, wantonly spendthrift manner, after a time his overwrought brain gave way and he was desperately ill in his sixtieth year. Delirium set in, there was inflammation in the tissues of the brain, and in the twenty years or more that he had yet to live he was a broken man, prematurely old, with spells of insanity recurring at certain intervals ("eating Nebuchadnezzar's bitter grass," he called it), until for the last ten years he altogether ceased mental production and lived in complete retirement, with little to vary the quiet monotony of his days.

His sorrows and his follies of many kinds were exceeding great. After describing some of the trials which robbed Ruskin of peace, Professor Norton adds: "His unsettled religious convictions failed to afford him solid comfort and support." It is not possible to understand Ruskin without a thorough study of his religion. Nor would there be very much to study if this were left out, for it was central and fundamental in his whole make-up. He was, first of all and last of all, an ethical and religious teacher. He was preëminently a prophet, a seer, who looked into the heart of things, ignoring surface appearances and despising conventionalities, speaking out his great thoughts, his profound beliefs, with a vehemence and sincerity which compelled attention. Even when he made art the text, right living was the sermon frequentest

and longest on his lips. "Art has for its business to praise God," he wrote in the first volume of Modern Painters, and in the last volume, "Art is the expression of delight in God's works." He insisted that there could be no thoroughly genuine development of art that was dissociated from the moral element in life. "All great art is praise." "Art is religion," he writes, meaning by religion "the feelings of love and reverence or dread with which the human mind is affected by its conceptions of spiritual being." "Great art is nothing less than a type of strong and noble life." "So far from art being immoral, little else is moral; for if life without industry is guilt, industry without art is brutality." "The greatest art is born of a noble national morality and is conditioned upon the moral fiber of the workman." "When morality decays art decays." He classes art with morality and religion as "one of the stairways that lead men out of the pit of materialism to the higher and purer glories of mind and spirit." Quotations of this sort might easily be multiplied, for they abound in his works. Discerning minds recognized that when he turned away from art topics, at about the age of forty, and for the rest of his days devoted himself to ethics and economics, to subjects that were related in the closest way to the uplifting of humanity and the improvement of the condition of the masses, he was but following out what had been from the beginning his main endeavor. His prophetic commission covered it all. His religion was wide-reaching enough to embrace many diversified developments of the higher aspects and aspirations of humanity. But his personal faith suffered many vicissitudes. His Scotch mother, who dominated his early years, and most of the others, was extremely Puritanic and vigorously Calvinistic, devoted to what were known as evangelical doctrines of the most orthodox stripe. There was also an old servant in the family of a similarly solemn and severe sort, "incapable of a smile," but rigidly pious. In after years he refers to her as one who "may have been partly instrumental in giving me a bias against evangelical religion." For such a bias, drawn from those who were virulent and offensive in their piety and with whom he came too much in contact in this forming period, he exhibited when the natural reaction came. While in

leading strings, drilled in the Bible daily and taken to church each Sunday, all seemed to go well. Like some other children of the sort, he preached a sermon before he was three, climbing up in a chair and saying, "People, be dood. If you are dood, Dod will love you; if you are not dood, Dod will not love you. People, be dood." And the Bible drill was by no means wasted. Indeed, he bears grateful testimony to what he owed his mother "for the resolutely consistent lessons" with which he was exercised in the Scriptures, "so as to make every word of them familiar to my ear in habitual music, yet in that familiarity reverenced as transcending all thought and ordaining all conduct." This course did not altogether cease until he went to Oxford, at the age of eighteen, although somewhat modified after fourteen. He recalls "the long morning hours of toil, as regular as sunrise, by which year after year my mother forced me to learn these chapters and fine old Scotch paraphrases, allowing not so much as a syllable to be missed or misplaced, while every sentence was required to be said and said over again until she was satisfied with the accent of it." After the chapters read, two or three a day according to the length, he had to learn a few verses by heart. He gives a list of twenty-six chapters which were especially memorized, and says that by these my mother "established my soul in life." But he adds that by this he does not mean that she made him in this way vitally, evangelically religious. "The fact was far otherwise. I meant only that she gave me secure ground for all future life, practical or spiritual." And he also says, "Though I have picked up the elements of a little further knowledge, and owe not a little to the teaching of many people, this maternal installation of my mind in that property of chapters I count very confidently the most precious and on the whole the one *essential* part of all my education." Surely this is a most significant and impressive testimony to the value of early Bible training. But one is disposed to think, or at least to wish, that this gain might have been reached without the evil results which also attended it. The other books on which his tender mind was nourished were Bunyan's Holy War and Pilgrim's Progress, Quarles's Emblems, Foxe's Book of Martyrs, Homer's Iliad, and the Works of Sir Walter Scott.

Writing in *Preterita* about his early days, he says that during his European journeys, while a young man, he privately read a chapter in the Bible morning and evening, repeated the Lord's Prayer after it, and then asked for everything that was nice for himself and his family; "after which I waked or slept without much thought of anything but my earthly affairs, whether by night or day. It had never entered into my head to doubt a word of the Bible, although I saw well enough already that its words were to be understood otherwise than I had been taught; but the more I believed it, the less it did me any good. If I had lived in Christ's time I would have gone with him up the mountain or sailed with him on the Lake of Galilee. But that was quite another thing from going to Beresford Chapel or Saint Bride's, Fleet Street. Without much reasoning in the matter I had virtually concluded from my general Bible reading that, never having meant or done any harm that I knew of, I could not be in danger of hell; while I saw also that even the *crême de la crême* of religious people seemed to be in no hurry to go to heaven. On the whole it seemed to me that all that was required of me was to say my prayers, go to church, learn my lessons, obey my parents, and enjoy my dinner."

While an undergraduate at Oxford,[1] he spent part of every evening with his mother, who lived there to look after him, and this kept him steady to the old faith. Although the movement which created the High Church and Broad Church parties was already on foot in those years, he took no part in it, and was not, apparently, affected by it. He observed his regular religious duties and went quietly on his way. "In 1840," he says, "I was as zealous and pugnacious and self-sure a Protestant as you please. The first condition of my being so was, of course, total ignorance of Christian history; the second one, that all the Catholic Cantons in Switzerland were idle and dirty, all the Protestant ones busy and clean." In 1841 he writes of having "a dim sense of duty to myself and my parents, and a daily more vague shadow of Eternal Law." It was three years after this, in Italy, that he speaks of "a

[1] It was January, 1837, when nearly eighteen (born in London, February 8, 1819) that he took up his residence as a gentleman commoner at Christ Church College. May, 1842, he received his B. A., with an honorary double fourth, and October, 1843, he took his M. A. degree.

deeper and more rational state of religious temper. I can hardly yet call it religious thought. I steadily read chapters morning and evening. A continual comparison between the Protestant and Papal service every Sunday made me feel that all dogmatic teaching was a matter of chance and habit, and that the life of religion depended on the force of faith. I saw that George Herbert, in the sincerity and brightness of his imagination, represented the theology of the Protestant church in a perfectly central and deeply spiritual manner. Whatever has been wise in thought or happiest in the course of my following life was founded at this time on the teachings of Herbert. He was to me at this time, and has been since, useful beyond any other teacher. Not that I have attained to any likeness of feeling with him, but I knew where I was myself wrong or cold in comparison." He gives the full text of Herbert's poem called "Submission," beginning, "But that thou art my wisdom, Lord," and adds: "It has been most useful to me." It was not far from this time that he attended Camden Chapel, in London, for quite a while and heard the Rev. Henry Melville, afterward Canon of Saint Paul's. He calls him "the only preacher I ever heard whose sermons were at once sincere, orthodox, and oratorical on Ciceronian principles. I owe to him all sorts of good help in close analysis, but especially my habit of always looking, in every quotation from the Bible, to see what goes before it and after."

Up to 1845 he kept to the rigid Sabbatarianism of his youth and never thought of traveling, climbing, or sketching on Sunday. His first infringement of this rule, by climbing after the morning service, remains, he says, "a weight on my conscience to this day. But it was thirteen years later before I made a sketch on Sunday." This Sunday hill-climbing in the Alps, says his biographer, Mr. Collingford, "was the first shot fired in the war, in one of the strangest and saddest wars between reason and conscience that biography records; strange because the opposing forces were so nearly matched, and sad because the struggle lasted until their field of battle was desolated before either gained the victory." As late as 1850 he was still so strongly under the influence of his early teachings that he quarreled with Frederick Dennison

Maurice over the song of Deborah and the action of Jael. He thought that song as sacred as the Magnificat of Mary, and resented any reflections on the low morality indicated in the incident.

The first drawing of a flower on the Sabbath, in 1858, marked in a very positive way an open break with his old life. It was in October of this year, at Turin, that he attended service in a chapel of the Waldenses and heard some peculiarly revolting ideas about God—ideas revolting to his larger intelligence broadened by travel and a knowledge of the world, but which had once been accepted as a matter of course. As he walked away from the service and meditated about it in a picture gallery he was aware that a decisive change had come over his convictions regarding religion. Referring to it many years later, he writes: "Of course that hour's meditation in the gallery at Turin only concluded a course of thought which had been leading me to such positions for many years. There was no sudden conversion possible to me. But that day my evangelical beliefs were put away to be debated no more." It was about this time that he wrote, "I want to Macadamize some new roads to heaven with broken foolsheads." His creed underwent a pretty radical reconstruction. He says: "It was no longer any use trying to identify my point of view with Protestantism. I saw both Protestants and Roman Catholics in the perspective of history converging into the primitive far-distant ideal unity of Christianity, in which I still believe." He gradually, however, receded still further and became yet more immersed in skeptical difficulties until he could scarcely be called a Christian at all. It is not easy to tell just what his views were during this period. He was not an atheist, nor an infidel in the coarse meaning of that term, nor were his high moral standards and principles at all affected. He seldom made appeal, however, to Christian sanctions. He taught, rather, the Greek virtues and spiritualized Scripture in a broad-church manner. It is certain that his Calvinistic creed had wholly collapsed, as was inevitable, and in so doing about all that could in any way be styled orthodoxy or evangelical Christianity had been carried away. Just how much remained is not so clear. His experience somewhat resembled that of Fred-

erick W. Robertson and many others of similar strong religious nature who recoiled, as they came to an independent exercise of their minds, from the really un-Christian dogmas which had been instilled into them while young, and for a season were driven into very deep waters, but eventually struggled through and recovered their footing on the shores of peace. Ruskin was for about seventeen years wandering in the dreary doubt and darkness of what might be called devout paganism, rather than the warm beams of the light of gospel day. He gave up prayer and was very miserable. In some of his Alpine journeys he had a Savoyard guide who could scarcely read or write, but was, says Ruskin, "without exception one of the happiest persons and, on the whole, one of the best I have ever known. After I had provoked him with less cheerful views of the world than his own he would fall back to my servant behind and console himself with a shrug of the shoulders and a whisper, 'The poor child, he does not know how to live.'" It was, indeed, most sorrowfully true. There is no real evidence that even in early days he had what we are accustomed to call a genuine conversion in the evangelical sense, or ever knew the profound joy of intimate soul fellowship with the Saviour of mankind. And this, of course, made it harder for him to hold to the essentials of Christian faith when the fires of intellectual skepticism put everything to the test. Through lack of anything better, in 1869 he fell in love with Saint Ursula. Her legend obtained no little power over him. She became, as time after time he visited Venice for her sake, a personality, a presence, a living ideal. The story of her life and death became to him an example. The conception of her character as read in Carpaccio's picture became a standard for his own life and action in many a time of distress and discouragement. The thought, "What would Saint Ursula say?" led him quite often to burn the offensive letter or hold back the sharp retort upon stupidity or impertinence, and to force the wearied brain and frenzied nerves into patience and a kindly answer.

One chief influence in restoring his faith and bringing him back to a more definitely Christian position was, as is so often the case, deep affliction. The great tragedy of his life, his rejection

by Rose La Touche, to whom he was so devotedly attached (a rejection conscientiously based on his hostility to the evangelical faith), and her death in 1875 affected him most profoundly, tearing his heart to pieces and turning his thoughts heavenward. The Christmas of 1876 was also an important crisis with him. He was attacked by severe illness and brought into great pain as well as peril. He seemed, as he struggled, to obtain some assurance of another life. His intense despondency was changed into happiness. He was able to rejoice in the conviction that there was a guarding Providence whose helpful influences were round about him. He recanted his skeptical judgments. He searched the Bible anew most diligently for its hidden meanings. And in proportion as he felt its inspirations he recoiled from the conclusions of modern science and wrapped the prophetic mantle more closely around him as he denounced with growing fervor the crimes of our unbelieving age. It was in this year we find him saying, "I am absolutely certain that were either Saint Louis, Saint Francis, or Saint Hugo of Lincoln here in the room with me, they would tell me positively that my ignorance of what they knew was wholly owing to my own lust, apathy, and conceit, and that if I chose to live as they lived I should learn what they knew." And again he writes, "I have no new faith, but am able to get some good out of my old one, not as being true, but as containing the quality of truth that is wholesome for me. One must eat one's faith like one's meat for what is good in it. Modern philosophy, for the most part, is absolutely incapable of nourishment." Soon after this, 1878, he writes: "My own feeling now is that everything which has hitherto happened to me and been done by me, well or ill, has been fitting me to take greater fortune more prudently and to do better work more thoroughly." In 1879 he wrote some letters on the Lord's Prayer, in which he dwelt on the need of a living faith in the Fatherhood of God and childlike obedience to the commands of old-fashioned religion and morality. In 1880 he delivered a lecture, afterward published as the first chapter of his Bible of Amiens. His biographer remarks that the distinctly religious tone of the work marks a decided change in his outlook, indicating a profound development of the tendency which had

been strengthening for some time. "He had come out of the phase of doubt into the acknowledgment of the strong, wholesome influence of religion; into an attitude of mind in which, without unsaying anything he had said against narrowness of creed and inconsistency of practice, without stating any definite doctrine of the after life or adopting any sectarian dogma, he regarded the fear of God and the revelation of the Divine Spirit as great facts and motives not to be neglected in the study of history, as the groundwork of civilization and the guide of progress." From this time on for the remainder of his life, until the end, in 1900, he occupied a definite Christian standpoint and drew much comfort from his recovered faith. He did not become formally connected with any church or religious party. He was neither Anglican, nor Roman Catholic, nor anything else of a special sort. It is of no use to try to label him or classify him definitely. He had no heart or care for the divisions among Christians; the rivalries of the churches were hateful to him. He writes near the close of his days: "I was, and am, and can be, only a Christian catholic in the wide and eternal sense. I have been that these five and twenty years at least. Heaven keep me from being aught else as I grow older. I am no more likely to become a Roman Catholic than a Quaker, Evangelical, or Turk." In 1880 he said: "I write as a Christian to Christians; that is to say, to persons who rejoice in the hope of a literal, perpetual life with a literal, personal, eternal God." He became increasingly convinced that "the only constant form of pure religion is in useful work, faithful love, and stintless charity." This he exemplified. He took the family prayers at Brantford, where his final years were spent, preparing careful notes for the Bible readings. He wrote collects for the occasion, which are deeply interesting as the utterance of a man who had passed through so many wildernesses of doubt and had returned at last, not precisely to the fold of the church, but certainly to the footstool of the Father. His religion at its best was a good deal like that of Browning, a religion of the spirit rather than of the letter; consisting not so much in doctrinal conventionalities as in the vital realities of conduct. Both these great men accepted Christianity as the union of man's soul with the

Infinite One rather than as a hard-and-fast dogma or a cut-and-dried creed. They accounted religion as rightness and ripeness of being. To love God, they felt, is to love all the pure things and thoughts the world contains; to serve his creatures, great and small, is to serve him. They considered life to be intended not so much for probation as for education, not to prepare for heaven specifically, but to give culture in the higher discipline of the soul. "Other-worldliness" did not bulk largely with them. Love, Life, and Light defined or depicted the Ever Near, the Immanent Preserver and Sustainer. Of Ruskin, as of Browning, it could with full truth be said, "He at least believed in soul, he was very sure of God." As Carlyle, his master in some things, said, "There was a ray of real heaven in him." His final and settled beliefs were about right. He believed in God, in Christ, in immortality, in liberty, in joy, in purity. Christianity, he said, was "believing in the love of God manifested in Jesus Christ, who took upon him the form and flesh of men, died the death of the creature he had made, rose after death into glorious life, and shall some day return to judge mankind; anything less than this will not do." "Obedience to the Bible," he said, "is the best answer to the attacks upon it." All his books are full of the Bible from first to last. Of Scripture allusions and quotations there are 450 in Modern Painters and over 600 in Fors Clavigera. There must be many thousands of such references in the entire list. He calls the Bible "the grandest group of writings extant in the rational world, the guide of all the arts and acts of that world which have been noble, fortunate, and happy." No other literature in the world, he considered, could fulfill its place or take its function; if every teacher's truest words in all languages had been written down and collected together, they could not equal it.

He was a pure and chivalrous spirit, a man of high courage and unfaltering truth, of unswerving devotion to loftiest ideals. His unselfishness was as notable as his self-will. He deeply concerned himself with the welfare of the world, grieved intolerably over the evils that seemed unnecessary, and found contentment for himself impossible while others were ill-content. Few, if any, have ever felt as he did the full horror of humanity, or had so

deep a sense of the misery in the world. Few, indeed, have devoted themselves so thoroughly to the service of mankind. He writes in 1863: "The folly and horror of humanity enlarge to my eyes daily; the cry of the earth to me is in my ears continually." "I am tormented between the longing for rest and a lonely life and a sense of this terrific call of human crime for resistance and human misery for help, for it seems to me as the voice of a river of blood which can but sweep me down in the midst of its black clots helpless."

In January, 1871, he began in this way a remarkable monthly miscellany which he called Fors Clavigera: "For my own part I will put up with this state of things positively not an hour longer. I am not an unselfish person, nor an evangelical one. I have no particular pleasure in doing good; neither do I dislike it so much as to expect to be rewarded for it in another world. But I simply cannot paint, nor read, nor look at minerals, nor do anything else that I like, and the very light of the morning sky has become sorrowful to me because of the misery that I know of, and see signs of where I know it not, and which my imagination can interpret too bitterly. Therefore I will endure it no longer quietly, but henceforth, with any few or many who will help, do my poor best to abate this misery, and that I may do my best I must not be miserable myself any longer, for no man who is wretched in his own heart or feeble in his own work can rightly help others." Carlyle writes in a letter to Emerson, "No man in England has in him a divine rage against iniquity and falseness and baseness that Ruskin has, and that every man ought to have." Feeling so strongly as he did the amount of work that ought to be done, it is no wonder that he took this motto, "To-day," and with a keen consciousness that the night would soon come drove himself without mercy. He seemed possessed by a very demon of activity, an incredible, dangerous industry that permitted no pause in labor, however much his suffering system craved it. It is no wonder that the easy-going, pleasure-seeking, pelf-hunting classes were scandalized and shocked by his terrific philippics that tore straight through their flimsy pretenses and paid scant heed to their age-long prejudices. It must be confessed that he

did not "see truth steadily and see it whole." He was not made that way. He was unbalanced. He could not perceive the entire problem, had depth rather than breadth of view, and did not do full justice to his generation. This detracted a good deal from his effectiveness as a reformer and even as a prophet. He was only in part acquainted with the precise condition of affairs he undertook to revolutionize. He tried to impose his own private and quite unimportant tastes upon those wholly unprepared to appreciate them. He was not fitted to erect institutions or to mold communities. But the very narrowness of his vision gave him a power of pressing home important truth in a way that challenged conviction. He saw some good things very clearly and stated them very strongly. Here are a few of his utterances that pertain more particularly to religion:

Men have been curiously judging themselves by always calling the day they expect *Dies Iræ* instead of *Dies Amoris*.

The creed of the Dark Ages was, I believe in one God the Father Almighty, Maker of heaven and earth. The creed of the Light Ages has become, I believe in Father Mud, the Almighty Plastic, and in Father Dollar, the Almighty Drastic.

It never seems to strike any of our religious teachers that if a child has a father living, it either *knows* it has a father or does not; it does not *believe* it has a father. We should be surprised to see an intelligent child standing at its garden gate and crying out to the passers-by, I believe in my father because he built this house.

There is need, bitter need, to bring back into men's minds that to live is nothing unless to live be to know Him by whom we live.

No gospel is good for anything which is not good for everything. Unfaith in aught is want of faith in all.

I am always quite serious when I speak of the devil.

There is but one reality, God above, and man either obeying or withstanding him.

We must one and all surrender to the great and awful Will of whose workings we know little, but which means to triumph, whatever we may do to hinder or delay its purpose. There is no peace without it.

Apathy as to eternal life is the first great mystery; it stands in the way of every virtue.

All things will not be well till all men are good.

Every day is a day of judgment. Judgment waits at the doors of your house and at the corners of your streets. We are in the midst of judgment.

The best of us are sunk into the sin of Ananias, and it is a great one; we want to keep back part of the price; we continually talk about

taking up our cross as if the only harm in the cross was the weight of it, as if it was only a thing to be carried instead of to be crucified upon.

We need examples of people who, leaving Heaven to decide whether they are to rise in the world, decide for themselves that they will be happy in it, and have resolved to seek not greater wealth, but simpler pleasure; not better fortune, but deeper theology; making the first of possessions self-possession.

It is very Utopian to hope for the entire doing away of drunkenness and misery out of the Canongate; but the Utopianism is not our business, the work is.

The slothful man says, "There is a lion in the path, *I* shall be slain"; the unslothful man says, "There is a lion in the path; *it* shall be slain."

Idleness is the chief cause now and always of evil everywhere.

People are perpetually afraid of doing wrong, but unless they are doing its reverse energetically they do it all day long, and the degree does not matter.

When men are rightly occupied, their amusement grows out of their work, as the color petals out of fruitful flowers.

Being pictures is better than buying pictures.

Substitute living for getting, coöperation for competition.

That country is richest which nourishes the greatest number of noble and happy beings.

That man is richest who, having perfected the functions of his own life to the utmost, has also the widest and most helpful influence both personally and by means of his possessions over the lives of others. There is no wealth but life.

The wisdom of life is in preventing all the evil we can and using what is inevitable for the best purposes.

It is not the main business of any healthy human life to make money. The work is first, the fee is second with true men. It is the whole distinction in a man, the distinction between life and death *in* him and heaven and hell *for* him. Work first and you are God's servants, fee first and you are the fiends.

All the world is but one orphanage so long as its children know not God their Father; and all wisdom and knowledge is only bewildered darkness as long as you have not taught them the fear of the Lord.

Such words will not perish, for they are a part of the word of the living God. There are very many more of them that might easily be quoted. But space here will hardly permit further citations. We have given enough to show the high practical quality of Ruskin's religion. It consisted not in a creed or a system of observances. It was a life in harmony with the laws of God. He found God everywhere. There was no space or time that did not contain infinity and mystery. He labored to put the spirit of Christ into the business of the world, and to denounce the greed

of gold. He resolutely protested against what he believed to be wrong, and unselfishly devoted his life to making it right. Duties, not rights, were the things which he emphasized. He lavishly spent himself, his time, his energy, his wealth in trying to illuminate, elevate, and ennoble the lives of others. Jowett called him "the gentlest, most innocent of mankind." Carlyle, in the last book he gave his disciple, wrote, "To my clear and ethereal Ruskin." He had an irresistible charm of manner. He had a genius for friendship, a love of children, and was very kind to strangers, writing them many and long letters. Face to face with people who met him in company or alone, the acerbity and irritability so frequent in his pen work altogether disappeared. He proved the most willing and patient of listeners, always deferring to the judgment of others in things wherein he did not profess to be a student, and anxious only to learn. His tenderness and generosity and magnanimity were exceeding great. The million dollars which his father left him he gave away very speedily, not always wisely, but always with a sincere desire to do good and promote the welfare of the world.

That his life was to a considerable degree a failure he realized only too keenly. "It is not my work that drives me mad, but the sense that nothing comes of it," he said. His ideals were very high, and men were very hard to move out of the ruts of self-interest. He was not very happily put together. He had not the physical basis for serenity. His emotions were too intense, his body was too frail. The engine drove the machinery too violently for its good. He wrote to his mother, "I have the secret of extracting sadness from all things instead of joy"; and again, "I have the gift of sucking bitters." "Perhaps I shall be quite happy just before I leave the world." But though he was foiled in his favorite aims, as he says, and had been obliged to surrender his best hopes, he discovered compensations. "The more my life disappointed me, the more solemn and wonderful it became to me. It seemed that there was something behind the veil of it which was not vanity. I saw that both my failure and such success in petty things as in its poor triumph seemed to me worse than failure came from the want of sufficiently earnest effort to under-

stand the whole law and meaning of existence and bring it to noble and due end." His very failure was in one sense better than success. So far as it came from his too exalted aim, from the fervor of his belief and from the abandonment of every self-interest and even of every prudential motive, it has done the world more good than any mere temporary triumph would have done. It has been like the failure of Telemachus to stop the gladiators, or of John Brown to free the slaves of Virginia; nay, it brings him into approximation with the world's Redeemer. He could, as did they and multitudes more, fall back for consolation on the simple fact that, as he declares, "All my life I have desired good and not evil." "I never betrayed a trust, never willfully did an unkind thing, never depreciated another that I might raise myself." "I have done for my country such service as she has willed to receive by laying before her facts vital to her existence, unalterable by her power, in words of which not one has been warped by interest or weakened by fear, and which are as pure from selfish passion as if they were spoken already out of another world."

But we must pause. Several such articles as this would be necessary to begin to do justice to the entire round of Ruskin's immense contribution to the thought and life of mankind. We leave our theme far from finished. But perhaps those who read what we have written will understand a little better than before that John Ruskin was one of the chief prophets of the nineteenth century, with a genuine message from on high, one of the great motive forces of the modern world, one who through keen sufferings and many trials won out at length into peace, and has left a record of good words and deeds, a monument of tuneful praise to God that shall long serve to keep his memory green among men.

James Mudge

Art. VIII.—THE MUSICAL TASTES AND TALENTS OF THE WESLEY FAMILY

No other family in English history has given to the world so many preachers and musicians of note as have the Wesleys. For two hundred and fifty years, from the days of Bartholomew, the great-grandsire of John Wesley, to the death of Samuel Sebastian Wesley, in 1876, there was no time when some one bearing this honored name was not contributing to the good of mankind either in the Christian ministry or as a composer and performer of sacred music. It is quite true that no musical talent of the first order appears till we come to the songs of Charles Wesley; but in the two generations preceding there were revealed tastes and instincts so marked as to fully justify the statement that "Music was a passion in the Wesley family." Samuel, the father of John and Charles Wesley, was an ardent lover of music. It was a part of his creed that

> The man that hath no music in himself,
> Nor is not moved with concord of sweet sounds,
> Is fit for treasons.

He once declared with great spirit that "nothing but a stock is proof against the charms of music; nay, even that will feel though it can't hear it"; and he further expressed the judgment that "of all music, vocal is the most moving, especially when good sense, good poetry, good tunes, and a good voice meet together." He lamented the fact that the excellent custom of singing psalms in the home was dying out, and he frequently rebuked his people for their negligence at this point and exhorted them to mend their ways. At the same time he was far too discerning not to recognize and frankly confess that the tunes in common use were positively "vile." He longed for a master hand to write something nobly worthy of the worship of God. He was overjoyed when, in 1704, the way opened for his eldest son, Samuel, to enter Westminster School, London, where, in immediate connection with the Abbey, he would enjoy the opportunity of hearing and studying the

finest music in the kingdom. A letter written to the lad by his father, in 1706, is still extant:

> I hope you understand the Cathedral service—what they sing and say, which at first is difficult. . . . If we do understand the service we shall find church music a great help to our devotion, as it notably raises our affections toward heaven. . . . We are not to think God has framed man in vain an harmonious creature; and surely music cannot be better employed than in the service and praises of Him who made both the tongue and the ear.

It was a life-long contention of the elder Samuel that a man ought not to enter the ministry till he had made a study of music and was in some measure prepared to instruct his people. We can well imagine what an influence such a conviction must have had on the sons John and Charles. It was unfortunate that the people of Epworth, where Samuel Wesley labored for so many years, were not musically inclined. On one occasion he regretfully observed, "As they cannot reach anthems and cathedral music, they must be content with their present parochial way of singing," which, however, under his faithful leadership was far better than it would otherwise have been.

John Wesley's visit to the Moravians at Herrnhuth in 1738 confirmed his belief in the power of sacred song, and he returned to England to begin that series of hymn books which proved such a mighty factor in the spread of the evangelical faith. He was very particular in the choice of tunes. In 1742 he issued in a thirty-six-page book "a collection of hymns set to music as they are sung at the Foundry." But it was not till 1761 that his desires were fully realized. In the preface to Hymns with Tunes, published at that time, he wrote: "I have been endeavoring for more than twenty years to procure such a book as this, but in vain. Masters of music were above following any direction but their own, and I was determined whoever compiled this should follow my direction, not mending our tunes, but setting them down neither better nor worse than they were. At length I have prevailed." Prior to the appearance of this book Wesley published a somewhat pretentious volume of three hundred and fifty-four pages bearing the title, "Sacred Harmony; or a choice collection of Psalms and Hymns, set to music, in two and three parts, for

the Voice, Harpsichord, and Organ." This, however, must have been designed largely for use in the home. While John Wesley was a real lover of good music, both vocal and instrumental, he was strongly averse to the introduction of musical instruments into the Methodist chapel. He once said, in reply to a question, "I have no objection to instruments of music in chapel, provided they are neither *heard* nor *seen.*" While his opposition may have been due in part to a fear of spiritual harm, as implied in the stanza that the old-time Methodists sang—

> Still let us on our guard be found,
> And watch against the power of sound
> With sacred jealousy;
> Lest, haply, sense should damp our zeal,
> And Music's charm bewitch and steal
> Our hearts away from thee—

no doubt it arose chiefly from a desire to maintain the distinction between church and chapel. What would have been entirely proper in a building expressly designed for the use of the established liturgy seemed to Wesley inappropriate in a meeting place of a society. Unless the testimony of Wesley's journals is entirely misleading, we shall be slow to believe that Dr. Adam Clarke, who "abominated and abhorred" instrumental music in any place of worship, was correct in thinking that Wesley's views were identical with his own. The founder of Methodism had too musical a soul for that. In 1762 he attended a Sunday service in the Cathedral at Exeter, and afterward spoke with enthusiasm of the splendid organ and the inspiring music. Twenty years later he again worshiped in the same place, and wrote, "I was much pleased with the solemn music at the post-communion, one of the finest compositions I ever heard." Similar allusions are scattered through his works.

He was especially fond of oratorios, and on various occasions he listened to them with evident pleasure. He had some very decided notions of his own, however, which he never hesitated to express. After hearing "Judith," he wrote: "Some parts of it were exceeding fine; but there are two things in all modern music which I could never reconcile to common sense; one is, singing

the same words ten times over; the other, singing different words, by different persons, at one and the same time, and this in the most solemn addresses to God, whether by way of prayer or thanksgiving. This can never be defended by all the musicians in Europe, till reason is quite out of date." Through his entire life this was a custom which vexed Wesley's soul. When a young man, he declared that such singing had "no more religion in it than a Lancashire hornpipe," and forty years later, when he found that in one of his own chapels the choir was rendering the psalms in this fashion, he put an instant stop to it, exclaiming, "What an insult upon common sense! What a burlesque upon public worship! No custom can excuse such a mixture of profaneness and absurdity." We may set this down as a curious illustration of the musical taste, rather than talent, of Wesley. The fact remains, however, that, generally speaking, he was an ardent lover of good music and a discriminating judge of its real merits.

By far his most important and abiding contribution to the musical development of the nation was in teaching the people to sing. Here he showed himself a genius. For half a century he was the singing master of the kingdom. Up and down the country he journeyed, the hymns of the brother Charles in his hands, and wherever he went he awakened a chorus of sacred melody. He laid down five simple rules: "Sing *all;* sing *lustily;* sing *modestly;* sing *in tune;* sing *spiritually.* One who has ever listened to a congregation of Yorkshiremen or Cornishmen singing can appreciate the work of Wesley, and it is the same nearly all over the land. Much that he said and did has been forgotten, but the English will forever be a better people because they learned from him the beauty and the power of Christian song.

Charles Wesley, like his brother, was extremely fond of music. As a collegian, he played the flute, and all his life he was a singer. In 1745, he was instrumental in the conversion of Mrs. Rich, the wife of the proprietor of Covent Garden Theater, in whose home he was henceforth a frequent and honored guest. Here he entered a distinguished musical circle and met some of the most eminent composers and artists of the century. The daughters of Mr. Rich were taught music by Handel, and one of them after-

ward married Mr. Beard, the famous singer for whom the tenor parts of the "Messiah" were written. Dr. Pepusch and Dr. Boyce, the great composer of cathedral music, and many others of high standing, were on intimate terms with the family. Charles Wesley moved among these masters with ease and dignity. He was welcomed as a brother and at once installed as "Chaplain and Laureate" of the group. While his peculiar genius was that of a poet, his cultivated musical taste made him keenly appreciative of the talents of his associates. He was brought into repeated contact with Handel, and among the treasures of the Fitzwilliam Museum, at Cambridge, are three tunes by the great composer, in his own writing, set to hymns of Charles Wesley. As is well known, Handel was of an irritable temper, and when angered he would swear violently. But Wesley and Methodist life and teaching must have had a marked influence upon him. He became subdued and softened, and toward the close of his life he entered into a quiet, beautiful religious experience.

To Charles Wesley eight children were born, only three of whom grew to maturity. One of these was a daughter, Sarah, the "Sally" so beloved by her uncle John. The two sons, Charles, born in 1757, and Samuel, eight years later, were musical prodigies. What talents some of the other children might have developed if they had been spared there is no telling. The records state that the first-born son, who died in infancy, was able to carry a tune and beat time when a year old. Charles began to play the harpsichord when he was so young that he had to be tied in his chair, and his development was so rapid that skilled musicians who heard him were astonished beyond measure. The father was very happy and thankful that God had given him such a child, and was eager to encourage his progress in every way. He took him on a visit to London when he was four years old, and the critics who listened to his playing were enthusiastic in their praise. Six years later, the boy was again taken to London. The chief trouble had been to find some one competent to instruct him. Those who had been engaged would sit by in mute wonder, learners rather than teachers. It was suggested to the father that if only Kelway, one of the most renowned organists in the world,

would consent to receive the boy as a pupil, the difficulty would be met, "but," it was added, "he will not, neither for love nor for money." Nevertheless Mr. Wesley called upon him, and, on hearing the young musician, the master was so delighted that for the next two years he taught him, refusing to accept any fee. One day, after the lad had finished a favorite sonata, Kelway exclaimed to a group of listeners: "I will maintain before all the world that there is not a master in London that can play this as he does! It is a divine gift. He is the greatest genius in music I ever met with. How Handel would have shaken his sides if he could have heard him!"

Charles Wesley was already on intimate terms with many of the musical celebrities in the capital, and now the young son was admitted with enthusiasm to the same circle. Wealthy and titled families vied with each other in doing him honor. He received many valuable gifts, and none that he prized more than Dr. Boyce's three volumes of cathedral music from his uncle John.

In the meantime the younger brother, Samuel, was developing equally extraordinary gifts. In 1771, partly in order to give his sons the fullest musical advantages, Charles Wesley removed with his family from Bristol, which had been their home for many years, to London. Here the boys made rapid advance. Samuel began to read music when scarcely more than a babe, and when he was five he knew by heart all the airs, recitatives, and choruses of "Samson" and the "Messiah," both words and notes. He composed music even before he could write, and when he was eight years old he composed to the oratorio of "Ruth" music entirely his own, an achievement which Dr. Boyce considered almost incredible. The Wesley home, in Chesterfield Street, was the scene of many brilliant musical gatherings. For several years the boys gave an annual series of concerts. The large drawing-room, seating eighty people, was invariably crowded with a most critical audience. The subscription for each course was three guineas, and among the regular subscribers were prelates of the Anglican Church, including the Bishop of London, foreign ambassadors, members of the nobility, such as Lord Dartmouth and Lord Barrington, and many others distinguished in the world of arts and

letters. The Earl of Mornington, father of the Duke of Wellington, and himself a musician of high repute, was so attached to the lads that for years he never failed to breakfast with them once a week at their home, bringing with him his violin and staying several hours. Receptions and *soirées* among the clergy and nobility were hardly felt to be complete unless the sons of Charles Wesley were present to charm the guests with their musical gifts.

Charles, Jr., was a great favorite with George III, and was frequently at court. He would have been made organist of the Chapel Royal at Windsor, but he declined the post out of regard to a dying request of his father, who feared that court life would destroy his son's religious fervor. But he often played before the king and the royal family, both at Buckingham Palace and, especially, at Windsor. On such occasions he was generally presented with a purse of fifty guineas. The king held him in highest regard, and in their private conversations opened his heart to him with great freedom. Once when they were together, after His Majesty had lost his sight, he said, "Mr. Wesley, is there anybody in the room besides you and me?" "No, your Majesty." "Then I will tell you what I think. It is my judgment that your good father, your uncle John, George Whitefield, and Lady Huntingdon have done more to promote true religion in England than all the dignified clergy put together." On another occasion the king was informed that Mr. Wesley's mother was in the next apartment. His Majesty walked in, and, addressing her, said: "Madam, all your family are musical?" "Yes, sire." "Did your husband perform on any instrument?" "A little, please your Majesty, on the German flute when at college." "Do you likewise perform?" "I sing a little, sire." "What do you sing?" "Handel's oratorio songs." "Handel!" exclaimed the king. "There is nothing to be compared to him!" Charles was no less a favorite with the Prince Regent, afterward George IV, than with the old king. The prince insisted on making him his organist-in-ordinary, and he also appointed him musical preceptor to his daughter, the beautiful and accomplished Princess Charlotte. This daily association through many years with people of highest rank did not turn the head of the musician. He was of a child-

like disposition, and those who knew him in old age were charmed with his simplicity and guilelessness. He died in 1834, and was buried in the same grave with his parents in Old Marylebone Churchyard.

As a composer, Samuel Wesley was even more gifted than his brother. He left to the world a large and valuable collection of musical pieces from his own pen. Certainly the most curious of the number is a high mass, written when he was nineteen years old, for the papal chapel, and for which he received the personal thanks of the Pontiff. Allured by the noble Gregorian music, and no doubt seduced by the flattery of Catholic friends, he had, in a thoughtless moment, secretly joined the Church of Rome. When his father learned of it he was broken-hearted. That a son of his and a nephew of John Wesley should kneel to the Pope! No wonder Rome trumpeted the fact to the ends of the earth. But the perversion did not long continue. In heart Samuel Wesley was never a Catholic, and he presently withdrew from that church. For a while he swung over to infidelity, but in time he gained his footing, and finally died in full assurance of faith, in 1837. Rev. Thomas Jackson, who was present at the interment of this the last surviving child of Charles Wesley, has described the scene: "Out of respect for his memory, as one of the most distinguished musicians of the age, some of the finest singers, belonging to the most eminent of the London choirs, especially that of Westminster Abbey, attended his funeral, and, after chanting a considerable part of the service in the church, formed a large circle in the burying-ground and sang an appropriate anthem with wonderful power and effect."

Charles Wesley, Jr., and his sister Sarah remained single. Samuel married in 1792, and it is through his children alone that the name "Wesley," so far as the Epworth branch is concerned, has come down to our own time. He had a numerous family, but only two need be mentioned in this place. Rev. Charles Wesley, D.D., was the oldest son. He entered the Anglican ministry, was appointed sub-dean of the Chapel Royal, and in 1847 became chaplain to Queen Victoria. Samuel Sebastian Wesley, Mus. Doc., born in 1810, inherited the genius of his father. As a boy,

he sang beautifully, and on one occasion, after appearing before George IV, the king was so delighted that he presented him with a gold watch. When he was thirty, he was regarded not only at home, but by such foreign critics as Dr. Louis Spohr, as the finest organist in England. He was in constant demand to preside at the opening of large instruments all over the country; and not only was he a master at the keyboard; before he was forty years old he was freely referred to as the ablest composer of church music then living. For a time he was organist at Exeter Cathedral, and afterward, for a number of years he conducted the musical service at Winchester, and finally he took the same position in Gloucester Cathedral. Here he remained till his death, in 1876. "Doctor" Wesley, as he was always called, had no son who in any sense could lay claim to the father's remarkable genius. At the present time, in England, the Wesleys who trace their descent from Epworth are somewhat numerous. They are represented in the Anglican ministry, and in other professions; but among them there is no one distinguished either as a preacher or a musician.

Edward S. Ninde.

Art. IX.—THE RURAL CHURCH IN COMMUNITY SERVICE

If there is any one thing that rural America needs to-day more than all else, that one thing is the highest type of personal spiritual fellowship with Jesus Christ. Though it is as necessary that man be right with man as that he be right with God, he cannot attain either standard without the ministry of theology. The greatest need to-day of the country life movement is not for less rural economy; not for less sociology; not for less education in agriculture, philosophy, and the fine arts; not for less care for the dependent, delinquent, and defective members of society, not for less recreation and social enjoyment; not for less leadership, industrial organization, and coöperation; but for very much more of these, all of which shall have been spiritualized by a positive Christian faith. Saint Paul, Martin Luther, John Wesley, Thomas Chalmers, John Frederic Oberlin, and Charles Kingsley by an assured, reasonable knowledge of the love and purposes of God became the prophets not only of a new religious spirit, but of a new social order.

The Rev. Warren H. Wilson, Ph.D., the rural economist, who is doing more than any other person, under church auspices, at least, in the American country-life movement, has said of the theological and professional schools for the country ministry:

> At the present time these schools, with almost no exception, are rendering an entirely inadequate service. More than inadequate; it is misplaced and it has the effect of misdirection. For three years the student for the ministry is detained away from the study which he should pursue, and for a good part of that time he is diligently trained in studies that he ought never to follow. For the reconstruction of the theological seminary the sociological analysis of the country community is of the greatest value. It should be a special topic to which, for a long time to come, almost unlimited hours should be devoted in the seminaries, because rural sociology is of initial concern to him who would understand the American population and minister to the need of the whole American people.[1]

[1] American Journal of Sociology, March, 1911, p. 692.

Dr. Wilson has uttered a great truth; but he has not expressed the point of view which will be of most profit. No one can see the need of multiplying the loaves and the fishes so well as he who has first counted the multitude. It is not less theology that we want, but less uninvested theology; that is, less theology for its own sake. One can be as contemptibly miserly with theological information as with real estate and bank stock. Nothing but a profoundly intelligent and universal faith in God can enable one to meet the world's mighty thirst and need for a vision of realities that far outreach the dust and noise of his earthly enterprises. The theological seminary should not cease to teach theology in order to give its time to sociology. There is coming to be as much dogmatic hair-splitting and misdirected economics and sociology as there ever has been of theology. It is much to be preferred that the student for the Christian ministry get his sociology and economics at college on his way to the theological seminary, so that those years with God at the school of the prophets may be years with the burden of humanity upon his heart, when he may learn humanity's secret in the only true science of God. It is never the first business of the theological seminary to teach mere sociology. If the theological seminaries have failed with respect to the country ministry it has been because they have sent into society so few priests and prophets of the spiritual order. For the theological seminary and the country church, therefore, to be at their best in theology and religion, is not disloyalty to rural welfare. There is great danger that the opposite trend shall become their unpardonable crime. Our purpose is to consider the rural community in order to see how the church may accomplish for her its best and highest service. We adopt this point of view because it is highest and most comprehensive. We believe it is the point of view of Christ, who sends us first to Jerusalem, then to Judæa and to Samaria and the uttermost parts of the earth. As Christ sought to save communities as well as individuals, such should be our program, making the community church the means and the result of individual and community salvation. We can work from no other point of view and produce so great results. The practice of the community viewpoint draws into exercise all

the moral and spiritual worth of the everyday toiler, industrial or commercial promoter, skilled agriculturist, economist, sociologist, educator, theologian, evangelist, and prophet.

There are not many rural or country churches which can in reality call themselves community churches. If church life throughout the land was fully socialized, this article would be unnecessary. We may confidently assert that with an influx of spiritual life into our churches there will come an increased number of socialized churches. Close lines can never be drawn between the social and spiritual services of Christians. All ministry is Christian. The spiritual problem of society is the social problem of the church. The best and only real solution of social problems is the eradication of their causes. I have seen many a rural problem of drunkenness, poverty, social vice, and gambling solved by making clean, honest men and women of the offenders. "Twice-born men" are to be found in country villages as well as in the slums of London. The large number of organized forms of social service which the churches of a community may exhibit does not necessarily indicate a high and healthy state of social life in that community. Neither does it indicate a rapid rate of social progress. It usually marks the reverse: a state of need—of degeneracy or misdirection. The real life of the church is as quiet as powerful. It is accompanied by no rattle and clatter and friction of spectacular undertakings. Where the true socialization of the church exists, or the spiritualization of the community is found, there is such a unity of functions that we can hardly discover the principle of relationship. We will not stop for the search, but to enable us to realize the work as an inside, practical experience, we will state the doctrine of the community church: The individual local community, considered as the social and moral unit and as the indivisible geographical whole, is the subject of the spiritualizing efforts of the Christian church. Any concern such as the exclusive adherence to social strata or classes, distinct religious beliefs or denominational creeds, the persistent practice of particular modes of worship, membership in fraternal organizations on the part of the individuals of the church as such —or the setting up of any other arbitrary religious, ethical, or

social standards such as would exclude any who are evidently children of God, or who, barred by these barriers, are kept from being members of the church—violates this principle and to that extent cripples the spiritual efficiency of the church. Every pastor's constituency is the whole number of individuals within the geographical limits of his parish. No minister of Jesus Christ can practice this principle who accepts a pastorate in a field where he is deprived by church authority or custom of the right and freedom to enter every home in the community and to welcome every person to the privilege of the ministrations of his pulpit. The minister who allows himself to be thus limited, who does not work to save the whole community, places the organized church ahead of the kingdom of God and creed before Christ, and becomes guilty of sectarianism which violates not only the principle of unity, but that of Christian service as well. The principle of Christian community solidarity thus stated does not mean that the denominations as such ought not to exist and are not necessary, any more than common judgment would deny the need that physicians, nurses, undertakers, and clergymen serve the same individuals in their sickness and death. Instead, it would regulate the denominations in working for society according to its needs and their own dominant values. The principle would not always deny to clergymen of different denominations the privilege of working in the same field, but it does demand their cooperation in seeking the ends of the kingdom of God for the whole field in the integrity of Christian service. This principle testifies that ministers, churches, and denominations miss their mission and become destructive to society when they make the saving of doctrine, religious standards, ritual services, and churchly organizations ends in themselves and of greater moment than the saving of men and society.

Even though we have noted the point of view of the church in the local service of the rural people, we dare not suggest the several policies by which the church may meet her responsibility without giving a few definite warnings as to the spirit of such service. In making a new emphasis the church must suffer no cheapening process: (1) The country church in social work must

be vital. By this it is not meant that social work is to serve evangelistic ends, but that the church, whatever its methods, should maintain its spiritual integrity. The church fails to be a church when it ceases to inspire. (2) The country church in social work must sacrifice selfish motives. The giving church, not the "drawing" church, lives and grows. Unworthy commercialism in the church will be eliminated wherever this principle is practiced. (3) Coöperation with other than religious organization in behalf of community good is imperative, but it is safe only where mutual respect can be maintained. The church should never do what a club could do as well. The country church especially must cooperate with the homes or family groups of the community to lead them to perform their own religious and moral functions. The school and the grange are the strongest when they are in closest touch with the church. (4) The country church must often bear the burdens of other rural institutions. For the church by "institutional work" to supplement rural society on its domestic, educational, industrial, or amusemental sides makes the church a social center, and in so far a venture toward the desired social solidarity. This is an advantage only as it helps to restore these various agencies. The country church may become a social means by substitution, but this should be only temporary. The church cannot spiritualize society by yielding spiritual means to social ends which are only secular in their purpose. It is better to fill the more common social agencies with spiritual men. (5) The church must contribute toward maintaining a simple and unified, but efficient social structure for the community. We should keep to the few primary institutions rather than multiply those of lesser value.

There are an infinite number of things which the church, unitedly organized in any given community, may do in behalf of local Christian welfare. I suggest only a few of them. It will be observed that each of these has for its objective the local community unit: (1) The bringing of country churches, where two or more of them exist in the same neighborhood, to a condition of courteous coöperation or union forms a normal program in social service. The conservation of religious social forces is cer-

tainly a social or community service. It is well that so many parishes have but one church each. It is certainly not encouraging that the missionary treasuries of the denominations in Vermont, for instance, can be conservatively estimated to appropriate $10,000 per year, and New York, from like sources, $25,000 per year in the support of rival interests in church-burdened country parishes. The statement of these figures certainly will not make it easier for any right-minded person to be less liberal in his missionary contributions. It will serve rather to make him more thoroughly missionary in the economic adjustment and the needed redirection of the organized church life and work in which he has a responsible share. The recognition of such waste and the unrelenting effort at economy is the redeeming feature. The practical uniting of churches is so much a matter of social service that we boldly assert that no one of two or more local churches need adopt any other particular program of social service until it has gained such a relation with its neighbors as shall make it really effective in behalf of an undivided community. Institutional or other social methods should never be used except in the spirit and form of Christian courtesy. One church proposes a boys' club. A neighboring church gets one organized first. One village church launches a lecture course. In consequence three church lecture courses enter the field, at least two of them to give the lie to the Christian motive of the churches. Such things ought not so to be. Says Dr. Warren H. Wilson,

> Church unity in some form, or at least church federation, is forced upon the churches as a means of arresting the decay of religious institutions and the dilapidation of the country community. The need of church federation or church union in the country community is not purely religious; it is the need of the social life of the community as much as of its religious societies.[1]

(2) We mention in country church programs and elsewhere the subject of the federation of rural social forces. President Kenyon L. Butterfield has been the leader to call our attention to this level plan of community service in which the church may share and lead. But he, being a most efficient teacher of country min-

[1] American Journal of Sociology, March, 1911, p. 688.

isters and workers rather than a pastor, has given us expositions rather than examples of this method. The application of social co-operation or community federation varies so widely to meet local conditions that it is easier to state the principle and leave the matter to the local initiative for its working out. As a country pastor I have found no principle of community service so sane, efficient, and broadly satisfactory. It embodies the principle of Christian social democracy in an ideal manner. The primary object of the federation of rural social forces is to form a basis for a common community understanding and sense of responsibility as to all local needs and an intelligent measure of direction as to how and by what agencies these needs shall be met. It is difficult, thus early in the more advanced rural social movement, to find a typical example. The following report from a most resourceful country minister in New England gives an account which at least approaches the practice of the level plan:

Of the minister's work as a citizen, it becomes him to be modest. But the question cannot be answered unless he answers it himself. In brief, he has been the general manager of the public activities outside of officialdom, and chairman of important committees. The only office he holds is as a member of the cemetery committee, and he holds on to that because it gives him an opportunity to hold up the hands of an efficient superintendent who does all the work. When he came here the people were wishing they might have a lecture course. He said, "Why not?" They said, "Impossible! If one church takes hold of it, the other churches will pay no attention to it." He caught sight of the dormant Village Improvement Society, and said, "Here is the line of least resistance," and the thing was done. Near the center of the village was an old millpond surrounded by ruins of shops. It was a hopeless eyesore, exciting loud complaints. The minister called together some of the rich summer residents and asked them to buy the property. They did so, and the Village Improvement Society made a pretty little park of it.

The minister, living near the town hall, became conscious of rough assemblies there which attracted the attention of the young folks who liked to have "a good time." With a wise woman he secured the services of a dancing teacher, and thus broke up all "revelry." Now the selectmen will not let the hall for public advertised dances.

Some of the farmers in the outskirts had a desire for an "R. F. D.," and the postmaster of a neighboring town set about having a route started from his office. The minister said, "Patronize home industries," button-holed his congressman successfully and got a route started from the home office.

(3) The country community survey is one of the first things which may be undertaken by the church. In this the local church needs but very little help from the outside. Such a survey includes much more than the house-to-house canvass by Sunday school workers or the agents of the State Bible society. These canvasses, and the same may be said of the pastor's indispensable card catalogue of the families of the whole parish, form useful preliminaries to the social survey. Every church should be related to its constituency in those spontaneous, everyday neighborly ways that cannot be crystallized into cold system. Why should not the minister and church workers be abreast of politicians, commercial exploiters, and local business men in keenness of interest in the people? There is a survey which is more important than any of these because, for one reason, it must utilize all of them. It is vital. It will help to discover and develop the best type of Christian social-mindedness. More than that, it will stimulate rural-mindedness. We need an absorbing love for country life. The community itself is the most profound and at the same time the most fascinating textbook which a country pastor, group of pastors, class of responsible workers in one church, or, better still, group of leaders from all of the local churches, can possibly select. Such a study, guided by a carefully prepared questionnaire, does not require any special sociological training for its accomplishment. Instead, it is a means of the most practical kind of such training. It will help the local leader to an intimate insight into the local population, economic and industrial conditions, commercial and social life, organizations for social work, amusements, recreations, and entertainments, education and school life, the churches, the pastor and his community functions, interchurch relations, moral problems, evangelism, social centers and coöperation, institutional church work and the ultimate social needs of the community. (4) The country church may gain and give its constituency education in the science and history of social service. The program in this regard may consist of three things: the library, the study class, and lectures by experts on social service in general and rural social service in particular. In preparing for definite programs of social service the leaders in the country

church should especially study the two cardinal methods in the application of social service. In the institutional forms of work the church proceeds directly to organize agencies to gain the desired results. In the coöperative forms of work, that is, in the federation of rural social forces, the church works indirectly. The church gets its men to accomplish the direct ends through agencies and organizations already existing. In general, in country places the churches may much more safely and effectively observe the latter method. The highest standard is reached when the great principle of unity is observed and each fundamental social institution performs the highest number of functions. (5) It may often occur that the centralization of the public schools, a task which the country church may undertake at least indirectly, may solve not only the community's educational problem, but its church problem also. Mr. R. R. Bone, in the Assembly Herald, of September, 1910, tells how in Rock Creek, Ill., the various small schools were brought into one centralized school which gave, aside from the grades, a full high school course. This made the rural point, five miles from the nearest town, a desirable place in which to live. Its exodus of families well able to support the church ceased. It became possible to secure a high grade of preachers. And thus the reconstruction of the country school, undertaken by those who earnestly sought the solution of the problem of a declining church, became the key to true rural progress. (6) The village problem of child idleness may be solved by the church. There are hundreds of thousands of village boys in America who, through idle loafing in country stores, blacksmith shops, barber shops, stables, railroad stations, country hotels, and in the streets generally, and with no adequate sense or program of responsibility, but living instead on the atmosphere of filthy conversation and associations, develop into third-rate men, if not into the criminal and dependent classes of society. The condition among girls, due to the same deficiencies of home life, is hardly better. There are too many hamlets and country towns which cannot boast a single boy of eighteen years who is not subject to some vicious habit which will cripple his character forever. If the church could bring the home and the school life up to their normal functions.

this problem would be solved. But surely in this time of boys' groups under trained leadership, the various boys' clubs, and especially of the Boy Scouts of America, the difficulty should speedily disappear. (7) The country church may often exert the leadership which will aid to solve the problem of demoralized rural sports. The forces of evil have taken possession of too many "gangs" of country boys and young men. The profanity, for instance, which is often complacently tolerated at village baseball games is entirely without excuse. Neither is it excusable that gambling and drinking habits should be associated with the most common of American outdoor games. The village preacher and church should invariably be able to coöperate with the village baseball team to mutual profit. One of the happiest victories of my work as a country pastor has been that of displacing a disreputable gang of would-be players with a strong, clean, and usually victorious Young Men's Christian Association team which was the pride of our church and a positive help to the community. (8) The church in the country, as well as in the city, is called upon to undertake the care of public health. Rural health officers are often the most troubled of public servants. The close coöperation of country ministers with local physicians and health officers is indispensable. The health movements, such as the anti-tuberculosis movement, may not so often be given special Sundays as provided for in special week-night lectures. Addresses and practical talks on sex hygiene by local physicians, carefully approved specialists, or by the minister himself, should not be neglected. (9) I would propose what might be called a country-life conference. In it the church, grange, rural Young Men's Christian Association, and school could coöperate. A Friday afternoon and evening might be given to concerts, exhibitions, and lectures by the local schools and their teachers and the district, county, or State supervisors of education. The church and the schools should assist, as on Saturday the grange might lead in a township field day with picnic, sports, and addresses by the farmers, the Young Men's Christian Association, and other organizations, while on Sunday, the church day, the schools and the grange could attend *en masse* special religious services. The leaders of the coöperating

denominations, Sunday schools, and representatives of the federation movement would be glad for so opportune a hearing. A conference like this may be able to avail itself of a speaker of national repute. It certainly would afford a community the adequate hearing of many an issue which otherwise could cause no more than a passing ripple. Such a program may give to many a parish its incentive to life and power. (10) We have not begun to talk much about the social protection of country communities, but it is a step of untold importance. Many country places have a great dearth of social interests through which the community mind can come to either realization or expression. Too often there is no community consciousness. What is needed is one or a few leading ways by which the whole community can get together, get acquainted, and come to think and work together. The church, the schools, and the grange need to know each other through informal if not organized federation. It often occurs, however, that the reason why a helpful community feeling is impossible is because of the great number of conflicting and unnecessary organizations. Some communities are "clubbed" to death. In many of the older, more thickly populated parts of rural America, the average township of one thousand people and one or more villages of fifty or more houses each has from two to nine churches, from twelve to forty distinct social organizations of all kinds and classes, and the churches of such places, aside from fulfilling their obligations to numerous purely denominational committees, conferences, secretaries, reforms, and benevolent causes, are solicited, investigated, and exploited each year by from three to fifteen non-local movements, associations, leagues, foundations, commissions, unions, extensions, agencies, or institutes, all of which are interdenominational or undenominational in character and fully warranted to be the absolute and the everlasting panacea for every ethical, pedagogical, ecclesiastical, theological, sociological, or eschatological woe that human life is heir to. Some small village communities have been known to have two churches and thirteen fraternal lodges. One town in New Jersey has eight churches and forty saloons. In my last country pastorate in a township of one thousand people I served three churches in a local environment of

twenty-one other organizations, while within two years I shared my opportunity of service and leadership with ten State and national religious propagandas. Such, in the concrete, is the problem which calls the country community to self-protection. (11) In larger country villages, and in town centers more especially, the churches may promote better community campaigns. An ideal organization for such a campaign is that of the maximum service church federation. It may be best that the federation of the churches act in coöperation with a wider federation of community interests for this purpose. I would suggest the following platform for such a movement. It was formed and adopted in one town field, and I present it in its local form:

BETTER COMMUNITY PLATFORM

We believe that a community as well as an individual should have an ideal, and that its citizens by continued and united action should resolutely work for the realization of that ideal. We seek a community in which nothing shall hurt or destroy, but in which everything shall bless and build up.

Morals: A community of high private and public morals where all institutions and agencies that degrade individual and community life are excluded, and where boys and girls may grow to strong and true manhood and womanhood.

Education: A community where every citizen shall receive an education which will fit him physically, mentally, and morally for the work in life that he is best suited to perform, and for the sacred duties of parenthood and citizenship.

Government: A community whose government is strong and beneficent, built on the intelligence, integrity, and the coöperation of its citizens, free from any taint of corruption; whose officers serve not for private gain, but for the public good.

Business: A community of business prosperity whose leadership and capital find full opportunity for profitable investment, where business is brotherhood, conducted for the service of the many rather than for the profit of the few.

Labor: A community of opportunity for every man—and every woman who must—to labor under conditions of physical and moral safety, reasonable hours, a living wage as minimum and the highest wage each industry can afford, and where there is the wisest restriction of child labor.

Recreation: A community where adequate facilities are provided and the leisure secured for every man, woman, and child to enjoy wholesome recreation and to obtain the most thorough physical development.

Health: A community where the health of the people is carefully

safeguarded by public inspection, securing pure food, pure water, proper sanitation, and wholesome housing.

Remedial: A community where the strong bear the infirmities of the weak, the aged and the sick, and where thoughtful provision is made for those who suffer from the hardships of industrial change or accident.

Social life: A community where welcome waits every visitor, and where no one shall long remain a stranger within its gates; where there shall be no class spirit, but where all the people shall mingle in friendly interest and association.

Religion: A community where the highest manhood is fostered by faith in God and devotion to man, where the institutions of religion which promote and accompany the highest civilization are cherished, and where the public worship of God with its fruitage of service to man is maintained in spiritual power.

Conscious of our shortcomings, humbled by our obligations, trusting in Almighty God, we dedicate ourselves to labor together to make Brattleboro a city beautiful and righteous, a city of God among men.[1]

George Frederick Wells.

[1] Congregationalist, Boston, April 22, 1911, p. 546.

EDITORIAL DEPARTMENTS

NOTES AND DISCUSSIONS

THE DOUBLE SKY

ABOVE man's life there are two skies: one the visible firmament over his head, with its innumerable suns and systems; the other the spiritual heavens above the soul in which the great revealed realities of the spirit world swing and shine.

In sight of these two skies was written the nineteenth psalm, the psalm of the Double Sky, which begins with the firmament declaring the glory of God and ends with the true and righteous law of the Lord, converting the soul, rejoicing the heart, and enlightening the eyes.

Into this Double Sky the great German philosopher Immanuel Kant was reverently looking when he said, "Two things fill me with admiration and awe, the starry heavens and the moral law."

Man's capacity for recognizing and exploring the Double Sky is what differentiates him from the brute and marks him as a child of God, aware of, and allied to, things above. Max Müller says that the ancients derived the Greek word "Anthropos" (man) from *ὁ ανω αθρων*—he who looks upward; and adds that, whether this derivation be true or not, "certain it is that what makes man to be a man is that he alone can turn his face to heaven; he alone of earthly creatures yearns for something more and higher than either sense or reason can supply." Wordsworth pictures the old Cumberland Beggar with "the heaven-regarding eye and front sublime which man is born to." Ovid remarked that "the countenance of man directed on high bids him consider things above."

Not to consider the Double Sky is to live a low life and incur infinite loss. Looking back over history and speaking of the decline of nations, Lacordaire said, "The earth has devoured all those who no longer regarded heaven save as the physical eye discovers it on the horizon." The lower sky is for man's eye. The upper sky is for man's soul, and not without regarding it can man or nation prosper.

Strangely enough, this creature, so obviously intended to look up, and with so much above him to invite his gaze, is prone to keep his eyes fixed on the ground. The ordinary desires of our race are dejected to the earth, and our highest natural ambitions are projected on the level of the carnal mind and the temporal and temporary life. The human creature habitually goes about so stoop-shouldered and down-visaged that some observers have taken the liberty to tell him that he is only a higher order of brute, as he would be if he never looked up. This down-cast, low-lived habit seems so odd and incongruous in a being with man's powers that it is reasonable to regard it as an unnatural depravity, a mysterious deflection and degradation of his nature from its intended direction. Under this earthward slant and pitch of human tendency, special reasons can often be perceived, which, in various cases, help to explain the reluctance to look up.

First, then, are those who do not want to admit convictions that might condemn and disturb their present way of life.

The heavenly bodies are exacting and claim to rule. Sun, moon, and stars require man to set his time-piece by their movements and arrange the schedule of his life in accordance with the changes and seasons they ordain—with the day and night, spring, summer, autumn, and winter they decree. In like manner the supreme spiritual realities require us to conform, they give laws and set the time for our action and life.

Again, there are others whose upward possibilities are weighted down with the inertia of a low contentment so that they have no desire for fellowship with or knowledge of high things, but are entirely satisfied to live like beasts—to go on all fours in the dirt—and, beyond that, wish only to be permitted to die like beasts and be buried with the burial of an ass. Their chosen manner of life, far more than their anatomy, intimates their brotherhood with the brutes.

And yet again, there are some who are kept from giving any attention to the higher facts of man's existence because they have, explicitly or virtually, taken a position of antagonism to the views which assert those facts and which insist upon them as urgent, imperative, and supreme. We remember that when Galileo, first of men, had seen in the purple sky of Florence, through his "poor little spy-glass," the moons of Jupiter, there was a scientific professor at Padua who refused to look through the telescope lest he should see Jupiter's

satellites, which he didn't wish to see because he had declared his disbelief in their existence.

But the things which are above are too great to be ignored. They are to be studied. The sky, whether physical or moral, whether is meant the firmament overhead or the heaven oversoul, is so wonderful that when the thoughtful man becomes aware of it he must also grow observant and studious toward it. Nor is observation useless, for he who studies with the aids afforded shall, in the one case as in the other, assuredly learn. Even though there be in his thinking much that is crude and ungainly, yet even the intellectual blunders of the studious man may be entitled to respect and not obstructive of essential truth. What could seem more absurd than the constellations which the science of astronomy, for the systematizing and furtherance of its work, chalks upon the sky? Yet are they sacred inasmuch as they are serviceable; for even such fanciful figures projected by a primitive imagination do not interfere with accurate knowledge, but actually facilitate its acquirement. In like manner man's religious fancies, even when crudest, may at least serve to hold his studious and earnest face toward heaven and give God's stars a chance to shine into the bottom of his soul. The fact that Chinese Gordon's theological thinking was projected in outline almost as grotesque in some things as the dragon, dolphin, centaur, and unicorn of astronomy, did not prevent him from such distinct and intelligent vision of the bright star-points of celestial truth as made of him a hero and a saint. Without in the least depreciating the value of valid thought and correct outline, it may be gratefully admitted that through the strangest shapes of human thinking saving truth may shine down to the sincere, up-looking, individual spirit. As Neander truly says, "God meets the aspirations of the truth-seeking soul even in its error."

Bright and splendid as the heavens are, countless and lustrous as are the glorious orbs that roll therein, it is quite possible to live under them, altogether ignorant and indifferent toward them. Even some who count themselves learned, and who are so on a low level and within narrow limits, see fit to ignore or deride the sky. There have been a few undevout students and teachers of natural science. Now for science which stays on its reservation and minds its own business we have profound respect, and in its final conclusions, not in its tentative hypotheses, the utmost faith. We are eager to say with Charles Kingsley, "The laws of nature must reveal God, whatever

else does not; and man's scientific conquest of nature must be one phase of his kingdom on earth, whatever else is not." But for scientists who blaspheme against the Creator in his own vast temple, who manifest a propensity to leave their proper work in order to pronounce sentence of death on some Christian doctrine or on religion itself, we feel the utmost impatience. When, for instance, a scientist bids us give up the personality of God as an effete anthropomorphism, and accept, in place of this Divine Personality, a cosmic force, or impersonal law, or an eternal life-principle, or a "super-personal omnipresence," or any other similar invention and make-shift, we suffer a shuddering chill. Why should physical science curl the lip at religion and theology? Is not science itself obtained and achieved, as Bowne used to say, by cognitive activities which rest on postulates that admit of no proof beyond their value in satisfying the needs and demands of our total nature? Does not science trust to the pure assumption that these postulates are true because they do so satisfy our nature? Well, it is a central need of man's nature that he should be allowed to go on saying "Our Father," as Jesus Christ tells him to do. An infinite and eternal Personality, having intelligence, consciousness, affection, and will, is a necessity of our religious nature if not also of our mental constitution. The scientist who imagines our living Christianity to be defunct and dances round the giant faith with a tape-measure, begging it to stand still long enough to be measured for its coffin; who keeps driving a hearse up to the church door, expecting the cold remains of religion to be brought out for burial; the scientist attempting the role of undertaker toward the sanctities of revelation and of the human soul. is a weariness to flesh and spirit both. Christianity, receiving notice of the obsequies, simply sends word that it hasn't time to be buried, being so busy conquering the world that it cannot possibly take a day off to attend the proposed funeral, and, in fact, though that great funeral has been frequently announced, the undertakers have never been able to catch the corpse, which is a mighty angel inhabiting the sky and flying over the earth on wings, while its pursuers have only clumsy feet, which mire at every step. Won't somebody please telephone the undevout astronomers and all the ilk of anti-religious scientists that it is quite too early to arrange for the obsequies of Christianity? Two Irish laborers were at work on a building. One told the other of a smart and saucy infidel who had lectured in the town. "What did he say?" says Mike. "Why, he says Christianity

is dead," answered Pat. "Well, it's a mighty quare dead thing that's building five churches in this town this very year." It might be well for the coroner to call Mike as one of the jury when the inquest is held over Christianity; for at least he knows the symptoms of life and can tell the difference between a live thing and a dead thing. As for all undevout and godless learning, all culture which is of the earth earthy—merely mundane and not cosmic, terrestrial and excluding the celestial—the only symbolically proper place for its university is down in the dark caverns of the Mammoth Cave, where, secure from the annoying intrusion of the light of other worlds, they may successfully teach the folly of those who believe in a sky, and where the bats and the mice and the eyeless fish may be trained to join with them in their agnostic chant, and conjugate their "ignoramus," "We don't know; you don't know; nobody knows." And the department of astronomy should be put in charge of some wise old mole with powerful jaws, a penetrative snout, and undiscoverable eyes, whose first lecture on astronomy should begin thus: "Astronomy! My beloved pupils, there can be no such science as astronomy; for there are no other worlds but this; therefore we will take up the sublime science of burrowing, study the glorious movements of our cousins the earthworms, and consider how noble is their destiny and ours—to bore a hole in the ground, crawl into it and die happy in the magnanimous and altruistic thought that our precious carcases will enrich the soil and fatten the generation that comes crawling after us."

There are not wanting a few who seem to have a spite against celestial things and would fain extinguish all faith in the starry realities which light the firmament of the human soul. Carlyle pictures a conjurer denouncing the stars and trying to squirt them to death with a syringe filled with mud and dirty water, which he aims at the zenith; the sole result being that the conjurer and his friends are badly spattered with falling mud and foul water. Of such conjurers the most rabidly spiteful in our day is Nietzsche, who cries out to his comrades: "I conjure you, my brethren, *remain true to the earth,* and do not believe those who speak to you of supernatural hopes! They are poisoners, whether they know it or not. They are despisers of life, decaying ones and poisoned ones themselves, of whom the earth is weary; let them begone!" In Byron and Bradlaugh and Blatchford there is something of this bitterness against things high and holy, as also in Edgar A. Poe, who is reported

to have said once that his whole nature revolted from the idea that there existed any being superior to himself! And he said only what many act. His life shows with tragic completeness how insufficient was this enormous self-sufficiency for any good to himself or others. Little enough basis had even he for such mad inflated intellectual pride; and pitiable enough was the phenomenal misery he succeeded in achieving for himself.

It is better to study the sky than to ignore it, for it is just as real as the ground. It is more seemly to be in love with it than to hate it, for we and all men are its daily debtors. Influences and gifts immeasurable come from above. Our day comes down to us and all growth is by its assistance, for growth is largely by celestial traction. The sky pulls the seed up into stalk and the acorn up out of the black forest loam. It is not done without the up-tug of the force that reaches down. We owe all food, in a measure, to the sky. The "dear blue" above us contributes to the ripe result of the harvests around us. Bread is manna without a miracle, since partly it falls from the sky. It is now known that all physical or vital energy at work on the surface of this planet comes from the sun. Every drop of water that falls, every wave that beats, every wind that blows, every creature that moves down here, one and all are animated and sustained by that mysterious effluence we call the sunbeam. And no man knows how it is done nor even how that tremendous power is transmitted across the ninety-two millions of miles of space between sun and earth. Furthermore, we know that the sun is continually flinging on this earth magnetic disturbances which run periods of a solar day, a solar year, and a solar cycle. In these magnetic storms the heavens literally seize the earth by its poles and shake it. Such well-known facts as these are not made less certain by being profound and inexplicable mysteries.

Now our religion affirms just the same to be true of the spiritual sky which pours and pulses on man's soul a mighty and moving influence. The sun of righteousness is shedding his quickening beams upon the world of humanity, and unseen forces from above are acting upon the moral life of men and nations. More and more it becomes apparent that the earth is powerfully affected by the heavens. In fact, spiritually as well as physically, this world is run by sky-power.

Whether planets and stars in our sky are inhabited we do not with certainty know. But native human instincts affirm a peopled

region above our souls, a spiritual realm populous and palpitant with life. In Georgia, John Wesley, conversing with the Indian chief Paustoobee, asked him concerning the religion of his people, and was answered, "We believe there are four sacred things above—the clouds, the sun, the clear sky, and He who lives in the clear sky." No belief is more Christian than this of inhabited heavens, and those pagan aborigines were at least facing in the Christian direction. Inhabited heavens, coming now and then into view and hearing, are a part of the historic setting of Christianity in the Old and New Testaments. The skies above Bethlehem broke into song when a company of the heavenly hosts appeared and sang. When Jesus was baptized at the fords of the Jordan, a voice was heard speaking out of heaven. And the sky was vocal when Peter and James and John were with the Master on the Mount of Transfiguration. All religions worthy of the name declare that the skies under which man lives are attentive and responsive. Between the human soul and the heavens there is telephonic communication. In the inner office of man's nature is a sensitive instrument wired into connection with the infinite, and often when he is alone and all is still he can hear fragments as of conversation going past on the wires. Sometimes he hears something like the goings on in an office of government, orders being sent out: "Thou shalt" and "Thou shalt not"; and the voice of what some call the Imperative Absolute distinctly recognizable. Such things even an indifferent listener may sometimes hear when he is all alone with his conscience. The moment of happy intelligence is when one learns that this great Authoritative Voice is not roaming at random, nor calling past him on a party wire, but has a message for him; when he understands that the bell which strikes in his own soul means that he himself is called, realizes that it is a signal from the celestial Central Office that Some One whom no distance can put far off wishes to speak to him; and when he puts the spiritual receiver close to his ear and listens reverently to the mysterious Voice from out the unseen. Surely it is a momentous hour when any soul becomes aware of the heavens and conscious of a personal relation therewith. A few historic pictures may illustrate and illuminate the significance of such an hour.

Once, long ago, there was a rich man who held a fat office under the Roman government as tax collector at Jericho. Zacchæus had never paid any attention to the sky above his soul till one day he climbed a sycamore tree and clung there among the branches above

the heads of a crowd to see a man arrive. But behold, it was no mere man that approached, but a new day broke over him. Sunrise came along the road in the person of One who when he lets his glory blaze is bright enough to light up all heaven beyond the need of sun, or moon, or stars. Sunrise went home with Zacchæus, illuminated his house, sat at his table, shone into his soul. Sunrise, spiritual sunrise, poured the light of day on his dishonest life, and he stood in the exposure, ashamed, alarmed, and penitent. Thenceforth he took care that the watching heavens, of which he had just become aware, should look down on a clean life and an honest soul that could bear to have the light turned on, and could even sit vis-à-vis with the Sunrise-Christ undismayed because unrebuked.

A certain Jerusalem thief never knew what was above his soul till the authorities got hold of him, drove spikes through his hands and feet, and hung him up between heaven and earth. Then he saw such a light in the face of the One on the cross next to his that he discovered God, repented, prayed, and mounted into paradise that very day.

Before the apostle to the Gentiles died he was pretty well acquainted with the heavens, first, second, third, but Saul of Tarsus was a long time getting any correct knowledge of spiritual astronomy. Gamaliel did not teach it in his school, or if he did, it was on a false conception, Jewish, not Christian, a wrong center, Ptolemaic, not Copernican. After the youth from Tarsus had finished school, he one day enjoyed the pleasure of seeing a young man stoned. He stood by and held the outer garments of those who were pelting the life out of innocent Stephen; and standing right there he failed to see the open heaven into which the bruised martyr steadfastly looked. Too stupid was the Tarsan to guess whence came the light which glorified that bleeding face into angelic beauty. When they had pounded the pure soul out of its broken body, he handed back their coats to the panting and perspiring stoners, and went his Pharisaic way, still unconscious that He who sitteth at the right hand of God was watching and purposing to deal with him right mightily ere long. He went on through the years and never really knew what was overhead, until one day, when his heart was still one of the dark corners of the earth and full of cruelty, all at once, near Damascus, the long neglected and misunderstood heavens began to blaze at him indignantly and talk to him with articulate message. He fell to the ground, listened to the message, and made reverent response. Awe-

struck, dazzled, tremulous, and pale from his celestial interview, he groped his dim way into the city. The most violent adversary of Christianity was transformed into its most valiant advocate by listening to what the heavens had to say; a transformation which even the infidel Baur declares a miracle, and Lord Lyttleton said that the conversion and apostleship of Paul is of itself sufficient to prove Christianity a divine revelation. From that time he followed a high calling, and whether he was being let down the wall in a basket, or making Felix tremble, or explaining to Agrippa how he came to be a Christian, or lecturing the Athenians, or rebuking the Corinthians, or taking command of a storm-driven ship, or shaking off vipers into the fire, or writing love letters to Timothy, or following the headsman out the Ostian gate, or kneeling for the death stroke—all his life he felt himself talked to and watched over from on high.

It is recorded how the spiritual heavens talked above a New England country tavern one night in 1807. Toward evening a young man rides up on horseback at the door of the village inn to stop over night. Look at him, for he is remarkable. He graduated not long before from Brown University at the head of his class, an avowed infidel, the boon companion of skeptics. On leaving college, he and his most intimate classmate, also a scoffer, had decided to become playwriters and actors, and he has already joined a theatrical company in New York city. He is now on a journey and stops for lodging at this wayside inn. He retires to his room. Through the thin partition he hears the groans of a sick man in the room adjoining. The sounds of distress continue far into the night and then cease. Spite of his infidelity he lies there wondering if the sick man is prepared to die. In the morning he inquires of the landlord concerning the sufferer, and is told that he died at daybreak. He asks the dead man's name and is startled to hear the name of his own best loved classmate. He goes up and looks at the familiar face, white, cold, and silent. Standing there, the question, which sounds in his mind as if it dropped from the sky, is this: "Was he prepared to die?" and then instantly the question swings on a pivot, strikes against his own soul, and is changed into, "Am I prepared to die?" He turns away, stunned, as by a heavy blow, abandons his journey, returns to his father's house, feels himself a lost and guilty sinner and dares not look up at the face of God. He goes to Andover, studies the Bible, and shortly accepts Christ as his Saviour and Lord. Five

years subsequent to his godless graduation this young man, Adoniram Judson, is on his way to the mission field to give all his life to Burmah. Thirty years later, having so given his life, he mounts up to God.

Not long after the heavens had dropped their tremendous and awakening question into the soul of young Judson in that New England tavern, a like event took place on a vessel of the United States Navy. The man-of-war Essex is lying off New Orleans. On board is a cabin boy thirteen years old. The youngster is trying hard to make himself a man after his ideal of manhood. He chews and smokes tobacco, swears like an old salt, tosses off a stiff glass of grog as if he had doubled Cape Horn, and is great at cards and gambling. The boy is named after the captain of the ship. One day, after dinner, his name-father, the captain, calls him into his cabin, locks the door and says, "David, what do you mean to be?" "I mean to follow the sea," answers the boy. "Follow the sea?" says Captain Porter sternly. "Yes, and be a poor, miserable, drunken sailor before the mast, kicked and cuffed all your days, and die alone and friendless in some fever hospital in a foreign land." "No, sir! I'll tread the quarter-deck and command a ship as you do." "No, David, you won't. No boy ever reached the quarter-deck with such habits as yours. You'll have to change your whole life before you can possibly rise to a man's place." Then he sends the lad out. The captain has done his duty, and the sharp warning rattles like thunder across the sky of the boy's soul. Life suddenly looks solemn to him; a sense of his free agency, responsibility, and danger comes to him. "That's my fate, is it—to live like a dog and die friendless? It shall not be! I'll change my ways. I'll never drink or swear or gamble again"; and, looking up prayerfully, he calls on God in heaven to witness his vow. He was frightened at that sharp warning and became a Christian. Just for the sake of completing the story, let us take another look at that boy over forty years later. It is off New Orleans again. A United States squadron lies far down the river. It is two o'clock of an April morning when two red lights are hoisted to the masthead of the flagship, a signal to the fleet to weigh anchor and proceed. The vessels move up the river in a double line. Presently they are abreast of the fort, and a perfect hell of fire and death blazes out on them from Fort Saint Philip on the right and Fort Jackson on the left. The battle rages furiously. The Varuna founders side by side with two Confederate ships, which

she has sunk. The Brooklyn silences Fort Saint Philip. It is a terrific naval fight. Who is that man aloft in the powder smoke directing the conflict from the rigging of the Hartford? It is Farragut—Farragut, the noblest of American naval commanders, lashed with a ratline to the futtock shrouds. And Farragut is the cabin boy who sent his vow into the heavens from these same waters so long ago. The boy kept his vow; and so he came to tread the quarter-deck, to command his country's fleets, and to be the great Christian admiral.

Time would fail to speak of Augustine, and Luther, and Bunyan, whose souls were changed from center to circumference and whose lives were completely reversed by a Voice from above; of Joan of Arc, who was mysteriously guided on an amazing career by the Voice, which told her what should be and what she ought to do; of Lady Henry Somerset, who, when in the depths of doubt even of God's existence, heard something like a voice saying, "Act as if I were, and thou shalt know that I am," and, obeying it, left all her doubts behind and went forth on her beautiful life of devoted service for mankind at the head of the temperance women of England; and of an innumerable host of others like them.

The physical sky above us suggests by analogy several things concerning the spiritual heavens. The first is, the *Universality of the Divine Knowledge.* Omniscience covers the world as completely as the sky does. The traveler in the Holy Land finds the convent of Mar Saba stuck like a hornet's nest high up against the steep wild cliffs of the Kidron. Inside the convent walls is the tomb of Saint Saba, covered by a cupola. When the visitor, standing under this cupola, has looked around at the paintings and silver lamps which ornament the interior of the tomb, and suddenly lifts his look, he is startled at beholding overhead a great painted face filling the dome and looking straight down on him with large eyes. In like manner the spiritual sky above us is a socket from which the Supreme Intelligence turns on us its searching vision. None can escape that eye. We ought to realize that our existence is a spectacle to the heavens. In that there should be more inspiration to good and more restraint from evil than in all earthly things. The gladiator is sensible not so much of the dust of the small arena upon which he strives and contends as of the crowded amphitheater which circles far around him with its upward slope of eyes, and makes him feel in every fiber of his sensitivity the pelting gaze of witnesses above him. We cannot

hide from Omniscience any more than the earth can escape the embrace of the sky.

Another thing which the world-covering firmament suggests is, the *Universality of the Divine Government.* It is a great way around the globe, and a rogue has plenty of room for flight, but, let him ride ever so fast or so far, he cannot ride from under the sky, can he? The great dramatist makes King Henry V say, "Now if these men have defeated any law and outrun native human punishment, though they can outstrip men, they have no wings to fly from God." As the jurisdiction of the lightning is over the whole heavens, so Divine sovereignty is omnipresent. No transgressor is strong enough to break loose and get free, for "God's laws are not like cobwebs which catch the little flies, but suffer the large ones to break through." Existence is one long interview with a moral Governor who not only watches us, but holds us to account. It is not possible for any of us to crawl out from under His tent. Whether we will or not, we are closeted with Him for a face-to-face accounting which will last till doomsday and a long time after. He is putting solemn questions to us here under the canopy. The tent folds are tightly closed and he looks us in the eye while we answer. We cannot get away, and there is no use in lying. If we evade or prevaricate, the cross-examination conducted by Omniscience will tangle us up and expose us, and we will have the reward of Ananias and Sapphira. We've got to discuss all things with God at close quarters. We must live and die in dialogue with him. It is not wise to make the discussion a controversy. Beyond question, the Supreme Controller has us fast. A thousand ways we are fast—fast in a net of many threads and cords. Emerson, speaking of Reason, says: "It is not mine or thine, but we are its; we are its property and men." Yes, Reason has its grip on us. In like manner Dorner said once, "The truth is, gentlemen, not so much that man has conscience as that conscience has man." With Dorner, as with Kant, Martineau, Professor Knight, of Scotland, and a host of similar rank, we see in the action of conscience not autonomy, but theonomy, the dictates of the moral sense being, in effect, the very voice of God. Yes, Conscience has us, Reason has us, Logic has us, Mathematics has us, the Law of Sowing and Reaping has us, the Law of Physical Growth and Decay has us, various Intuitions have us, Gravitation has us—many a law of many a kind binds us. We are under the meshes of a net, of which all these are only threads. Above all sits God. He it is who has flung over us this intricate and

knotted network, and his hand holds it there. Under it we are captive and entangled. We cannot crawl out from under, nor break through. To escape is impossible, for the Divine government shuts down over us tight and close as the sky does on the horizon's rim.

The universal firmament symbolizes another thing, namely, the *Universality of Divine Providence.* So it is Love that hath us in its net. Alleluia! The overruling embrace of Omnipotence is firm upon us, but the tremendous arms of power reach down from a heart of infinite tenderness. An old Scotch worthy says, "Even the sailing of a cloud hath Providence for its pilot." God's care is over all his works. Up yonder he gives its luster to an angel's wing; down here he feeds the frail bluebell with its drop of dew.

Ibsen describes life as a prison cage, and says that "at him through the prison grating stares an Eye with terror in it; and its gaze sends shudders through him, at which he is sore affrighted." But why be afraid of that great watching Eye? The Eye is there, but he that sitteth in the heavens is not looking for a chance to pounce on us. Through all the darkness and the storm of life a Divine Voice says, "Be of good cheer; it is I; be not afraid." Even Renan was wiser than Ibsen, for he said: "A fatherly smile shines across Nature and assures us that there is a kind Eye looking at us and a heart that follows us." Without this conviction, reverence and worship were impossible, for we must hold with Browning that "A loving worm within its clod were diviner than a loveless God amid his worlds."

Sometimes we hear a human voice saying bitterly, "The individual is nothing; some general result is all God cares for; individuals are sacrificed." That is the old Stoic maxim raising again in our late day its uninstructed head: "The gods attend to great things and neglect the small." We need not call upon Religion to answer that. The first thing to be said to this despondent view is not that it is un-Christian, but that it is scientifically known to be incorrect and unwarranted. Science tells us that it does not look that way. On the contrary, nothing is more amazing than the marvelous attention lavished on tiny things. It is reported that a man who spent his life trying to count the muscles of a caterpillar found a thousand. What an outfit for a worm! Geology reports a special providence over tiny creatures; while the big fellows, like the ichthyosaurus and the iguanodon, are all gone, extinct, the little fellows, races of tiny zoophytes, are preserved through untold ages and survive

now exactly the same as are found in the rocks of earliest geologic ages.

God takes as good care of a field daisy as he takes of a world. The daisy is waited on by every force in the universe and all the mechanism of the heavens. It is a shareholder in the benefits of the cosmos. It is propped by the same power that maintains the stability of the great globe itself. Far regions send supplies to it. It is watered by rain which the sunbeams have dipped in golden buckets from the surface of far-off oceans and transported in water skins of fleecy cloud by the air line free of charge for its nourishment. Its nightly drink of dew is distilled from the same atmosphere which supports the life of kings and emperors, armies and nations, saints and sages. The daisy is held firmly in its place by the same force that braces together the stupendous structure of the material universe. This feeble flower of the field stands side by side with belted Saturn and many-mooned Jupiter to warm its tiny hands at the same great blazing open fireplace of the sun. It bathes its lovely face in the same bright daylight that sends the morning twenty-seven thousand millions of miles away to distant Neptune. Well does William Blake make the Lily of the Valley, breathing sweet odors in the soft green grass, say to Thel, a "daughter of the seraphim":

> I am a watery weed,
> And I am very small and dwell in lowly vales;
> So weak I scarce can hold the gilded butterfly perched on my head.
> Yet I am visited from heaven; and He that smiles on all
> Walks in the valley, and each morn spreads over me his hand,
> Saying, "Rejoice, thou humble grass, thou new-born lily-flower,
> Thou gentle maid of silent valleys and of modest brooks,
> For I will see that thou be clothed with light and fed with morning manna."

Truly has another said, "The enormous system of nature is available, in mass and in particle, to the humblest needs of the smallest creature that crawls on earth."

God cares for each; he cares for *all;* but most of all for man. There is a convincing argument in the question, "Shall the great Housekeeper and Husbandman of this universe fodder his cattle, and water his flowers, and prune his plants, and not feed and care for his children?" "More servants wait on man than he'll take notice of." "O, mighty Love," says George Herbert, "man is one world and hath another to attend him." A converted Hindu said it pleased him to think of the broad expanse of blue immensity above him as the outspread hand of God—the stars being to his fancy as jewels on

the fingers of the Almighty—so that looking up and around to the diamonded sky he felt as if the clasp of his heavenly Father's arms were about him on every side, and as if he could go nowhere that he was not encircled with the embracing love of which the universal sky that blankets all the world is the only sufficient symbol. Seldom has human fancy pointed straighter at substantial fact. Carlyle shared the Hindu's faith, for he wrote: "Surely as the blue dim of heaven encircles us all, so does the Providence of the Lord of heaven. He will withhold no good thing from those that love him. This, as it was the ancient Psalmist's faith, so let it likewise be ours. This is the Alpha and Omega, I reckon, of all bliss that can belong to any man." Sam Jones put the same thing with his rude vigor in a single sentence: "God will take care of a good man if he has to put the angels on half rations for a year." A little sick boy, five years old, said: "I may not get well; maybe I'll die." He was told God would take care of him whether he lived or died. Then he asked, "Does God, who lives in the sky, know my name?" Being assured that God knew he was little Joe, he seemed soothed and satisfied. O, yes! He who telleth the number of the stars and calleth them all by name knows little Joe, and he who weaponed Orion with his glittering sword, and guides Arcturus with his sons, and wheels his throne upon the rolling worlds, can easily *take care* of little Joe.

In this faith Beethoven found refuge for his soul in his hard and bitter closing years. Deaf, lonely, in bad health and prematurely old, tormented with many troubles and uncertain of to-morrow's dinner, music was no longer a sufficient consolation. He needed something more to make life endurable, and found it in contemplating the Double Sky. He wrote that "the starry heavens above us and the moral law within us" assured him of a mighty All-Father, an infinite Presence, transcending the range of Time and Death, from whom he came at the first and to whom he would return at the end, who cared for him and would protect him as he himself had protected others. This conviction made the pain of life less acute, rendered existence tolerable to him, engrossed his thoughts, and at times enabled him to forget his troubles altogether. And Louis Stevenson, in his last invalid years, crept in under the shelter of that same pacifying assurance, and wrote a friend, "If you are sure that God, in the long run, means kindness to you, you should be happy." That confidence kept Stevenson's heart in quietness and assurance to the end.

Yet once more, the world-embracing sky suggests the *Universality of the Provisions of Divine Grace.* The star of Bethlehem shines over every human life. The best and the worst alike may sing:

> God's sovereign grace to all extends,
> Immense and unconfined;
> From age to age it never ends;
> It reaches all mankind.
>
> Throughout the world its breadth is known,
> Wide as infinity;
> So wide it never passed by one,
> Or it had passed by me.

It is wronging your own soul and giving the lie to God if you think for a moment that his mercy in Christ is not above all your sins. We are authorized to say to every human being: "As you were born in the center of the horizon's circle and always find yourself exactly under the middle of the dome, the whole sky seeming to center upon you, so the whole gospel, with its God, its Bible, its atonement, its Redeemer, and all his promises, centers upon you as if there were no one else to share them. As the physical universe turns upon each tiny flower its measureless regard, and as all matter and all space play off their potent forces on your bodily life, so Heaven plays off on you in focal fashion and with saving purpose its spiritual forces." No soul is utterly unvisited and untouched from above. There is a light which lighteth every man that cometh into the world; the candle of the Lord burns within the human spirit. There is a wind which bloweth where and when it listeth, and first or last every soul heareth the sound thereof as of a mighty rushing wind, or as the whisper of a still small voice. "Beneath the dome of this universe," wrote Martineau, "we cannot find a place where the musings of the eternal Mind do not murmur around us and where we may not overhear in our heart of hearts the eternal soliloquies of God." All souls may say to the all-visiting Divine Spirit:

> Nor bounds, nor clime, nor creed thou know'st,
> Wide as man's need thy favors fall:
> The white wings of the Holy Ghost
> Stoop, seen or unseen, o'er the heads of all.

And therefore,

> I say to thee, do thou repeat
> To the first man thou mayest meet
> In lane, highway, or open street—

That he, and we, and all men, move
Under a canopy of love,
As broad as the blue sky above:

And if we will one Guide obey,
The dreariest path, the darkest way,
Shall issue out in heavenly day.

And we, on divers shores now cast,
Shall meet, our perilous voyage past,
All in our Father's house at last.

For we must count it true that Love,
Blessing, not cursing, rules above,
And that in it we live and move.

Let us heed the words of Elihu, who calls to us from Job's far-off day, "Look unto the heavens and see." We will do well to regard the Double Sky, for out of the Upper Sky comes the only sufficient encouragement for worthy and noble labor. An enthusiast in art says, "The sky bends low where a true artist works." The fact is broader than that narrow statement, for the heavens bend low and near with sympathy and help wherever any earnest and honest soul is reverently doing its duty at life's appointed tasks. In all our labor under the sun let us look up to "the Master of all good workmen" for encouragement and inspiration and strength.

Out of the Upper Sky falls the only real and sufficient comfort for the weak and suffering. Sidney Lanier, wasting away with mortal sickness, wrote to his wife: "I thank God that in a knowledge of him I have a steadfast firmament of blue in which all clouds soon dissolve." Shakespeare knew that "There is a Pity sitting in the heavens that looks into the bottom of our grief," and that says, "Like as a father pitieth and as a mother comforteth, so will I." It may be that God sometimes takes us off our feet and lays us flat, that we may have along with greater need a better opportunity and stronger inclination to look up.

Out of the Upper Sky falls the only authentic and valid peace for the penitent. Therefore, let the troubled conscience, uneasy with the consciousness of sin, look up. Over the bowed head and contrite heart there is the sound of a jubilee in the dome of heaven where the angels are making a festival. A writer in an English Review voices The Cry of the Earth-Children, sick of earth's passing

pleasures and men's foolish praise, and of laborious days that only dig a deeper need:

> We delve within the earth, we peer
> On earths beyond our own;
> Dizzied with earthliness we fear,
> Childlike, to be alone,
>
> Ever half-conscious of a need
> Not met by star nor clod:
> Then falls the shadow of thy deed,
> Thy touch, O living God!
>
> We are thy children: Life's pretense
> Fades from us as we weep
> These bitter tears of penitence,
> For pardon ere we sleep.

Colonel S. H. Hadley, who had been for twenty years a drunkard, gambler, and criminal, went into Jerry McAuley's mission one night and knelt and wept and prayed till he rose from his knees a new creature. Hear him: "I went out upon the street and looked up at the sky. I don't believe I had looked up in ten years. A drunkard never looks up; he always looks down. Now I looked up. It was a glorious starlit night, and it seemed to me I could see Jesus looking at me out of a million eyes." And looking unto Jesus, the author and finisher of his faith, he laid aside every weight and the sins that had so long beset him, and ran thenceforth a glorious race.

Out of the Upper Sky shines the only steady light by which we may steer safely. A clear vision of bright and abiding spiritual realities is necessary to life's guidance. To steer by the stars is a necessity for the human voyage. The black Kroomen of the African shore jeer at the captain of a foreign ship as a star-gazer. They say: "We steer by what we know; we keep in sight of solid earth; we go from headland to headland; we know where we are. But that fool white man steers away out of sight of land and imagines he can find out where he is and which way to go by looking at the stars through a glass. We are not foolish enough for that." Truly is it said that "Christian faith possesses all the terrestrial lights and landmarks which can be claimed by the secularist, the personal and the social conscience, and the teaching of human experience. But, in addition, it is endowed with the stars of Revealed Truth, and there are many

days and nights when by these upper lights alone can a man discover where he is and how to steer." There come such times as Froude describes when "the compasses are all awry, the lights gone out or drifting, and nothing left to steer by but the stars." No soul ever made a safe voyage and came to the desirable haven without regarding the heavens and steering by the eternal stars that shine in the moral firmament.

Out of the Upper Sky come the impulse and empowering essential to human progress. Therefore let nations and tribes look up. The glory of mankind is of heaven and not of earth. We were made in the beginning by almighty Hands which still reach down through darkness, molding men. Let development theories say what they will; and doubtless they say much that is correct; yet it still remains true that human civilization has not been bred out of the ground like a swarm of maggots out of a dung hill, nor even like a water lily out of black ooze, but has descended out of heaven from God like the New Jerusalem once seen in vision. Old Plutarch's penetrating discernment of the nature of things has not been improved upon, but only confirmed by subsequent ages. It was his opinion that "a city might sooner be built without any ground to fix it on than a commonwealth be constituted altogether void of religion, or being constituted, be preserved." The apothegm which we quoted at the beginning we repeat now at the end. Lacordaire, speaking of the decline of nations, said: "The earth has devoured all those who have no longer regarded heaven save as the physical eye discovers it on the horizon." The epitaph of all the men and all the nations who have really perished is brief and explicit. In the dialect and idiom of this essay, it reads: They failed to regard the Double Sky. To ignore the spiritual is death; to be spiritually minded is life, peace, and lasting prosperity.

Lamartine, the Frenchman statesman, poet, and historian, looking with envy upon nations whose great men were like Washington and Franklin, Sidney and Cromwell, uttered this lament for his own country, which seemed to him destitute of such leaders: "The great men of *other* countries live and die on the scene of history, *looking up to heaven; our* great men appear to live and die, forgetting completely the only idea which is worth living and dying for—*they* live and die looking at the spectator, or, at most, at posterity." Only men who fear God and care for the verdict and approval of Heaven can possibly lead nations to true greatness. Guizot, historian, states-

man, and student of public affairs, when he fled from the unstability and unsafety of government in France to the shelter of stable England, said to Lord Shaftesbury, "Sir, it is their religion which has saved the English people from the ills which afflict France." A critic of Greek civilization notes that the main lines of Greek architecture are parallel with the ground, and the main channels of Greek thought followed the same course. The Greek temple merely decorates the earth. The Greek people lived only for that purpose and on that level. And because earth-decorating Hellas knew nothing higher than Olympus and Parnassus, and her gods were carnal, of the earth earthy, therefore the earth devoured her, and the glory that was Greece, like the splendor that was Rome, went drifting with its dead things down the dark of history.

Josiah Royce, in his most notable book, speaking of the human reason as one of the sources of religious insight, says: "Man's reason can perceive a heaven which overarches us, a heaven which sends down influences that *can transform us, that can enter into our will and give us an impulse as well as a plan of life.*" The impact of the Power which moves upon the human spirit from above is felt by the ethical sense of every well-developed soul; and the more highly sensitized a man's nature is, the more he is aware of such impact, and the more distinctly he realizes it to be as unmistakably personal in its origin as it is spiritualizing in its effect. Such a soul is liable to have as vivid an experience as Russell Lowell had in one momentous hour which he thus described: "I had never before felt so clearly the Spirit of God in and around me. The whole room seemed to me full of God. The air seemed to quiver with the hovering presence of Something, I knew not what." To spell that Something with a capital is not unreasonable. It is that Power which makes for righteousness and urges man onward and upward, giving both the impulse and the power. Look up, for above the dark night the stars are shining. When the French general said to the Vendean peasant, "We will tear down your chapels, we will burn your Bibles, we will kill your clergy, we will scatter your congregations, we will destroy everything that can make you think of your God," the unperturbed peasant answered with cool and serene irony, "You will leave us the stars, won't you?" And the French papist man of war decided, after reflection, that he would mercifully leave them the stars. So he magnanimously restrained his almightiness from disturbing the sky; and so long as

the stars shine overhead, men will think of God, and down through endless generations men with uplifted faces will call to their downcast brothers, "Look unto the heavens and see." Richter said that so long as the word God endures in human language, it will direct the eyes of men upward; and whenever men look up, they can see the name of their God and Father blazoned in shining worlds across the boundless blue dome that overarches human life.

One supreme Voice there is which calls us to look up and describes and interprets to us the contents of the spiritual heavens. It is that authoritative Voice which sounded from the Mount of Olives, and from the crest of Calvary, and now from the Heaven of heavens and in our heart of hearts. Except by heeding that Voice we know of no salvation. This Napoleon implied and confessed when he said, "The nearer I approach in my study of Christ, the more carefully I examine everything that is above me." *Ecce Cœlum!* Behold the Double Sky. Above, in the Heaven of heavens, is the home of the soul, a building of God, a house not made with hands, in the realm of the eternal, up into which the ransomed spirit, freed from "this muddy vesture of decay," ascends, singing:

> Good-by, dear earthly sky!
> I leave thee as the gauzy dragon-fly
> Leaves the green pool to try
> His vast ambition in the vaster sky.

THE ARENA

WAS WESLEY A PTOLEMAIST?

A LEARNED friend of mine has written an able little book in one of the many sections of the vast field of Church History, and, as his opinion is listened to with deference as that of an eminent scholar, it seems worth while to check one of his statements by a reference to the original sources. He speaks of "Wesley's attitude toward the modern view of the universe. He refused to accept the Copernican astronomy on the ground that it contradicted Scripture. He believed in witchcraft on biblical authority, and interpreted natural calamities, such as the Lisbon earthquake, as direct visitations of God [neither of which views has anything to do with the Copernican astronomy]. In fact, in his supernaturalism and in his recognition of an external authority to which all the conclusions about the physical universe should be made to conform, he was a genuine mediævalist." Knowing that Wesley was a man of keen intellectual curiosity, of wide outlook on men and things, of deep interest in the physical sciences, always learning and always willing to learn, in fact a restless inquirer in all fields, the above sentences struck me as rather strange, and I thought I would let Wesley speak for himself and tell us whether he had learned anything from the progress of science for a thousand years. Did he really believe with the Ptolemaic astronomy that the sun went around the earth, which was the center of the universe?

Journal, February 6, 1757: He doubts the systems of astronomy, and whether we can know the distance or magnitude of any star. The reason for this doubt is the immense differences of view of astronomers in regard to the distance of the sun from the earth, some making it three millions of miles, others ninety millions. He had been reading an ingenious book on astronomy, but still keeps an independent attitude as to distance in the heavens till experts agree (Works, latest London edition, ii, 392).

Journal, May 12, 1757: Has been reading Rogers, Learning of the Ancients. It seems that the ancients had microscopes and telescopes, and knew all that is valuable in modern astronomy, the whole frame of which is uncertain and unsatisfactory (ii, 407).

"Journal, January 1, 1765. A man is displeased because he (Wesley) doubts modern astronomy [notice: Not as between the Ptolemaic and Copernican astronomy, but distances and technical details]. Still doubts whether anyone *knows* distance or magnitude of either star or Jupiter, sun or moon" (iii, 203).

"Sermon [No. 69] on Imperfection of Human Knowledge speaks of a general lack of knowledge as to the constitution and distances of the heavenly bodies" [not as to whether the Copernican system is true] (vi, 339-340).

"Letter to the London Magazine, 1765, on one who had written making

strictures on Wesley's Natural Philosophy. Speaks of differences of opinions on minor matters in astronomy, such as distances, whether planets are inhabited, calculations, etc., but no evidence from his reply to his critic that he (Wesley) had doubt as to the main features of the Copernican astronomy. He says he is ready to give up a certain hypothesis about the sun's parallax 'as soon as any of those facts appear'—quite a characteristic trait of Wesley; always docile to new facts" (xiii, 394-400).

Remarks on Limits of Human Knowledge (pamphlet, no date in Works). He speaks as something taken for granted of the "feebly shining bodies that move regularly round the sun; of Jupiter, Saturn, and other planets. Their revolutions we are acquainted with; but who is able, to this day, regularly to demonstrate either their magnitude or their distance? . . . What is it that contains them all in their orbits? And what is the principle of their motions? By what created power, what inward or outward force, are they thrown forward to such a point, and then brought back again to a determinate distance from the central fire . . ." (After speaking of hypotheses of science) "So that there is reason to fear that even the Newtonian, yea, and Hutchinsonian system, however plausible and ingenious, and whatever advantage they may have in several particulars, are yet no more capable of solid convincing proof than the Ptolemaic or Cortesian" (xiii, 488-499). Wesley is speaking not of the movements of the planets around the sun, which he assumes as a matter of course, but of the "principle" and exact nature of their movements, etc., where he is thinking, as elsewhere, of "*convincing proof.*" Until the system makers can convince each other, he is inclined to be skeptical of details. We must not be hard on Wesley's rationalism toward the contrary dogmatisms of astronomers. A good deal had yet to be done before that convincing proof would appear for which he longed. The aberration of light had indeed been discovered by Bradley in the very year that Newton died (1727, some authorities say 1728), and thus the only sure proof of the earth's annual motion around the sun had been secured for all time, but apparently the books that Wesley read had not fully carried out either that discovery or Newton's. So also the whole subject of parallax had to be accurately determined, and that was not done till well along into the nineteenth century, which also saw (in 1851) the brilliant pendulum experiments of Foucault, with their "convincing proof" of rotation of the earth.

The third and enlarged edition of Wesley's Compendium of Natural Philosophy was published in 1777. Speaking of the systems of the universe, he says: "The Ptolemaic system, which supposes the earth to be the center of the universe, is now deservedly exploded; since Copernicus revived that of Pythagoras, which was probably received by most of the ancients" (National Phil., i. 20). He says that the telescope has discovered the motions of the planets primary and secondary (p. 21). In iii, 273 ff., he discusses the Ptolemaic system and says that it is utterly exploded. He then takes up the Copernican, gives six reasons for its truth, and says: "We have demonstrative proofs that the sun possesses the center, and that the planets move around it in the order above mentioned"

(p. 275). Wesley did not possess the nineteenth century's knowledge of astronomy, but in spite of that misfortune he did *not* "refuse to accept the Copernican astronomy on the ground that it contradicted Scripture."

Like all earnest Christians of his day, Wesley had a high view of the inspiration of Scripture, but no such view ever hindered him from accepting anything in science which he considered proved. But for hypotheses over which scientific men were contending, he held the same attitude many hold to-day over the higher criticism; namely, that nothing is established beyond doubt over which men equally competent are disagreed. He lived in the infancy of scientific astronomy and of geology, but his whole attitude toward learning and toward new truth—Dean Stanley called him the father of Broad Churchmen—shows that he was far from being what this scholar calls him, "a genuine mediævalist." His "distrust of the powers of the natural man" had only to do with salvation, which he believed the gift of God. Most objections to Wesley on this score resolve themselves into this: that he, a devout believer, lived in the eighteenth century.

John Alfred Faulkner.

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"ALL THINGS ARE SACRED"

It is one of the familiar dicta of the times. Our thought was error when we spoke of sacred things and secular things with sharp distinction. Your body and its interests are as important, yes, as sacred, as your soul and its interests. The rebound is complete from the asceticism which meanly regarded the body and its needs. Whatever is goodly from the standpoint of our threefold selves—body, soul, mind—is holy.

Can it be that in the overemphasis to which newly realized truths are liable we may be carrying this reasoning to an extent that jeopardizes the interests of the spiritual life? Let us see. A church-going stranger drops into your county-seat town. A dozen church buildings greet his eye as he looks over the city. In the afternoon he goes to the Chautauqua ground. He pays the price and listens to a lecture—"its mission to make you smile." At night (Sunday night), the churches being closed, he goes again to the Chautauqua, paying his admission price at the gate. He hears, first, a sacred concert—that is, a concert called sacred out of deference to a lingering feeling in the minds of the populace that somehow there *is* a distinction between sacred and secular things: the label spells "sacred," though it may minister to anything but the religious life. Then he listens to a lecture, a political speech, or a concert by Negro minstrels. If a lecture, perhaps it is by a leading Methodist churchman who has traveled half a thousand miles that Sabbath day to earn his extra dollars—a hundred plus fifty—though the church gives him a good support, and though the same talents, if used that day in some out-of-the way place where greatness seldom comes, might have started a score of folks toward heaven.

Within a month a State convention of a political party has declared

for the removal of all favors by way of nontaxation of church property. True, the move was prompted in part at least by hostility to a particular church, yet it has wide significance. If our mission as churches is to be largely that of entertainment, and our ministering to people is to be on the theory that all things are sacred, and therefore that nothing is sacred in the sense that our fathers used the term, we may as well yield to the inevitable and allow the world to catalogue us with institutions which mean well and do well, but which have no voice of prophecy for the generation. For many people such a classification is correct, and to them a band concert is just as satisfactory for a Sunday night as a sermon—and a week-end outing, with Sunday as lively as any day, is wholesome and proper. That this is the notion of many church people is evident. Sunday is a day of pleasure to all, to each according to his taste—a blackberrying excursion, a trip to the hills, a Marathon race, a theater, a ball game, or a sermon. That this is the spirit of the time we cannot deny. Is it possible, also, that it is the feeling of any large number of the peculiar folk called Methodists?

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SUPPLEMENTARY

NEARLY four years ago it was my pleasure to present to the readers of this REVIEW, under the title "Methodist Men of Mark," some classified summaries concerning the Methodist names found in the fifth volume of that excellent and reliable publication, Who's Who in America. The seventh volume, recently issued, for the years 1912-1913, affords an opportunity for comparing some of the results then reached with those that now appear. Such as were interested in the previous article will probably be glad to put beside it this supplement brought down to date.

No attempt has been made this time to tabulate the Methodist laymen, of whom about two hundred were found before. We have confined our examination to the ministers, and those chiefly of our own church. The names of 264 such are on these pages, as against 203 last time. This shows a gain of thirty per cent. As the whole increase in the total names is 2,399 (the figures now being 18,794 over against 16,395), or fifteen per cent, the Methodist gain is distinctly creditable. Of Methodist ministers (of all divisions) there are in the book 385; Presbyterians, of all sorts, 347; Protestant Episcopalians, 298; Congregationalists, 278; Baptists, 198; Roman Catholics, 178; Lutherans, 100; Unitarians, 58; Reformed, 56, etc. The total is 2,035.

Subtracting from the total of 264, noted above, 33 for the bishops who are mentioned—four of the latest elections have not yet got in—we have 231 Conference members, as against 171 last time. A careful examination of these names as given in the General Minutes discloses, of course, their Conference relations, and we find that 72 Conferences out of our total of 133 participate in the honor, as against 60 four years ago. The first five rank in the following order: New England, 23; New York East, 16; Rock River, 13; New York, 10; Troy, 9. Then come five with six each,

namely: Newark, Central New York, Ohio, East Ohio, Colorado. Next are four with five each: New Hampshire, New England Southern, Cincinnati, Northwest Indiana. Next come eight with four each, namely: Genesee, Wyoming, Indiana, Illinois, Iowa, Upper Iowa, Northern Minnesota, California. The following seven have three each: Maine, Baltimore, Central Ohio, North Ohio, Minnesota, Southern California, North China. There are fourteen which have two each, namely: Philadelphia, Pittsburgh, Erie, West Virginia, Washington, Detroit, Michigan, Wisconsin, Kansas, Saint Louis, Oklahoma, Montana, Oregon, Foochow. Last come twenty-nine with one each: East Maine, Vermont, New Jersey, Central Pennsylvania, Central Illinois, Central German, Chicago German, Norwegian and Danish, Des Moines, Southern Illinois, Northwest Iowa, Northwest Kansas, North Indiana, East Tennessee, Holston, Nebraska, Southwest Kansas, South Kansas, Dakota, Atlanta, Little Rock, Louisiana, South Carolina, Saint Johns River, Columbia River, Puget Sound, Mexico, Finland, Korea. Four years ago New England and New York East had 15 each, Rock River and Troy 8 each, and New York 6. New England's large supremacy is emphasized by the fact that 23 of its past members, as well as 23 of its present members, have their names in the book. Adding to New England's 23 the 15 (three of them belonging to Boston University) from the other five New England Conferences, we have a total from this section of 38, or twenty-eight per cent of the whole; which is, of course, far more than the due proportion, as the six New England Conferences have only 915 ministers, or less than five per cent of the whole number.

In our previous article we gave figures showing that then, while the proportion of the notables to the whole population was one in 4,654, the proportion in New England was one to 1,630. In other words, while New England had only seven per cent of the population (by the census of 1900), it had 21 per cent of those having national celebrity; New York having one in 2,570, Pennsylvania one in 3,715, Ohio one in 3,710. How do matters stand now, after four years, according to the census of 1910? We find that while New England still has seven per cent of the population of continental United States, it has at present twenty per cent of the birthplaces of these notables. The proportion, taking in the whole country, is one to 4,893; in New England one to 1,740. If the six States are taken separately, they rank as follows: Vermont one in 1,000, New Hampshire one in 1,354, Maine one in 1,419, Massachusetts one in 1,847, Connecticut one in 2,005, Rhode Island one in 3,000. New York has one in 3,050, Ohio one in 3,378, Pennsylvania one in 4,833, a very startling falling off in the latter, while Ohio gains.

Only one other calculation seems of sufficient interest or importance to be added here. It pertains to the 33 of our bishops, furnishing particulars of their birthplaces and education. The birthplaces are as follows: Ohio, 8; Pennsylvania, 5; New York, 4; West Virginia, 3; Canada, 2; and the following eleven one each; Massachusetts, Maryland, Illinois, Wisconsin, Missouri, Kentucky, Alabama, England, Scotland, Ireland, Switzerland. This gives us six from foreign countries as against seven

last time, and ten from the Western States as against eight last time. The educational attainments sum up in this manner: Graduates of college, 24; of college only, 12; of college and theological school, 9; of college, theological school, and postgraduate institutions, 3; of theological school only, 1; of college and postgraduate school, 2; of theological and postgraduate school, 1. Seven graduated in neither of these three directions, as against four in the previous computation. JAMES MUDGE.

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CHEMICAL PRODUCTION OF LIFE

THERE has been for many years scientific and theological contention over the question of the chemical production of life and spontaneous generation. By the chemical production of life it is meant certain elements can be so put together that the outcome may be life where was no life, and by spontaneous generation it is supposed that vitality works up in some mysterious way where there was no vitality. Every now and then some scientist proclaims that he has solved the problem and has produced life where it was not, or he has discovered the evolution of vitality where it was not. (Spontaneous generation.) Then we have a theological scare and fright in the religious world. The Bible and religious foundations are supposed to be imperiled, and a solicitous effort is made to discredit the experiment of the scientist. Let us have a truce to all this. It is the old supposed conflict of astronomy and geology with the Bible and religion. Suppose some scientist should actually bring chemical elements together and start life, or some experimenter really discover spontaneous generation where no form of life was supposed to be. We have not lost our Bible, nor dispensed with the fact of God, in the creation of a universe of so-called matter, with its manifestation of vitality and life. A grain of wheat, from the integuments of a mummy, where it lay dormant for perhaps 2,500 years, brought into the proper chemical environment of soil, air, moisture, and light, springs into life. What is this but the chemical evolution of vitality? In this case, when the chemical elements are in the right condition and combination, life starts up. But it will be said that in this case a life deposit was there dormant and ready to start up in right condition. Granted that life or vitality is a something and that we do not get a something from nothing. These very scientists reveal life or vitality everywhere. In the last analysis of things, you find no place where there is no manifestation of life.

MATTER, MIND, AND LIFE

Suppose some one demonstrate that what we call mind is what we call material, and suppose then it turn out that the material is only a form of force which is only a form of life. If our chemist, then, produce some form of life, he reveals only what exists in his elements, under some life law. It is life from life. Crystallization is only a form of vitality from vital force.

If, then, so-called spontaneous generation and chemical production of life were established, it does not prove that something called life, or vitality, came from nothing before existing. Vitality was latent in the mummy's grain of wheat, and may be latent in ways and places, where seeming spontaneous generation under suitable conditions started it up. It has been conjectured that life, as vital action, may be a process of fermentation. Again, that the ultimate cause of the life process and muscular activity may be electricity. Well, what if all this be true? It does not disprove the theory that all life is from life. In the case of the grain from the mummy, life was latent in a certain compound of chemical elements, simply, it may be, an exact adjustment of those elements. Something of the same nature is seen in the preservation of animal tissues long after death, preserved in cold storage. Such seemingly dead tissues had in them the life proportions of molecular or chemical substance. Life conditions started up life when grafted on to living tissue. Suppose the scientist be able to put together his chemical elements (always vital) so as to produce life; this no more dethrones God or overturns our religion than the starting up of life from the age-long dormant, though vital, grain of wheat placed under suitable conditions. Now, vitality may so underlie all the chemical elements (as in that grain of wheat) that under suitable conditions it may manifest itself.

Life in all Things

Professor Bose, a Hindu of Calcutta, startled the scientists of Europe and America by demonstrating that metals, or so-called inanimate substances and vegetables, respond to electric excitation just as animal substances do. Life conditions in the so-called inanimate is a theory to be reckoned with. Metals and minerals live, and under certain conditions seem to die. We are finding a universal life-base in all things. The ultimate chemical elements, as we see them microscopically, are, in motion and intense activity, throbbing with power, only another name for life which is there in the chemical elements and in all things. Spontaneous generation and chemical production of life, if established, only show that existing vitality starts up in some form, in the proper condition, under the vital laws of Him "in whom we live and move and have our being"; and who "upholds all things by the word of his power." It need not disturb our faith in God if the chemist produce some living plasm, or protozoan, to wriggle and grow in a suitable environment. We live in a universe the entire atomic constitution of which is tingling and quivering with vitality, springing, under law, into manifested life. God, the Creator and upholder of all, whose power constitutes so-called matter, is not ruled out. New discoveries of the chemist, with his crucible and retort, and the seeker of spontaneous generation, with his heated tubes heremetically sealed, whatever they may find, are no cause for theological alarm.

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THE ITINERANTS' CLUB

THE PROPORTIONATE MESSAGE OF THE PREACHER
(Rom. 12. 6)

THERE is a marked distinction between the preacher and the lawyer in the matter of their public addresses. They are alike in the fact that their purpose is to instruct and persuade the people whom they address. They are different, however, in the substance of their messages and also in the conditions under which they are delivered.

The substance of the lawyer's message is concerned with practical cases generally of a secular import: the protection of the rights of others, the defense of those who are arraigned for trial, or the prosecution of those who are charged with wrongdoing. The particular point of difference is that the lawyer makes his appeals under conditions which themselves determine his subject. The case is made up from the facts which are brought to his notice and which are involved in its presentation. He does not choose his subject; it is chosen for him by the interest which he represents. His purpose is immediate effect. He desires to win the jury, and to win it now. This is equally true of the minister, that he should be anxious to win the people to the matter to which he calls their attention, and to do it at once. This was especially the case with the early preachers. They regarded it as their duty to secure immediate results.

There is, however, a difference which is to be noted between that and the lawyer's plea. The preacher's times for him to deliver his message are in the main definitely fixed. The subjects on which he preaches, within certain limits, are determined by himself. He may sit down in the early part of the week and decide after meditation and prayer what will be the subjects of his next Sabbath's discourse and proceed to elaborate them and prepare directly for his Sabbath duties. The selection of subjects is often perplexing. He must consider the state of his congregation; whether anything has occurred in the community which calls for special attention. He will consider the necessity for variety. He cannot repeat the same discourse. All this requires wisdom and demands much thought.

The text brings to our consideration a subject of much importance, namely, the proportionate message of the preacher, Rom. 12. 6, "And, having gifts differing according to the grace that was given to us, whether prophecy, let us prophesy according to the proportion of our faith." For our present purpose we need not inquire whether the persons to whom the exhortation of the passage was given were the community of believers in Rome to some of whom special supernatural gifts had been given or to the Christian teachers or preachers at that time. The exhortation is a timely one for the preacher of to-day.

There are passages of Scripture so rich in suggestion that they afford a basis of valuable thought, whatever interpretation may be assigned to them. Such a passage is the one which we have just cited. A glance at the commentaries will show differences in the interpretation, yet each is a value to the reader and especially to the preacher. A brief summary of these variants in interpretation will suggest its application.

Beeth remarks on this passage, "*Prophecy:* an extraordinary gift which made a man the mouthpiece of God." (Exod. 4. 16, 17; 1 Cor. 14. 11.) He thus explains the phrase "proportion of faith": "Prophecy implies revelation; and God's word is revealed to man only so far as he believes it. The prophet must seek to make his words to the people correspond with God's word to him, and he is bound to make them correspond. So far as by faith he understands God's word, he must say no more nor no less than he believes God has said to him."

Sanday says: "A man's gifts depend upon the measure of faith alotted to him by God, and so he must use and exercise these gifts in proportion to the faith that is in him. If he be *σωφρόν* and his mind is enlightened by the Holy Spirit, he will judge rightly his capacity and power. If, on the other hand, his mind be carnal, he will try to distinguish himself vaingloriously and disturb the peace of the community."

Liddon interprets faith to mean here objective faith, that is, the system of Christian doctrine, and, "keeping his eye on it, he [the prophet] avoids private crotchets and wild fanaticism, which exaggerates the relative importance of particular truths to the neglect of others."

Tholuck says: "While the heathen *μάντις* was wildly borne away by his impulse, in which human passion commingled with the higher elements, the Christian prophet was enabled by his enlightenment to retain a consciousness of whether he was speaking from his own or Divine instigation."

Tyndale apparently applies the word "Faith" here to objective faith. Tyndale's version is, "So that it [the gift of prophecy] be agreeing unto the Faith." This version regards the Scripture as containing a body of doctrine which is to be taught by the preacher in proportion to the needs and circumstances of the people. Giving due emphasis to the various parts, he must not be a mere specialist, having some part of the truth which he reiterates constantly, to the neglect of the other parts of the sacred teaching.

Similar is the statement of the apostle in 2 Tim. 3. 16, "All scripture is given by inspiration of God, and is profitable for doctrine, for reproof, for correction, for instruction in righteousness: that the man of God may be perfect, thoroughly furnished unto all good works."

It becomes the duty, therefore, of the minister to remember his obligation, to deliver the whole counsel of God. One of the dangers of the ministry lies in too much specialization. One is a specialist in sanctification; and certainly no subject is more worthy of attention, for it is the supreme purpose of the ministry to proclaim purity of life and purity of action. This should never be overlooked in all the discourses.

Another is a specialist in civic matters. He lays great emphasis on civic relations. He is familiar with the economics of government, and almost unconsciously drifts into that subject on all occasions. Others are specialists in social betterment. The ills of society arrest their attention and interest. They think not so much of the individual as of the mass, and the personal element does not receive adequate consideration. The tendency to exclusive individualism, however, when overpressed, may prevent due attention to the social needs of mankind, which no one who has the cure of souls can overlook without greatly hindering his usefulness.

There is one subject, however, on which all preachers should be specialists. All should be specialists in fundamental Christian truths. Other truths which men are called upon to consider, those relating to material interests only, the preacher may or may not be thoroughly acquainted with, but those relating to the Christian religion he should know both in their letter and in their spirit.

The apostle Paul, in his letter to the Corinthians, said, "I determined not to know anything among you, save Jesus Christ, and him crucified." All other duties and all other subjects on which he has to speak must have this as their center. There are certain truths that are to be insisted upon at certain times and under certain conditions. In the period known to the church as the Lenten season the emphasis is to be placed on the cross and the sufferings of Christ in his relation to man's salvation. The various stages in that wonderful period are brought before the mind until the thoughts of the people are imbued with them and they are aroused to deeper interest in their personal salvation. So it is with all the great aspects of Christian truth—there must be a proportion observed in their development. Side by side with the mystical life of the Christian, the great ethical traits must receive attention; religion in its relation to everyday duties of men must be constantly in the thought of the preacher. The doctrine and the life are to be so coördinated that when he preaches doctrine, its issue is life, and when he preaches life, it reacts upon the doctrine. You cannot separate the one from the other.

The thought of this passage, then, is clearly that the preacher will give to each part of Christian doctrine its proper emphasis, all having its center in Jesus Christ, our crucified and risen Lord.

This central doctrine, combined with its cognate truth in the Holy Scriptures, must never be overlooked by the preacher. Dr. P. T. Forsyth, in his book entitled The Person and Place of Jesus Christ, quotes from Mr. Glover's book on the Conflict of Religions within the Roman Empire the following words: "Jesus of Nazareth does stand in the center of human history; he has brought God and man into a new relation; and he is the personal concern of every one of us." Dr. Forsyth adds, "That is really a tremendous thing to be able to say as the conclusion of a true historian." He touches the core of the gospel when he further says, "We are in a world which has been redeemed, and not in one which is being redeemed at a pace varying with the world's thought and progress or the church's thought and work. To believe that the Kingdom has

come is another religion from the belief that it is but coming and that we have to bring it. It produces a totally different type of faith and life. And it is the only type that can save Christianity from being politicized, socialized, and secularized out of existence."

In the proportionate message of the preacher he may well follow the Scriptures, giving to each doctrine the emphasis proportionate to the place it occupies in the New Testament.

Another doctrine growing out of the test is that the preacher must declare only that which he honestly believes to be the truth of God. He must preach the preaching that God bids him. The measure of his faith will be a large measure of his appreciation and grasp of the gospel. The man of profound faith sees more in the Scriptures than the mere critical reader. The commentaries of those who come to the work with profound spiritual insight should be specially studied by the preacher. Hence, Matthew Henry opens to the ministry a rich source of the spiritual apprehension of the truth. Adam Clark and many of the other commentators that are passed over in our later literature should not be forgotten. And then, having received the full impulse of truth through the presence of the Holy Spirit, he will confine his preaching to the things which he receives and which he holds to be the truth. He will thus have a positive message to which the world will listen.

A further thought will be that he will preach in harmony with his own capacities and ability. This is distinctly emphasized in the interpretation of the passage by Professor Sander, "When his mind is enlightened by the Holy Spirit, he will judge rightly his capacity and power and thus become more effective." Everyone has his peculiar gift, and to understand one's gifts and keep within their limits has much to do with effectiveness. The scholar has his mission, which must not be overlooked. The preacher who is to deliver the gospel message has a mission to fulfill which will be best accomplished if he studies his own adaptabilities. The practical talents available for the active work of the gospel are fully equal in value to those gifts which are more recondite and pretentious. He who uses well the measure of gifts with which God has endowed him will be the one to whom the Master will say, "Well done, good and faithful servant," when the record of the preacher's life shall finally be made up.

THE HOLIDAY SEASON AND THE MINISTRY

Perhaps there is no part of the year that brings to the minister of the gospel more cares than the season of the greatest rejoicing and of the widest social interest. Christmas and New Year's Day are the great festivals of the year, the first marking the joy that was brought to the world through the coming of our Lord, which brings to all men, even those who do not accept the gospel of the Christ, the spirit of kindness and of gentle peace. The influence of the Christmas festival is so all-pervasive that even those who have no adequate historical knowledge

of it feel its power and rejoice in its influence. Perhaps there is nothing which the coming of Christ has done for the world as an established institution better than this Christmas festival brimful of joy and peace and love. The special pleasure is to the children. It is anticipated from year to year, and Santa Claus, under whatever form he appears, is hailed with acclaim by hundreds and thousands of little ones who only in a general way penetrate its meaning. Christmas has its religious significance and grows out of the great Christian fact of history, the coming of our blessed Lord Jesus Christ.

New Year's Day has its significance, but it is of a different kind. Its significance lies in the fact that it marks a new period in life's progress. People's lives are divided into years, and it is customary to think of the year as beginning with the first of January and as closing with the last of December. Hence it is that everyone recognizes that it marks a kind of break in the life, a kind of transition period, a beginning, so to speak. It has naturally come to pass that people form new resolutions on that day. How many young men and women and boys and girls throughout the world on New Year's Day will make special resolutions to do better the next year than they have done in the past. How many, like Jonathan Edwards and others, will carefully map out certain things to be done and not to be done for the coming year. It is their purpose to make the year better than any year that has gone before, and this is often helpful and even noble, but how seldom is the promise of the new year fulfilled. How soon are the rules which are laid down for conduct on that day forgotten! It does not follow that for this reason such resolutions have been useless. They show the earnestness of the human spirit for higher and better things; and even if for only a part of the year they retain their power, the impulses which they impart to character and to life remain as a permanent possession.

In the midst of these festivities the minister is to live in the world, yet not of the world. He has to enter into their spirit and yet maintain the dignity of his office. He has to be a child with the children and must join in the resolve for new and better things with the people of his church, but he is also to be an adviser and a counselor and to protect them from the overimpulsiveness of such occasions. They present occasions for sermons on the coming of our Lord and on the importance of time and its employment. The minister is often to hold meetings in which his congregations shall make new resolutions and begin new movements for the betterment of society. The midnight hour of the changing year has been to thousands of souls a sacred hour, a time of sacred resolves in which sinners have been converted and saints advanced in their spiritual life. The minister should make the widest use of these occasions—not by overpressing them, but by seizing their opportunity in this joyful period to influence his people for good and to prevent excess and to impart instruction of the highest character.

ARCHÆOLOGY AND BIBLICAL RESEARCH

THE EXCAVATIONS AT 'AIN-ES-SHEMS

THE selection of 'Ain-es-Shems by the Palestine Exploration Fund as a site on which to carry on its excavations has been commended on all sides as a very wise one. 'Ain-es-Shems (Well of the Sun) is generally supposed to be the same place as Bethshemesh (House of the Sun) of our English versions. It is located about midway between Jerusalem and the Mediterranean Sea, about six miles southeast of Gezer, so well known to modern biblical scholars on account of the extensive and successful excavations carried on at that place for several years under the supervision of Professor Macalister and other eminent archæologists. If we look at a map of southwestern Palestine, we find that Bethshemesh is within a short walking distance of Deir Aban, a station in the Vale of Sorek on the Jaffa-Jerusalem Railway, not very far from the well-known towns of Gath, Ekron, and other Philistine strongholds of the Philistines.

The proximity of the site to the railway is an item of no little importance, since it facilitates the getting of all kinds of supplies, especially water of excellent quality, which, till the discovery of water at 'Ain-es-Shems, was obtained from a bountiful supply at the next station. An intramural supply of water, like that of Gezer, was discovered by the excavators at 'Ain-es-Shems last August. No man is better qualified to express an opinion on the selection of this site than Professor George Adam Smith, the leading authority on the geography of the Holy Land. He says: "It is one of the most attrative sites in all Palestine from the point of scenery. I cannot conceive of a more healthful site for our laborers, investigators, and excavators to work in than 'Ain-es-Shems. And I understand there are quite sufficient sources of personal labor in the neighborhood. . . . In all these respects, then, I think the site is ideal." Then, speaking of its position, he continues: "The site lies on what was the main high road between northern Philistia and Jerusalem. Thus you have converging upon the basin formed at the head of the Vale of Sorek several of the main high roads of that part of the country. I cannot think of any similar site, certainly in the south of Palestine, upon which more roads have converged in ancient times and down to the present. And that is why I say we are attacking a site commercially and historically of the greatest importance."

The Palestine Exploration Fund sustained a distinct loss when Professor Macalister severed his connection with the society to accept the professorship of Keltic in the University of Dublin. And yet it was most fortunate that a worthy successor was found in Dr. Duncan Mackenzie, who is not only a distinguished linguist, speaking several languages fluently, among them modern Greek and Turkish (no small asset in the life of one who has so much to do with Turkish-speaking laborers and officials), but also a trained excavator and experienced archæologist, for he has served a long apprenticeship under Dr. Arthur Evans, so favorably

known for his wonderful discoveries in the palaces and ruins of Crete. Dr. Mackenzie's Cretan experiences will prove of great value at Beth-shemesh, especially when it comes to the classification and the dating of the various objects there unearthed. It is generally understood among scholars that the origin of the Philistines must be sought in Crete. It is but natural, therefore, that Bethshemesh, like the adjoining territory to the west, should have much in common with Cretan civilization. Indeed, in one of the burial caves examined at Bethshemesh there were found large quantities of pottery, both native and foreign, the latter very evidently from Cyprus, Crete, and the Ægean archipelago, some of it bearing remarkable resemblance to the painted wares discovered in the palace of Minos at Knossos, destroyed about B. C. 1450.

The name Bethshemesh, like Beth-peor, Beth-baal-meon, Beth-dagon, and similiar compound proper nouns designating places, takes us back to pre-Israelite times, when Palestine was inhabited by a people other than the Hebrews. For, no doubt, *Beth* prefixed to the name of some deity suggests a sanctuary or place of worship. Thus Bethshemesh, like its namesake in Egypt, Heliopolis or On, must have had at one time a temple dedicated to sun worship and was probably under the same general influence. This is not hard to understand when we remember that Palestine from remote ages was repeatedly under Egyptian domination, sharing the same religion and civilization. It is to be noted that in all the excavations carried on in Palestine there have been abundant evidences of the intimate relations of the two countries.

The excavations at Gezer, only about six miles from Bethshemesh, have added very materially to our knowledge of ancient history, especially as it related to the ceremonies and religious rites of the Canaanites. What had been revealed to us in a general way in the Hebrew Scriptures was in more than one particular confirmed by Professor Macalister's work in the ruins of Gezer. We shall call attention to just one thing, namely, the sacrificing of the first-born and infants of tender age.

As is generally the case in archæological discoveries, the unexpected is brought to light. The unearthing of positive evidence for infant sacrifice at Gezer had not been anticipated. So the proof for this abominable practice, common in the days of Abraham and later, though not expected by the excavators, confirmed the statements regarding it in the Hebrew Scriptures. So at Bethshemesh, too, we have every reason for expecting some startling discovery for which we have at present nothing more than the evidence of some old writer in the Old Testament, which is often greatly discounted by certain biblical critics.

Excavations at 'Ain-es-Shems were commenced on April 6, 1911, with thirty-six laborers. The number increased from day to day, till on May 17 of the same year there were no fewer than one hundred and sixty-seven laborers of all kinds busy at work on the venerable ruins. And, best of all, a goodly number of those workmen were experienced excavators, having worked for years with Professor Macalister and others at Gezer, Lachish, and Tel-zakariyeh.

About the first thing to do in the exploration of a tell or mound

marking the site of an ancient city is the sinking of shafts, or trial pits, at various distances, so as to discover the nature, the exact location of walls, foundations of buildings, etc. Some of these pits passed to the solid rock or virgin soil without finding any trace of previous occupation. Such areas, then, could be made dumping grounds for the dirt and debris taken out from the places which had been inhabited. It was also thus found that portions of the area examined had no traces of pre-Christian occupation, or even pre-Roman.

More than three fourths of the wall which surrounds 'Ain-es-Shems has been traced and exposed to view. It shows workmanship of various ages. It had its bastions and is megalithic. It is very thick in places and no less than fifteen feet high. There is one massive gate on the south side, still in excellent state of preservation. The long narrow passage, with rooms on either side—presumably for those guarding the entrance or for commercial purposes—leading up to this gate, is built of massive, undressed stones. These megalithic fortifications, found on both sides of the Jordan, are supposed to be of Canaanite origin.

But, as already said, the ruins of Bethshemesh bear no evidence that the place played any important part in late history. From all appearance it ceased to be a place of any consequence after the Assyrian invasions, some seven or eight centuries before our era. Of the pre-Christian times there are three distinct periods traceable.

1. The Canaanite. This period is represented in the ruins by the four or five feet of earth next the solid rock. In the upper part of this stratum, which Dr. Mackenzie styles the Semitic-Canaanite, is found abundant evidence of contact with several foreign countries, including Egypt, Cyprus, Crete, and the Ægean islands. Strange to say, though there are signs enough of contact with these distant lands, there is next to nothing to show that Assyria and Babylonia ever invaded Palestine. The Egyptian objects found resemble in the main those taken out of the ruins of Gezer and correspond to those usually classified as belonging to the eighteenth dynasty.

2. The Philistine. The so-called Philistine period is represented by the stratum immediately above the Canaanite, and is about eight feet in thickness. Thus the top of this level is twelve or thirteen feet above the solid rock. As expected, this stratum has been very rich in objects. Here have been unearthed some extra fine specimens of pottery, including what has been termed the painted Philistine pottery. There is, however, a noticeable absence of Ægean or Cypriote wares in this level. Does this prove the absence of commercial relations between these islands and the mainland of Philistia? This second period was at its height about B. C. 1200, when it is inferred that Bethshemesh and the adjoining towns were under the complete domination of Philistia.

3. The Israelite. This period extends from B. C. 1100-700. In this stratum we find the everpresent jar handle and other wares. But the more characteristic things brought to light at this depth were the rectangular chamber tombs, with their divan-like recesses for the bodies. This style of tomb is frequently found in the highlands of Judah. The Tombs

of the Kings in Jerusalem, built in Roman times, find their prototype in these ancient rectangular tombs.

The most important discoveries so far made in these ruins are the burial caves or tombs. Of the latter, no fewer than eight have been partially examined. The earlier specimens, according to Dr. Mackenzie, belong to the troglodyte period. These are simply natural caves in the rocks, with side entrances, secured by massive blocks of stone. Are these blocks mazzebas, or bactyls, or simple protection for the sepulcher? While waiting for a correct answer, it might be stated that late this summer, five pillars, similar in form and size, lying on their side, were among the objects discovered. Were these a part of a high place or simple monuments erected in memory of the dead? They may have served both purposes. For it seems that immediately under these pillars in the stratum below was a large "burial cave with all the paraphernalia of the cult of the dead there in position as they had been left thousands of years ago." "It is impossible, then, not to ask whether the persons buried in the cave were not the ancestors to whom in later times was dedicated the cult of bactyls in the High Place of Bethshemesh.

There was another style, cisternlike in form, which was entered by means of apertures in the roof. In these were inclined recesses on which the bodies were deposited. Then, again, there was the third style, or the rectangular tomb above described.

The quantities of calcined bones found in some of these burial caves suggest cremation of the bodies, but when we remember that human and animal bones are promiscuously found on the same spot, it is possible that these calcined bones are evidence not of cremation of human bodies, but rather of some ceremonial or sacrificial rite.

The layer of burnt debris found at a certain level over a very large portion of the area examined tells its own tale, namely, the destruction of Bethshemesh by the torch of some victorious enemy during one of those awful sieges so common in the story of Palestine. So far nothing has been discovered in these ruins which fixes with certainty the date of such a conflagration. Père Vincent, a French monk of Jerusalem, who visited 'Ain-es-Shems and examined the excavations, speaking of this matter, says: "It is dangerous to hazard an opinion after a cursory examination, but it struck me that this layer of burnt debris might mark a line between the Canaanite and Israelite periods. If this should prove to be so, and if the fire were the result of a definite conquest by the Hebrews, it would tend to prove that this capture of Bethshemesh was rather late . . . and can hardly be put earlier than the beginning of the ninth century B. C. . . . On the other hand, the fire might have been an incident in the Egyptian conquest, between B. C. 1600 and 1550."

As stated above, Bethshemesh's glory seems to have passed away long before our era. The very site after B. C. 700 was all but forgotten. And yet in the fourth century some pious order of Christian monks conceived the idea of rescuing this spot from oblivion by erecting on the old site a monastery.

FOREIGN OUTLOOK

A NEW STRIFE OVER THE APOSTLES' CREED

THE year 1892 is memorable in German ecclesiastical history for an intense and very general controversy over the Apostles' Creed. The year 1912 is marked by a fresh controversy over the same matter. In the former case the agitation was occasioned by words of Harnack's in a lecture to his students and his article in Die Christliche Welt giving a report of the affair. Certain students of liberal tendencies, stirred by the disciplinary proceedings against a pastor who had violated the regulations touching the use of the Creed in confirmation, had addressed to Harnack a request for advice whether it were well for them to join with students of other Prussian universities in a petition to the Supreme Church Council, that the use of the Apostles' Creed in ordination and in public worship be made nonobligatory. Of course Harnack advised against such a petition on the part of students, but at the same time he frankly expressed serious objections to certain parts of the Creed. He would not have the Creed "done away," but only made nonobligatory. The controversy that followed forms a really important chapter in recent church history.

The renewal of the controversy after twenty years was occasioned by a speech by Dr. Lahusen, general superintendent of the diocese of Berlin, in one of the district synods of his diocese, on June 6, 1912. Referring to a proposal to provide for ordination "parallel formularies," one of them to include the Apostles' Creed, the other to omit it, he declared: "That would perhaps be understood by wide circles of the evangelical national church as meaning not only that the Apostles' Creed is not wanted, but also that the evangelical faith, which utters itself in the Creed, is not wanted. However one may judge of that matter, it is at all events clear that, when the question of parallel formularies is brought forward, the question of the authority of the Apostles' Creed in ordination is somehow bound up with it. When, however, it comes to the matter of ordination, it is on my heart to declare here quite openly that in ordination it can never be a question of binding one to the letter of the Creed. I must say quite definitely: if in ordination it were required that the candidate must avow his belief in each particular point of the Creed, as, for example, the virgin birth, the resurrection of the body (*des Fleishes*), I should no longer be able to ordain evangelical theologians. We general superintendents have always talked over these things with the candidates for ordination in the most distinct and emphatic way. . . . We have always tried to make clear to them that the Apostles' Creed occurs in the ritual of ordination as the definite expression of our evangelical Christian faith. Its occurrence there accordingly is not a matter of indifference for us, but just as in public worship

we, together with the universal church of the former times and of to-day, confess in the Creed our faith, so do we also in the act of ordination. And so it is to us a matter of very serious concern that in the ordination we really cause the candidate to acknowledge himself bound to the evangelical faith, which has found its imperfect expression in the Apostles' Creed. I say this in full consciousness of its import, but in saying this I do not hide from my view the fact that it is a great and glorious thing, which ever and again takes hold on my heart, that we are permitted to confess our faith by means of this venerable Creed. Let it remain true—and on this point there really is no question—that this venerable Creed is yet a human Creed, it remains true that we might wish that this or that expression were not in it, or that other things were in it. But we say to our candidates for ordination: The question nevertheless concerns our evangelical faith therein expressed. And we say to them that whoever cannot acknowledge as his own this evangelical faith, which is founded upon God's Word, he cannot take upon himself to exercise the sacred office of preaching. . . . At bottom we are all in accord: We want ever more profoundly to apprehend as evangelical faith that which is the burden of the Apostles' Creed, but we want also to preserve to ourselves at all times freedom from bondage to human forms."

If these moderate utterances had come from a liberal, they could have occasioned no agitation. But they came from a "positive" general superintendent, and, moreover, they purported to represent the prevalent practice of the superintendents. Many protests from conservatives have found expression. These led Dr. Lahusen to take up the matter again in another of the district synods the following week. In this second speech he sought to clarify and strengthen his position. In particular he deprecated the misunderstanding of the words, "We are all in accord." Those words had been applied with a distinct limitation. Dr. Lahusen now adds: "We are not all in accord! There is, moreover, a boundary where one parts from the fellowship of the Christian faith." Further he declares: "We must leave off applying the terms 'believing' and 'unbelieving' to two parties. Our venerable Apostles' Creed is no book of statutes with paragraphs."

While these utterances and more of the same tenor have provoked much displeasure on the part of the strict conservatives, the liberals and the middle party have loudly expressed their thorough approbation of them. Many of the moderate conservatives, too, seem to be content with Dr. Lahusen's position, while the Preussische Kirchenzeitung, the organ of the middle party, calls his utterances *Selbstverstandlichkeiten*, "things self-evident." Even the emperor is reported to have remarked in an informal conversation, "Lahusen has hit the nail upon the head."

The Traub Case

Significant as is the controversy over the Apostles' Creed, the Traub case is far more of a sensation. Gottfried Traub, an able and distinguished pastor in Dortmund, one of the advocates for the defense in the Jatho case (see this Review, March, 1912), has been deposed from his

office, deprived of his standing as clergyman and of all claims to the usual pension. The final decision was rendered by the Supreme Church Council, the court of last resort, to which the case had been carried after trial by a lower court. Traub's case was not, like that of Jatho, a matter of heresy, and so he was not brought before the *Spruchkollegium*. Traub was accused of violation of church law respecting the use of formularies in worship, in confirmation, and in the administration of the sacraments, but more especially was he charged with the abuse of his office by repeated, unrestrained, and unwarranted attacks upon the national church, its courts and its institutions. A frank criticism of all these would have been tolerated, but not such attacks as Traub's.

The penalty imposed is the severest possible—severer than that in the case of Jatho. The publication of the sentence caused universal surprise. As the case was in every way an extraordinary one, the Supreme Council deemed it prudent to publish the grounds of its findings, which also it did, in a pamphlet of forty-five pages. Immediately the press took up the affair. Among the most interesting and instructive utterances upon it are certain ones from liberal sources. Rade and others have voiced their sentiments in Die Christliche Welt. Baumgarten, Traub's associate in the defense of Jatho, wrote a detailed critique of the decision for his Evangelische Freiheit, while Harnack published a pamphlet on the case. Rade is at a loss to understand the situation. The decision, he thinks, cannot help the cause of the church, for it will but embitter party strife, while everywhere the great tasks of the organized church lie waiting. "If the Supreme Council thinks that by excluding a man like Traub it will make this church more efficient and more glad to work, it is in error." Baumgarten vigorously defends his friend against the imputation of the Supreme Council against him, that he had "proclaimed an unswerving warfare against the national church," and that he had "systematically denied to the national church the right to exist at all." No, says Baumgarten, Traub contends against the present distortion of the church in the interest of its future nobler image. And as to the national church's "right to be," it is only the ideal of the "state" church, not that of the "national" or "people's" church, that he rejects. Harnack, in his pamphlet, raises two questions. The first concerns the justice of the penalty, the second asks whether the case is symptomatic. As to the first, he grants that the offenses were serious, but he argues that unusual circumstances had conspired to provoke Traub to his attacks. This fact, considered together with the general aim and spirit of the man, should have greatly moderated the penalty. The second question is for Harnack the more important. He answers, "The Traub case is in respect of doctrine not a symptomatic case." In ecclesiastico-political relation, however, it is symptomatic. "The Supreme Church Council held it to be proper and necessary in the interest of the ecclesiastico-political situation to remove Traub from his office." Only political considerations can make intelligible the severity of the judgment. Space forbids our following out Harnack's instructive argument; we can do no more than indicate his standpoint. He calls attention to the enor-

mous difficulties in the ecclesiastical life of to-day. Traub felt these difficulties keenly, and was, perhaps, far too impetuous in his dealing with them. "His judges knew the whole state of things, knew the distress of the ecclesiastical situation. . . . Could they not feel with him, judge his conduct more mildly, and leave him in the church? Indeed, were they not bound to do it?" At the conclusion of his discussion, Harnack makes a strong appeal to all who more or less share his standpoint to be patient and hopeful. "We do not live in an epoch of retrogression, but rather in an epoch which, because of the exceedingly slow progress and many a sore blunder, puts patience to a hard test."

BUDDHISM IN EUROPE

A RECENT number of the *Frankfurter Zeitung* gives a brief but comprehensive view of the remarkable progress of the Buddhistic propaganda in Europe. Three years ago there was organized, primarily in Rangoon, "The Buddhist Society of Great Britain and Ireland." The president of the society is Professor Rhys Davids, celebrated as an authority in the history of Buddhism. This scholar did not avow any further purpose at the first than to do all he could to further the study of Buddhism. Apparently, however, his interest is more personal than is involved in mere learned pursuits. The society issues The Buddhist Review (London). A rich woman of India has provided the means for the erection of a house in England for Buddhist mendicant monks, while in her own country she supports Buddhist schools for 400 girls and 250 boys. It was as early as 1900 that Gordon Douglas, in England, became a Buddhist monk. A few years ago Allan Bennet MacGregor followed in his footsteps. He now, in conjunction with a Mr. McKechnie, is working for the cause of Buddhism in Burma. In 1908 a Buddhistic mission was undertaken in England. Hundreds of Englishmen already belong to the society, although it should be distinctly understood that this does not necessarily imply adherence to the religion. Germany has a like movement. In 1905 was founded the Buddhist Society in Germany, and a periodical, Der Buddhist, began to be published in Leipzig. Later arose Die buddhistische Welt, the organ of the Pali Society, whose seat is in Breslau. The Pali Society aims to further the knowledge of the Pali literature and the understanding of Pali Buddhism. Also in Switzerland, Italy, and in Hungary Buddhism has begun to spread. In Lugano the Buddhists have a settlement and have established a periodical organ to represent their religion. It is reported that further settlements near Lausanne and probably in Umbria are contemplated. In Hungary the translation of Subhadra Bhikshu's Buddhist Catechism has reached the fifth edition. In that country, too, an attempt has been made to obtain for Buddhism recognition as a legal religious communion. This, however, was effectually resisted by the Catholic Church.

BOOK NOTICES

RELIGION, THEOLOGY, AND BIBLICAL LITERATURE

Encyclopædia of Religion and Ethics. Edited by JAMES HASTINGS, M.A., D.D., with the assistance of JOHN A. SELBIE, M.A., D.D., and other scholars. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. Edinburgh: T. & T. Clark. Vol. i, pp. xxii, 903—A–Art. 1908. Price, $7.50 per volume, cloth, when sold in sets of about ten volumes.

CAREFUL reviews of vols. ii, iii, and iv of this massive work have already appeared in this REVIEW. By an oversight vol. i did not arrive. This is now before us. We speak again of the interest, scholarship, and exhaustiveness of treatment of all subjects which lie within the scope of this in some respects the greatest encyclopedia which has ever appeared in the English language. Under the word altar there are fifteen separate articles, making twenty-two large, closely printed double-columned pages. The Amana Society, Iowa, has nearly eleven pages; Ancestor Worship and Cult of the Dead has 18 articles, over 43 pages; Animals (worship of, etc.), 53 pages; etc. The articles are signed, furnished with literary references and bibliographical lists, and the whole book is a delight to an enthusiastic student of religion and the scholarly reader. We have noted a few points for remark or correction. Under Annihilation Joyce makes the point that the New Testament language is not explicit enough for either side. He concedes, however, that the two words brought forward for conditional immortality (*αποθνήσχειν* and *απόλλυσθαι*) cannot be so used, as their meaning, both in classical and biblical Greek, is much wider. Maclean on Agape (9 pages) thinks that the Eucharist was always celebrated at first in connection with a common meal called the Agape, but that it was really distinct from it. He agrees with the late Dr. Norman Fox (in his interesting little book, The Breaking of Bread, New York, 1897) that "to break bread" was used in the apostolic age sometimes of an ordinary meal, and sometimes as a technical name of the Eucharist, or perhaps of the Eucharist and meal combined. He is mistaken, however, in speaking of the unessential nature and partial existence of the Agape in early times, for the evidence really points to a substantial identity of love feast and supper. A merely ceremonial supper did not exist in the early church. The frequent charge of asceticism (see also Zöckler, in vol. ii, p. 79) brought by Lutherans against Methodism is repeated by Horn, in Adiaphorism, p. 92, but unjustly. Methodism has never forbidden worldly pleasures generally, but only such as were morally or spiritually harmful. Asceticism is the arbitrary banning of things not only in themselves innocent, but whose use is innocent, such as marriage, society, eating and drinking. Asceticism is the "Handle not, taste not, touch not, ordinances after the precepts and doctrines of men, which, indeed, have a show of wisdom in will worship and humility and severity to the body,

but are without value against the indulgence of the flesh" (Col. 2. 21-23). It is not a self-denial of indulgences for the sake of the weak or for one's own moral and spiritual culture. Yesterday this reviewer was reading Boswell's Johnson (which Master of Balliol Jowett read through every year), and he came across some sagacious remarks on the Carthusians, in which remarks Johnson said, "The severity that does not tend to increase good or prevent evil is idle." That wise word is the touchstone by which you can distinguish between Christian self-denial and Asceticism. Methodism's "asceticism" is that of Saint Paul's, "Abstain from every form of evil" (1 Thess. 5. 22); that is all. We do not stand for the defense of all our brother Christians, but we doubt very much the correctness of the charge that the "Second Adventists regard the Old Testament law as still in force in all its regulations, even concerning meat and drink." Do they circumcise? Do they offer bloody sacrifices? Do they observe the feasts? Do they hold the Levitical codes? The thing is absurd. The Pietistic movement in Germany did not *as a movement* forbid "all mere enjoyment" and "all artistic activities," but individual pietists—notably Vockeradt (see Sachsse, Pietismus, 1884, pp. 239-242)—went far in this direction, much farther than the Methodists. Spener, however, was more moderate, though it cannot be denied that Pietism was too strict and even fundamentally wrong in this matter. In the long and fine article on Arianism the point is made that the laity remained orthodox as a rule. It, like most heresies, was the offspring of the clergy. "Arius tried to interpret the Christian revelation in such a way as to render it acceptable to men whose whole conception of God and of life was heathen. His heresy was, in short, a symptom of the disease of the church in the fourth century, induced by the desire of ingratiating itself with the civil power." In that respect it reminds us of the Jesuit missionaries in China in the seventeenth century, and the efforts of so-called liberals to-day to pare away Christianity to fit it into "advanced" thought. The very interesting article on Apostolic Age, by McGiffert, is perhaps the most radical utterance in the whole book. It harks back to the old Tübingen criticism, and contains many statements which in our judgment are erroneous and others fearfully exaggerated. It postulates a difference of view between Jewish Christianity and Pauline which is fictitious. Of course, all the first Jewish Christians felt themselves as good Jews, but Paul also none the less. Not only so, he gloried in his Judaism, and was ever passionately proud of it, as well he might be. There was really nothing fundamental in Christianity in which Paul differed from Peter and James—not the Gentile mission, not the method of salvation through faith in Jesus, not the divinity of Christ, not the glory that is to appear when he comes. Both believed in the divine calling of Jewish prophets and lawgivers, both held that the ceremonial law was done away for those not born in Judaism, both received the main Christian principles. It was not the Jewish Christians alone who held the Messiah as a "man called and supernaturally endowed by God," for the Gentiles held the same; but that did not prevent those first Jewish Christians from also holding that this Messiah

is Lord (Acts 2. 36), who poured forth the Holy Spirit (verse 33), the promise of which he received from the Father, thus giving him his life in the Godhead. Not only so, in his name shall men be baptized for the remission of sins and for the reception of the Holy Spirit (verse 38), and an incipient Trinity. It is not at all true that Paul introduced two novelties in Christianity repudiated by the first Christians: divinity of Christ and atonement. Those ideas were perfectly at home among the regular Jewish Christians (except a part of the sect of the Ebionites). If they had not been, Paul would have been rejected with horror by every Christian in the dispersion. But except a few recalcitrants who still held to circumcision for the Gentiles (and we do not know that even these rejected his general doctrines), every Christian Jew in the empire received him. The few Jewish points talked about in the Apostolic Council (Acts 15), which were the only ones in dispute, were child's play beside the tremendous insistence by Paul on the deity of Christ and atonement, of which insistence every Christian knew perfectly well. The fact that the Jewish disciples never heckled their brother Paul on these parts of his message shows—what we know from our Jewish-Christian sources generally—that they took them as a matter-of-course. This hypothesis of a radical doctrinal difference between the Jewish and Gentile Christians is a fiction. Nor did these two sets of Christians differ as to the second coming of Christ, which Paul emphasized just as much as the other. Nor is it true that the first Christians did not think that Christ "had already done Messiah work," but was to do that after his second coming. It was exactly their apologetic that he had done it (Acts 2. 22; 3. 13, 14, 26). It is quite possible that they did not get hold of the "*full* significance of the first" coming—who has gotten hold of it yet?—but they did understand its *essential* significance as a kingdom of blessing, of salvation from sin, and reception of the Holy Spirit (Acts 2. 38; 3. 26). That was also Paul's understanding. No; Christianity was not with him "an altogether different thing." There is also a misunderstanding of Paul's use of the term flesh (p. 630, col. 2), which use has nothing to do with the "warring of two opposing principles, a fleshly and a spiritual," nor with the view that the "sins of the flesh were the worst of all sins." Paul gave a special religious meaning to the word flesh; he meant by it the *whole* nature of man as alienated from God, and not at all flesh as understood by the later Christians, whose conception of conflict between flesh and spirit was not Paul's. See Thayer's Grimm's Lexicon of N. T., s. v., σάρξ 4, and the references there given. There are some interesting remarks at the close of the article on apostolic authority, partly true, partly misleading. Of course the apostles were men of like passions with ourselves, but they were not men of like religious or historical position with ourselves. They were nearer to Christ both chronologically and spiritually, and for that reason they speak with an authority, in the nature of the case, never possible later. Through the Spirit they received of the things of Christ and revealed them unto us, and their historical position both empowered and impelled them to do this. For this reason there never was a moment in

the church since their death from that day to this when their authority was not received either implicitly or explicitly as binding on Christians in the matter of religion. They were looked upon as divinely inspired. Were they divinely inspired? Read for yourself and see. Other leaders have come and gone—Clement, Augustine, Calvin, Wesley, Edwards, Brooks—but they are all stale and unprofitable beside the light-giving and life-giving words which search us through and through of those first disciples. Therefore, if we are true to the facts, we cannot be among those of whom it is said, "The whole conception of apostolic authority has been given up by many in modern times, and it has come to be widely held that the age of the apostles was essentially like any other in the history of the church." That is, indeed, the position of modern rationalism, but it is both unhistorical and untrue. And it is even more a reflection on Christ than it is on the apostles. We have been much interested in Simpson's article on Apostolic Succession (9 pages), who, however, misstates the question, which is not, Has there been a recognized ministry since the apostles? but is, Has there been a third order of clergy called bishops instituted by the apostles to whom only has been given by God the right to set apart other ministers? Temple is quoted as saying, "We find the church from the very beginning flowing out of the ministry." This is only partially true. Christianity in many places seems to have been established by no officials at all, but by humble workers, men and women, who have left no record. Besides that, those who were not ministers at all in the ordinary sense, with whose appointment apostles had nothing to do, namely, prophets and evangelists (all laymen), were often the chief agents in extending the gospel. The writer exaggerates the governmental authority of the apostles (p. 637, col. 2), who as a rule deferred to the churches, and whose sending of Timothy and Titus was to meet local conditions. The church was, indeed, a structure, a body, and the ministry had a relation to it, but that ministry (Eph. 4. 11, 12) was a different thing from the threefold order of bishops, presbyters, and deacons, which did not exist in apostolic times, and in some places did not exist even as late as 150. We cannot say because "apostles" happen to be mentioned first in 1 Cor. 12. 28 and Eph. 4. 11 that that establishes the "primary character of the apostolate," except rhetorically or chronologically. In the foundations of the church the prophets are on a par with the apostles (Eph. 2. 20), and that agrees with what we know of their actual position in early Christianity. Nor is it true to say that while the prophets "represent the ministry of the word," the apostles represent "that of sacraments." All our evidence, so far as we have any, shows that prophets had just as much to do with the sacraments as apostles, and that the latter had much to do also with the ministry of the Word. The distinction the writer draws between the priesthood of the Christian society and that of the believer is futile. The former does not exist except in and of the latter. "But *ye* [Christians] are an elect race, a royal priesthood" (1 Pet. 2. 9). "He made *us* a kingdom, *priests* unto his God" (Rev. 1. 5; same in 5. 10). It is *not* "primarily the society that is a royal priest-

hood," but it is primarily the Christians themselves who are the royal priesthood. The corporate churchly consciousness as realized in the so-called Catholic denominations did not exist in the apostolic times, and this attempt to limit priesthood to the society as against its members, the society of whom the apostles (later bishops) were the organs, is wrecked on the very words brought forward to support it. The author is quite disingenuous in his remark about "submission (in Ignatius) to the bishop with the presbyters and deacons established everywhere in the communities as constituted by the apostles themselves" (p. 638, col. 2), because, while we do not know that all these Asiatic churches were established by apostles, we do know that those which they did either plant or confirm were not equipped by them with the threefold order. Simpson is also unfair as to Polycarp in his letter to the Philippians, where we have an apparently exhaustive list of church officers, but with no mention of bishops. The evidence shows an apostolic succession of decent order in the church, but it fails entirely to show an apostolic succession of the monarchical episcopate. So also in the Literature (mostly High Church) appended to the article, no reference is made to three great English books (not to speak of German or of French, like Jean Réville's Les Origines de l'Episcopat, Paris, 1894) on the other side, Lefroy, The Christian Ministry, New York and London, 1891; Brown, Apostolical Succession, London, 1898; and Lindsay, The Church and the Ministry in the Early Centuries, London and New York, 1902. Nor would it hurt him to have referred to the equally important Lowrie, The Church and its Organization, London and New York, 1904 (based in part on Sohm's *Kirchenrecht*, a section or two of which is translated). The excellent study of the American Thompson (at one time president of the University of Pennsylvania), The Historic Episcopate, Philadelphia, 1910, came out too late. Books of scientific value like some of these would have been an excellent substitute for Sibbald and Sprott's Pentecostal Gift! (It is an evidence of the catholicity of the accomplished Presbyterian editor that he farms out articles on subjects in dispute between Protestants and High Churchmen, or Catholics, to the latter, though of course not to the fanatical or very high.) The writer on Altar (Christian), though he has to admit that ancient writers are unanimous in asserting that the early Christians had no altars, yet tries to break the force of this by the "prevalence of the Disciplina Arcani," which "sufficiently accounts for the reticence of ecclesiastical writers on this and other subjects connected with Christian worship." He forgets that up to 312 or later this is the very thing the Christian writers would be most likely to mention, in order to commend themselves to the heathen as not atheists, and thus ward off persecution. So also what he says about the analogy of church buildings falls to the ground. For the Fathers never deny the existence of such buildings when they existed, and after they existed it continued to be true that God could be worshiped in any place. But they did deny the existence of altars. The pagan and Jewish ideas which produced the altars properly so called in Christianity were a later importation, though they came early enough in all conscience. In the

Literature, Wieland's important book is not mentioned: Mensa und Confessio. Studien über den Altar der altchristliche Liturgie, München, 1906. The article on Adolescence states that the "sexual capacity is in general the physiological basis of all the higher and finer qualities of personality, both ethical and religious." This seems much overdriven, if a layman in these matters might express an opinion. The physiological basis of personality, we should say, is general physical capacity, that capacity representing for one person one set of powers, for another another set. That sexual capacity has any special significance in the higher realm is disproved by the thousands, perhaps millions, of cases where the highest reaches of intellect and soul have gone along with feeble physical development, sexual and other. It is not at all abnormal that the finest intellect and saint in the ancient church was a eunuch, nor were Abelard's superb mental achievements at all interfered with by the outrage to which he was subjected. The most brilliant member of the writer's class in college was a dwarf, stunted and maimed in childhood, whose religious appetencies were equal to his intellectual. Perhaps the majority of the great men in the church have been marred and bruised and physically handicapped both during adolescence and later. This new doctrine of physical or sexual strength determining religious or mental perfection is a tremendous strain on credulity. The New Testament miracles are easy beside it. And the remark of Mercier quoted in this article is so untrue as to be almost comical: "The sexual emotion includes as an integral, fundamental, and preponderating element in its constitution the desire for self-sacrifice." Think of the millions of men and young men thronging the houses of ill-fame and in countless other ways showing that the sexual emotion is the most cruelly selfish one, perhaps, in the whole bundle of our fallen human nature! And the remark that "in the adolescent period this universal [sexual] law of life comes to self-consciousness, rises to the ethical plane, and goes on to complete itself in the all-inclusive ideas, aspirations, and self-consecrations of religion," is, of course, true in some cases (though not on account of that law), but in many cases it is not true. And the cases in which it is not true are so many that we are justified in saying there is no such law; or, if there is, that it is a weak and fleeting one, overpowered by the law of liberty, the rights of personality. In the article on Antinomianism it is hardly fair for the able writer to say: "Luther himself characterized the Epistle of Saint James as an 'epistle of straw,' because of its emphasis on good works" (p. 582, col. 1). Paul emphasized good works as much as James, if not more, but Luther did not call his epistles "right strawy." The reason he did not like James was not the ethical insistence of James, but his failing to grasp, as Luther thought, the doctrine of justification by faith, according to the teaching of Christ and Paul. Luther opened modern biblical criticism in boldly discriminating between the different religious values of the New Testament books, according to their approach to the gospel, which was for him in a nutshell in John 3. 16. But he did not throw James out of his Bible—straw has most important uses at times—but he had no patience with it when it is brought forward to correct or

check Christ and Paul. We have learned James better, but we cannot blame Luther for that. (We might add that in later editions Luther omitted the words in question, but that does not mean at all that he had changed his view. Kestlin, Luther, 5 Aufl., 1903, ii, 566, 567.) So also the remark about Melanchthon believing the Decalogue to be abrogated does him injustice. We have not been able to verify the quotation to that effect, but we do read in the first edition of the Loci, "Both the law and gospel ought to be preached at the same time; both sin and grace ought to be shown forth. Two cherubims were placed above the ark, the law and the gospel; wherefore it is impossible that you can rightly and happily teach the gospel without the law and the law without the gospel. And so Christ has joined the law with the gospel, as the prophets did the gospel with the law" (Loci Communes Melanchthons, in ihrer Urgestalt, Plitt-Kolde, ed. Leipz. 1900, p. 149). But it is well known that Melanchthon emphasized the law more and more as time went on. In the later editions of his Loci he speaks of the law as the "eternal wisdom and will of God, of which God pours the rays of his wisdom into rational creatures, and which is expressed in the Decalogue." He says again: "The law is not a table hanging on a wall, which can be put up or taken down, but it is God himself challenging (or reproaching, *accusans*) the disobedient. The law abides always, because God desires us to be ruled by his word." See Herrlinger, Die Theologie Melanchthons, Gotha, 1879, pp. 216-7, with the references there given. If we have thus corrected a few important statements in fields where this reviewer is more or less familiar, this has to do only with an infinitesimal part of the riches of this immense and fascinating volume. It is, indeed, a godsend to the students of religion, and to students in comparative religion is the completest work of the kind in any language.

The Glory of the Ministry. Paul's Exultation in Preaching. By A. T. Robertson, M.A., D.D., Professor of New Testament Interpretation in the Southern Baptist Theological Seminary, Louisville, Ky. 12mo, pp. 243. New York: Fleming H. Revell Company. Price cloth, $1.25, net.

The Christian preacher still holds the key to the situation, and all the advances of the kingdom of God, at home and abroad, must eventually be made with his coöperation. He is the prophet of God with a message that grips the soul and guides it into the liberty of service. He must, therefore, not compromise with the world; he must not lower the standards of truth; he must not lessen the pressure of purity; he must not modify the claims of the spiritual; he must not cease to offer the comforts of the gospel. To this end he should be inspired by the glories of the empire of Christ and be convinced that its sway must extend over all the vocations and interests of human life. This implies steadfastness in the face of an intense struggle and it summons to this momentous enterprise every drop of the heroic in the fullest-blooded man. Read again the letters of Paul, the foremost preacher of Christ, and see how "in the main he was left to his own resources to do the most gigantic mission work of the ages in the teeth of the com-

bined forces of Greek philosophy, Jewish prejudice, Roman antipathy, natural human depravity, and all the forces of sin and corruption in the greatest empire of the ancient world." His opulent conception of preaching is found in 2 Cor. 2. 12 to 6. 10. This passage is here expounded by Dr. Robertson, with numerous quotations from modern writers who have discussed the preacher's problems and who share the enthusiasm of the apostle. This book is a message to the heart of the preacher. It is intended to make him realize the honor of his calling and the joy of the work, and the secret of sustaining and courageous endurance. The tone of the book can be understood from some of the titles and sub-titles of the chapters: "The Disheartened Preacher's Joy"; "The Light in the Face of Jesus"; "The Attraction of Christ"; "The Preacher's Privilege"; "Taking Life as It Is." This is the kind of book to read during the summer vacation; or when one is getting ready for the winter's work; or, indeed, at any time of the year when the light is dim, or the faith is weakening, or the heart needs a tonic. It is refreshing simply to turn over its pages and read the references to men and books in the footnotes; here we have a very cloud of witnesses challenging the preacher always to do his best for Christ and the church. "Courage in the ministry comes from the clear vision of Christ and the world's need of him. The ground of Paul's cheer is not in the marks of appreciation which he received from men. It springs from the fresh gaze into the face of Jesus. Look at Jesus and you will go on with your task." The emphasis that is laid on the personal life of the preacher is not a species of commonplace; it is of the utmost importance and deserves careful attention. Here are some brotherly warnings and counsels in this connection. "It is a great mistake for any preacher to reach a final conclusion in his moments of despondency. The minister without ambition will accomplish nothing for God or man, only let his ambition not be the feverish restlessness to get another man's place and an unwillingness to do a full man's work where he is. It is entirely possible for a man to dull his spiritual sensibilities in the mere details of church finance and church business and thus lose the richer results of his life-work. God can and does use the very faults of ministers for his glory, but there is no special call for us to commit an extra number in order to give the glory of God a fresh sphere of influence." Here is a true word: "It is part, a large part, of the minister's work to help people to see things as they are, to brush away the cobwebs and the dust of business strife; to call men back to a just view of life. . . . It is just because it is so hard for the average man to catch and keep this spiritual interpretation of life (in Phil. 4. 8) that the call is so great to-day for men of vision in the ministry." It is encouraging to read the following sentences and to be reminded that they were suggested by Paul's own experiences: "The preacher is surely placed in an embarrassing position when he becomes the target of personal criticism from people who are themselves anything but perfect. There is exquisite suffering in many a minister's heart as a result of cutting, heartless criticisms of his person, his speech, and his life. One must not be oversensitive, least of all pretend to be perfect or above criticism." But hard

put as the preacher is in his exacting and exhausting work, he enjoys many blessed compensations. "The preacher's life is peculiarly rich in the love of the brethren. He comes close to the inner life of a man and rare Christian love knits heart to heart." The chapter entitled "The Invisible Consolation" is balm to the heart of the man of God. It is time that some one spoke the truth about usefulness and age, and censured the cant on this subject. "There is no 'dead-line' for Paul. The older a minister becomes, the richer he is in spiritual knowledge and power. Alexander Maclaren at eighty years of age was a greater personality than at fifty. A man's intellectual and spiritual decay comes when he ceases to study, to work, to exercise, to grow." This is a writer who does not dodge the issues and whose optimism is not of the superficial kind. He has no sympathy with the calculating view inspired by business, expediency, convenience, and money: "It is the spiritual view of the eternal values as seen by Paul in this prophetic passage that will win and hold the noblest type of man to the service of Christ. If Christ puts you in, you will stay in and you will not be sorry, but count it your chief glory to have been counted worthy of that high dignity." No better book can be placed in the hands of a young man who is thinking of his life-work. Many a man in the thick of the fight who reads this exquisite estimate of the preacher's vocation will thank God and take courage.

Essays in Modern Theology and Related Subjects. Gathered and published as a testimonial to Charles Augustus Briggs, D.D., D.Litt., Graduate Professor of Theological Encyclopædia and Symbolics in the Union Theological Seminary in the city of New York, on the completion of his seventieth year, January 15, 1911, by a few of his pupils, colleagues, and friends. Royal 8vo, pp. xvi+347. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. Price, cloth, $2.50, net.

It was fitting that the services rendered to scholarship by Dr. Briggs should be recognized in this appreciative way. Far better than a purse is a scholarly contribution like this volume. Dr. Briggs's interests have been catholic and his work versatile. At all times he has worked for the progress of Christian unity, and his utterances on this subject, notably his last volume on Church Unity: Studies of its most Important Problems, must be reckoned with by those who love the Redeemer's kingdom. His conception of the supremacy of the Church has been so clear that he has always insisted on the imperative necessity for a highly educated ministry that will be qualified to grapple with the modern situation. The excellent bibliography which is attached to this testimonial volume gives an idea of the remarkable output of this valiant defender of the faith. As co-editor of the International Critical Commentary, the International Theological Library, and the Hebrew and English Lexicon of the Old Testament, Dr. Briggs has made many students his debtors. Among his writings mention must be made of The Study of Holy Scripture, which is a helpful survey of the entire field of questions touching the Old and New Testaments. His series of Messianic Studies are well known. His two volumes on the Psalms are a thorough study of this book by one who is at once a critical scholar and a religious man. But it will exceed our limits to discuss all his contributions. The sub-

jects discussed in this testimonial volume are a tribute to the learning of Dr. Briggs. Among the writers are such well-known names as Toy, J. P. Peters, A. V. William Jackson, W. H. Ward, M. R. Vincent, F. J. E. Woodbridge, whose essays are worthy of their scholarly reputations. It is not possible to consider all the twenty-three essays published in this volume, and so mention will be made of only a few. Let it, however, be said that the spirit of this scholarship is fair and open-minded. President Francis Brown's essay on the Decline of Prophecy considers the creative period in Israel and the causes that led to its passing away. The Hebrew prophets were displaced by moralists and ritualists, and the living voice was silenced for many centuries, until it was heard again in the preaching of John and of Jesus. How great the loss was to vital religion can be realized when we remember that "Hebrew prophecy is characterized by breadth of sympathy for all human needs and by a ready adaptation to all human conditions. Everywhere it strikes the universal key. Even when it speaks to present conditions it utters truths of dateless significance and value." These words are from the essay on Man and the Messianic Prophecy, by T. F. Day. The value of Dr. George F. Moore's Essay on the Jewish Canon is the light thrown from the inside on the opposition of the Jews to the spread of early Christianity. The writings of the rabbis show the dangerous fascination of Christianity for many Jews, so that the circulation of the Gospels and other Christian books gave the teachers of the synagogue serious apprehension. This paper is suggestive especially to those who are interested in the conversion of this people. Dr. McGiffert's essay on Calvin's Theory of the Church is a timely study, and makes impressive the present need for a reconstruction by Protestantism of the conception of the church. It is well to be reminded that the forms of thought of the ancient church, as, indeed, also of the Reformation period, were furnished by the intellectual grooves of the times. Had this fact been understood, the repression of scientific inquiry by the church would have been avoided, with decided benefit to the cause of truth. Professor Platner has a fine essay on this subject. Dr. W. A. Brown writes convincingly on the Christian Demand for Unity. The central position of the person and work of Christ should, however, have been made more emphatic, and the apostolic testimony to Christ should have received fuller consideration. A good word is spoken by him for Christian mysticism and its sense of joy in communion, which is one of the missing notes of present-day Christianity. The Ritschlian antagonism to mysticism is echoed by Dr. T. C. Hall in his Definition of Mysticism. Dr. Edward C. Moore, in his essay on The Law of the Interpretation of Religion, urges a plea for intellectual soundness in our processes of thought. He shows that if the Church is to maintain its leadership in this age of "terrific social and economic inequalities," the note of being right must be insistently heard. This will give the Church the tone of authority which "this age and land of ours is waiting to hear, and knows that it ought to hear of all places on earth in the Church of Christ; and which, when it hears, it obeys." These writers are fearless of the truth; they face facts with courage; they are assured of the

triumph of Christ; they gladly welcome light from every source; their outlook is one of optimism. This book is of value, and will aid the ministry in these days of unrest, so that a persuasive, coherent, and convincing message may be consistently uttered that will make glad the city of God.

The Christian View of the Old Testament. By Frederick Carl Eiselen, Professor in Garrett Biblical Institute. 12mo, pp. 267. New York: Eaton & Mains. Cincinnati: Jennings & Graham. Price, cloth, $1, net.

The essential Protestant principle is, An open Bible and untrammeled access to it. In loyalty to this principle, Eiselen's book is to be heartily welcomed. It is an enthusiastic and judicious summary of valuable conclusions which give assurance to the reader and strengthen his confidence in the Old Testament. If something has been lost more has been gained, so that we now have a larger Bible, which speaks with animated voice to our individual and social needs. This popular exposition views the Old Testament from the standpoints of science, criticism, archæology, and comparative religion, and shows convincingly its bearing on the New Testament, as well as its own permanent significance. A comparison of the Old Testament with other sacred literatures emphasizes the more strikingly its uniqueness by reason of the spirit and religious atmosphere which permeate all its parts and make it a unity. Textual criticism which deals with the text of the written record aims to restore the *ipsissima verba* of the author by a comparison of manuscripts: while higher criticism, known also as historical criticism, considers the contents, structure, origin, and date of the writings. "It cannot be emphasized too strongly," says our author, "that higher criticism is nothing more than a process of study or investigation. It is not a set of conclusions respecting the books of the Bible; it is not a philosophical principle underlying the investigation; it is not a certain attitude of mind toward the Bible; it is not a theory of inspiration nor a denial of inspiration. . . . It is simply a process of study to determine certain truths concerning literary productions." There has been a great deal of illegitimate criticism by the critics, and this is responsible for the distrust of critical scholarship which has existed in many minds. Yet many of its findings have been helpful, and nothing that is essential has been taken away from the Bible. "Modern biblical study has made impossible the arbitrary and, sometimes, unreasonable interpretations of Scripture which in former ages have proved a serious detriment to religion and theology. . . . Many of the moral, religious, and historical difficulties which served as effective weapons to skeptics in all ages have disappeared, and the weapons have been snatched from the enemies of the Bible. Many of the confusions and apparent discrepancies which, according to former theories, presented insurmountable difficulties have found a satisfactory explanation." Our indebtedness to archæological research is well described in chapter iv. The Old Testament world has begun to live again; whole nations of antiquity have been resurrected; the discovery of contemporaneous documents has illuminated the sacred

writings; and a comparison with Babylonian literature, which approaches nearest to the Hebrew Scriptures, shows the infinitely high ethical and religious note in the latter. Even when there is agreement in form, the spirit and substance of the Hebrew is far superior. When we remember that the teaching of Jesus consisted in "the distilled essence of the Old Tetament," and that this was the book that gave spiritual inspiration to the primitive church, we should not allow the fact of its misuse by former generations to defraud us of the benefits that are yet to be obtained from this treasure of divine wisdom and grace. We are thankful to Professor Eiselen for this excellent introduction to an important subject, and hope that it may induce those who have neglected the law and the prophets to turn to their messages and find that they are yet "profitable for teaching, for reproof, for correction, for instruction which is in righteousness." Let no one measure the importance of Dr. Eiselen's book by this brief and inadequate notice, which is all we now have room for. It is a clear and valuable contribution to the more correct and complete understanding of the Old Testament in the light of to-day from an alert and competent scholar of high repute in his department.

PHILOSOPHY, SCIENCE, AND GENERAL LITERATURE

The Everlasting Mercy. By JOHN MASEFIELD. 12mo, pp. 230. New York: The Macmillan Company. Price, paper boards, $1.25.

THIS author is so much a figure of note to-day in current literature that there is a "Masefield cult." A Shropshire lad, born thirty-eight years ago, he "spent a roving, lazy, Whitmanesque youth"; and coming to America at the age of twenty-eight he served as bar-tender in a Sixth Avenue saloon in New York. He knows the city slums, the peasant life of England with its coarseness; he knows vagabonds and low, lawless humanity in general. Out of such knowledge he brings his themes and his characters. The Everlasting Mercy is in essence a sort of Salvation Army story of rescue and redemption, the story of a man whose feet were taken out of the horrible pit of miry clay and set upon a rock. The first part wallows through the mud and the last part climbs the shining uplands "to which the Lord our God is moon and sun." The chief character and spokesman of the poem is Saul Kane, a wild, willful, vagrant son, who bit his father's hand and broke his mother's heart. For fifteen years he lived in disbelief of Heaven and "did despite unto the Lord," got drunk, and fought, and poached, and swore, and went to jail nineteen times. But every now and then he realized the shame and folly and horror of the life he lived, and owned that it were better to be almost any kind of brute beast than be such a man as he was. And then he says, "Looking round, I felt disgust at all the nights of drink and lust and all the looks of all the swine who'd said that they were friends of mine." And yet he knew when morning came, the world would be just the same for him and he would go on drinking and wallowing in a helpless sort of way, thinking to himself, "Parson chaps are mad, supposin' a

chap can change the road he's chosen." Once, full of rum, he meets the parson and rails at him and his church crew and pours contempt on all their self-conceit and petty virtues, muttering, "I don't believe in prayers or Bible." "But," he says, "the parson soon proved to the people round that I was drunk and he was sound; and people grinned and women tittered, and the little children mocked and twittered. So, blazing mad, I stalked to the bar to show how noble drunkards are, and guzzled liquor like a beast to show contempt for church and priest, until my wits went round and round like hungry pigs in parish pound." Once in the street a roused mother, whose home had suffered from the wickedness of such as he, poured out her wrath on him and denounced him in the name of God, so that bystanders said, "Good old soul! She put it to him straight." And what she was and looked and said made him hang his head. He slunk away into the night, knowing deep down that she was right. Hear him: "I'd often heard religious ranters and put them down as windy canters, but this old mother made me see the harm I'd done by being me." Then this poor devil's slave went back to the bar to brace himself with more drink, and carousing went on in the gin shop as usual, with rum and cigars and smutty songs. But something was about to happen. There was a tall, pale woman, gray and bent, no deaconess or army lassie, but a Quakeress, Miss Bourne, whose custom it was to make the rounds of public houses between ten and twelve at night and speak a word to drunkards about their souls and Christ. That night, it was late, near closing time, when in at the rum-shop door came the tall, quiet, fearless woman. Saul Kane was mad with drink and insolence, and this is what happened in that vestibule of hell:

So when she come so prim and gray
I pound the bar and sing, "Hooray,
Here's Quaker come to bless and kiss us,
Come, have a gin and bitters, missus.
Or may be Quaker girls so prim
Would rather start a bloody hymn.
Now, Dick, oblige. A hymn, you swine!
Sing *'Who's that knocking at the door?'*
Miss Bourne'll play the music score."
The men stood dumb as cattle are.
They grinned, but thought I'd gone too far.
There come a hush and no one break it,
They wondered how Miss Bourne would take it.
She up to me with black eyes wide,
She looked as though her spirit cried;
She took my tumbler from the bar
Beside where all the matches are
And poured it out upon the floor dust,
Among the fag-ends, spit, and sawdust.

"Saul Kane," she said, "when next you drink,
Do me the gentleness to think
That every drop of drink accursed
Makes Christ within you die of thirst,

That every dirty word you say
Is one more flint upon his way,
Another thorn about his head,
Another mock by where he tread,
Another nail, another cross.
All that you are is that Christ's loss."

While she spoke the drinkers went out one by one till she and Saul Kane stood alone before the bar, the eyes of that white-souled woman searching his bleared and bloated face. "It's Christ your Saviour knocking at the door. He waits for you to open," she said, and with that went out, swift, leaving that word in his ears. Then there came to him a sense of Some One waiting to come in, a hand upon the doorlatch trying to open it. Then the thrilling thought went through him that "all God's bells might soon be carolling for joy and glory and delight over some one coming home to-night." Then the door of his heart gave way, and going out into the dark, he saw the same light that Sam Hadley saw when he came out of Jerry McAuley's mission a transformed man seeing a transformed world. "In that moment," he says, "I did not think, I did not strive. The deep peace burnt my soul alive. The bolted door had broken in. I knew that I had done with sin." And as he went, his mind and soul were lighted up and a brightness such as no bodily eye ever saw on land or sea was on the world, and everything he looked upon took on a heavenly meaning. Listen to the song of his joy:

O glory of the lighted mind!
How dead I'd been, how dumb, how blind.
The station brook, to my new eyes,
Was babbling out of Paradise,
The waters rushing from the rain
Were singing Christ has risen again.
I thought all earthly creatures knelt
From rapture of the joy I felt.
The narrow station wall's brick ledge,
The wild hop withering in the hedge,
The lights in huntsman's upper storey
Were parts of an eternal glory,
Were God's eternal garden flowers.
I stood in bliss at this for hours.
Then up the road I wandered slow
Past where the snowdrops used to grow
With celandines in early springs,
When rainbows were triumphant things
And dew so bright and flowers so glad,
Eternal joy to lass and lad.
And past the lovely brook I paced,
The brook whose source I never traced,
The brook, the one of two which rise
In my green dream in Paradise,
In wells where heavenly buckets clink
To give God's wandering thirsty drink

By those clean cots of carven stone
Where the clear water sings alone.
Then down, past that white-blossomed pond,
And past the chestnut trees beyond,
And past the bridge the fishers knew,
Where yellow flag flowers once grew,
Where we'd go gathering cops of clover,
In sunny June times long since over.
O clover-cops half white, half red,
O beauty from beyond the dead.
O blossom, key to earth and heaven,
O souls that Christ has new forgiven.

All earthly things that blessèd morning
Were everlasting joy and warning.
The mist was error and damnation,
The lane the road unto salvation.
Out of the mist into the light,
O blessed gift of inner sight.
The past was faded like a dream;
There came the jingling of a team,
A plowman's voice, a clink of chain,
Slow hoofs, and harness under strain.
Up the slow slope a team came bowing,
The farmer at his autumn plowing,
Old Callow, stooped above the hales,
Plowing the stubble into wales,
His grave eyes looking straight ahead,
Shearing a long straight furrow red;
His plow-foot high to give it earth
To bring new food for men to birth.

As he watches the farmer plow he lifts this prayer to Christ:

O wet red swathe of earth laid bare,
O truth, O strength, O gleaming share,
O patient eyes that watch the goal,
O plowman of the sinner's soul.
O Jesus, drive the coulter deep
To plow my living soul from sleep.

And then he says:

I knew that Christ was there with Callow,
That Christ was standing there with me,
That Christ had taught me what to be,
That I should plow, and as I plowed
My Saviour Christ would sing aloud,
And as I drove the clods apart
Christ would be plowing in my heart.

He knows that his barren life will now be made fruitful:

O Christ, who holds the open gate,
O Christ, who drives the furrow straight,
O Christ, the plow, O Christ, the laughter
Of holy white birds flying after,

Lo, all my heart's field red and torn,
And thou wilt bring the young green corn,
The young green corn divinely springing,
The young green corn forever singing;
And when the field is fresh and fair
Thy blessed feet shall glitter there,
And we will walk the weeded field,
And tell the golden harvest's yield,
The corn that makes the holy bread
By which the soul of man is fed,
The holy bread, the food unpriced,
Thy everlasting mercy, Christ.

John Masefield's powerful story of The Everlasting Mercy leaves the world filled with brightness and music:

By this the sun was all one glitter,
The little birds were all in twitter;
Out of a tuft a little lark
Went higher up than I could mark,
His little throat was all one thirst
To sing until his heart should burst—
To sing aloft in golden light
His song from blue air out of sight.

Jerry McAuley, Sam Hadley, John Callahan, and millions of others, as far or not so far astray, have known the everlasting mercy; as all who will may know. That is why it is worth while and our bounden duty and boundless privilege to preach and teach the glorious gospel of the blessed God.

A Study of Oscar Wilde. By W. W. Kenilworth. 16mo, pp. 139. New York: R. F. Fenno & Co. Price, cloth, 75 cents.

The author of this psychic book can be classified by his other books, such as "Psychic Control by Self-Knowledge" and "Thoughts on Things Psychic." We are told that "those who have a fancy for the occult will be interested" in those books. They are "a contribution to the metaphysical literature of the New Thought." The Charleston News and Courier says the book on Psychic Control is "*a very fine thing, like a star the light of which has not yet reached the earth.*" The author is said to break away from established forms of theology, taking issue with the old orthodox "Believe and ye shall be saved." "If you are orthodox and wish to remain so, let this volume alone," warns the Galveston News. One critic says the book is the result of "an indefinite amount of thought"; another says, "No one should attempt to study more than one chapter at a sitting." One reader closes it "marveling at the heights which a soul has reached that can put forth such a work." We wish Oscar Wilde might have read sufficiently early our author's book on Self-Control by Self-Knowledge, if it could have helped him to more self-control, and especially because it is said to show that spirituality is identified with morality and teaches that morality is the medium

through which a more extensive spiritual perspective is obtainable. One cannot help wishing that this author had taught these saving lessons to poor unhappy Oscar Wilde before the iron doors of Reading Gaol clanged behind him. New "ics" and "ists" and "ians" are hanging out their shingles on every hand. Yesterday we saw this latest sign on a prominent corner house, "Doctor So-And-So, Chiropractic Spinologist." For the soul as for the body all sorts of doctors offer their valuable services. There is a great variety of "Psychics." And their possible lucubrations on a case like Oscar Wilde's might be beforehand a subject for curious speculation. The study now before us in this book does away with the necessity for such speculation. Here it is. We earnestly wish the author's analysis of the prisoner of Reading Gaol could be accepted as true. His book is an ardent, enthusiastic, and even beautiful attempt to rehabilitate the reputation of one whose downfall was indescribably disgraceful and disastrous. In order to do this, most shameful and hideous crimes are lightly passed over, and British criminal courts, executing the will of the British nation, are actually condemned for punishing such crimes in the way ordained by British law. On page 31 the author says that "the world should reflect for a long, long time before it consigns any priest of poetry, any priest of nature to the silence and the shame of a prison"; that "it is incalculable ingratitude to put behind prison bars a soul" like Oscar Wilde's; and that "however he may sin, the sin of torturing such a soul is far greater"; according to which the tried and convicted criminal ought to have been set free to continue, if he wished, his diabolical crimes, while the court which found him guilty of the crimes as charged should have been consigned to Reading Gaol for a longer term than was given him. This seems also to have been Oscar Wilde's view of the case, and we are told that his great soul was sustained under the calm, deliberate verdict of the court (which did only its solemn duty by protecting society against his filthy crimes)—his soul was upheld by "the triumphant consciousness that he was divinely a poet. He felt his own greatness." By such special pleading it is that the attempt is made to rehabilitate the self-fouled name of Oscar Wilde, and for ourselves we answer in lawyer's phrase, "On that plea issue is joined." If poetic or artistic genius is to excuse a man for wallowing in the mire and is to lift him above the reach of law, then the persons who have built a monument to Oscar Wilde should proceed at once to rear a like memorial to the unquestionably eminent genius of Stanford White. (And if genius is excused for virulent, rampant, and devastating sensuality, why not pardon murder by wealth and excuse Thaw?) Two more ghastly and pitiable examples and illustrations of the insufficiency of mere intellect or æsthetic culture to prevent men of genius from sinking into the lowest shame can scarcely be found. And in Wilde's case his peculiar crime was only the natural effect of his æsthetic philosophy and principles. Kipling says of some folks:

> They rarely ever squarely push the logic of a fact
> To its ultimate conclusion in unmitigated act.

There are many whose conduct stops short of carrying out the logic of their principles. The evil distinction of Oscar Wilde is that he lived down to the bottom of the slide of his philosophy of life; he carried out to the unmitigated uttermost his dangerous and demoralizing creed of fostering and feasting the senses without moral restraint, self-gratification without regard for others. The sophistical attempt to make him appear as a much-abused man is as pernicious and reprehensible as it is futile. The volume before us makes him shine with the glamour of the hero and almost with the halo of the saint. When Professor Walker, of Saint David's College, described Wilde as a regenerated soul, "as beautiful as a floating bubble played upon by the sunlight," Andrew Lang (blessings on his "brindled pow"!), who was no bigot, but a keen discerner of spirits, cried out with incredulous laughter, "In the name of the prophet—Bosh!" We repeat, it is necessary to protest against the blurring and muddling of the moralities in literary and artistic and even theological circles. It is a duty to insist on the awful moral lessons which drip from the pitiable fate of Oscar Wilde like drops of blood from a sharp chisel's edge. Vastly instructive and impressive is it that these tragic ethical lessons are found bleeding down in a realm the rulers of which undertake to exclude ethics altogether—the world of æsthetics. Out from the career of this apostle of æstheticism sounds what Dr. Olin A. Curtis calls "the moral outcry, the serious warning for sinful men." First or last, the transgressor of moral law finds this a grim and solemn universe, in which it goes hard with "beautiful bubbles." About the quality and value of Wilde's writings there is wide difference of opinion and plenty of room for it, but about his character as revealed in his conduct, which is a more sure revelation than his writings can be, there is no room for dispute. The facts were passed upon by a court without prejudice, and he was judged to be so dangerous and so base a criminal that his own children were kept away from him by order of the court. In any estimate of the man, such ghastly facts as these must not be glozed over, or slid out of sight, or palliated, or condoned. No matter how "beautiful" a "bubble" is, it is not entitled to the privilege of smearing the House of Life with nastiness and moral disease. The urgent warning given by Irving Bacheller, in his address at Wesleyan University a year ago, is so desperately needed that we quote part of it here: "There was never a time when the house of the soul was in greater danger. Filthy vats of foreign eroticism have been piped, with faultless rhetoric, into this land of ours. Its agents urge it upon us in the name of emancipation from ancient prejudice. All over this land of the Puritan they are putting their taps and meters into the mansion of the spirit—into houses of the soul that should be spotless and undefiled—into the pure new house of the young maiden. That is chiefly why it should alarm us. My friends, in a time when the older nations seem to be going backward—when England has gone wild—Oscar Wilde—when in France the cynicism of Guy de Maupassant would seem to have abundant warrant, and the imagination of Italy find expression in the novels of D'Annunzio, should we not take warning—we Americans?"

The Method of the Master. By GEORGE CLARKE PECK, D.D., with Introduction by S. PARKES CADMAN, D.D. 12mo, pp. 207. New York: The Methodist Book Concern. Price, cloth, $1, net.

"A STUDY OF THE CLINICS OF JESUS" is the sub-title given to this volume by the author, the new corresponding secretary of the New York City Church Extension and Missionary Society, who says: "The purpose of the following pages is to indicate Jesus's attitude toward, and method of coping with, the world's timeless, outstanding problems. To say the least, he had a wonderful way with them: to say the most, he uttered the final word beyond which neither philosophy nor humanitarianism can hope to go. It is to be remembered, however, that Jesus rarely dealt with problems *as such.* He uniformly declined to discuss those great speculative questions over which so many lances and hearts have been broken. He is the world's supreme clinician: He handled 'cases.' Not the *problem* of poverty, but poor people; not the *problem* of sin, but sinners; not the *problem,* but the presence of God—these were his vital concern. His is the truest science, the science of facts. By his unerring address, his unhesitating competence, his reserve, not less than his utter frankness, he justifies his title as the Great Physician. And in sheer joy of watching him among his 'cases,' the chapters of this volume have been written." In twelve chapters the book shows lucidly and vividly the method of the Master in dealing with clinical "cases" which involve and elucidate the Problems of Finding God, of Doubt, of Sin, of Salvation, of Poverty, of Divorce, of the Sabbath, of Sickness, of Conflicting Duties, of Sorrow, of the Future, and of Jesus. These are live problems of to-day, and are here discussed in pungent and incisive fashion, as well as with wise, sweet reasonableness, by a modern man, aware of the condition of the modern world and the questions and perplexities of the modern mind. His method is direct and *practical* like the Master's. Two things catch the eye even of the casual reader at first opening of the volume: aptness and readiness in illustration, and a striking way of beginning chapters and subjects. The first chapter begins: "Among the holiest and most distinct memories of my childhood are memories of a woman singing a strangely beautiful song. I could not understand the meaning of the song, nor why the singer sang it so rapturously, nor the far-away, hallowed look in her eyes, but the words come back to me now as clearly as though I had heard them yesterday, with all their strange wistfulness still clinging to them, like the scent of lavender. 'O, that I knew where I might find Him.' The phrases, as will at once be recognized, were Job's; the music was from Handel's 'Messiah,' and the singer was my mother. I can understand it now. Sitting at the old square piano, as I see her still, she was singing out her own beautiful soul in a quest more ancient than the pyramids and as new as this morning. She had merely borrowed the glorious cadences of Handel and the words of the stricken Job to voice her own unutterable longings. Sister was she of a company that 'no man can number, out of every nation and kindred and tribe' who have obeyed what James Russell Lowell called our 'climbing instinct,' and have sent their souls in search of God. . . . Our human species

has been variously differentiated from its brute cousins and forbears. Thus, for example, man has been described as the animal which laughs, the talking animal, the commercial animal. But if I had to characterize this intricate paradoxical creature which we call man, I should mark him off in a very different way. I should call him the animal which cannot leave God alone; is always looking for God; always wanting to know something about God; even begging a certification of, or audience with, the Most High. Monkeys laugh, dogs have a language of their own, squirrels are acquisitive. But man keeps forever crying, 'O that I knew where I might find him!'" Thus Chesterton's Wild Knight says:

> "I ride forever seeking after God;
> And in my heart one hope forever sings,
> That, at the next white corner of the road,
> My soul may look on Him."

The chapter, which opens so, closes thus: "The plot in one of Myrtle Reed's stories turns about a veil which the heroine wore over her supposedly scorched features. Nobody had ever doubted that the veil concealed ugliness any more than average men doubt the rank power of the Almighty. The lover of long ago, taking for granted the terrible aspect of his injured fiancée, repudiated her before she left the hospital. Nobody ever questioned the reality of the scar, nobody except the peddler who, from away in the woods, used to 'call her,' as he said, with his pipe. He kept begging for a sight of her face. 'Spinner in the sun,' he would say, 'I know that you are very beautiful.' And the best of it is that the peddler was right. For when at length she removed her veil to meet his ardent eyes, she was, in fact, surpassingly beautiful. May I reverently apply this story to the unveiling of God in Jesus Christ? To the world-old longing for a sight of his face; to the lovelike insistence that his face must be unspeakably beautiful, God unveiled himself in Jesus Christ. And the world is still palpitant with the surpassing glory of the vision. Such pity as only mothers know; such chivalry toward weakness as the knights of the Middle Ages never dreamed; such forgiveness as is only possible to the Infinite—such, and what more, was in Jesus's revelation of the Father. One feels like echoing the old saint's cry at the splendor of his vision, 'It is enough, Lord: stay thine hand.' The vision of God in Christ was enough for Peter; enough to transform a turncoat into an apostle. It was enough for Thomas, for we still hear him shouting, 'My Lord and my God!' It was enough to break the heart and transform the life of the persecutor Saul. It is enough for men like Lord Kelvin, who confesses proudly that the greatest discovery of his life was the discovery of God in Christ. Plato once said, 'God *may* forgive sin, but I do not think that he *ought*.' But the God whom we have seen in Jesus Christ *ought* to forgive, *must* forgive.

> "'Tis the weakness in strength that I cry for, my flesh that I seek
> In the Godhead! I seek and I find it. O Saul, it shall be
> A Face like My Face that receives thee; a Man like to me
> Thou shalt love and be loved by forever. A Hand like this hand
> Shall throw open the gates of new life to thee. See the Christ stand!"

The chapter on "The Problem of Sin" begins thus: "According to Walt Whitman, a dog has at least this distinct advantage over his master: he 'never lies awake nights to whine and sweat over his sins.' Cleverly said, and truly Whitmanesque. But, as usual in dealing with some of the profounder realities and meanings of life, Whitman here quite misses the point. The real advantage of being a dog—to adopt the phraseology of Whitman—is not that his sins fail to keep him awake, but that he lacks sins which might justify wakefulness. We may call him a 'bad' dog, and rouse him out of sound slumber to whip him. We do not, however, mean that in any of the conventional senses a dog is a 'sinner.' And the only way man can recover the lost ground between his dog and himself is for the man to stop thinking of his sins as *sins*." The chapter on "The Problem of Sickness" begins: "Robert G. Ingersoll put into epigrammatic form a widespread cynicism when he assured folks that 'if *he* had made the world, he would have made health catching instead of colds.' No doubt he 'caught' his audience by such specious appeal. Hurt souls make alarmingly free with suggestions to the Creator. Men who could not run a country store or a small branch railroad are positive that they could run the universe better than God does. 'Health catching'? As things *are*, health is better than 'catching.' Ingersoll himself would not have liked to live in a world in which health was left to the hazard of being 'caught.' Suppose he had not been properly 'exposed'? Good health has a far safer basis than that. It is the normal condition for the vast majority of folks, for the huge majority of their days. Sickness is not the rule of life; it is the exception." From the chapter on "The Problem of Sorrow" we take this: "The sorrow of life is an outstanding presence we cannot seem to get away from. It is a sort of atmosphere. Like the uncanny chill of certain malarious districts, it gets into one's bones. Whichever way we turn is somebody's sorrow; if not ours, then our neighbor's; if not our neighbor's, then the sorrows of the child-widows of the East, or the half-fed children of the slums. Job, crying, 'Man that is born of a woman is of a few days and full of trouble,' is our splendid spokesman. Or, in rougher vein, the 'Preacher' with his bitter summary, 'Vanity of vanities, all is vanity.' Or in glories of language brilliant as the foliage of autumn, Omar Khayyam. It is true, of course, as Paul said of the flesh, that all sorrow is not the same sorrow. One in essence, like sin, with which it is so often linked; like the world's pain, of which it is a part, sorrow is as various as the hearts which experience it. There is, for example, the sorrow of the child crying because the moon will not drop into his lap—the irrational sorrow of disappointment. There is the sorrow of poor John Wilkes Booth, holding up his paralyzed hands and moaning, 'Helpless! Helpless!'—the sorrow of futility. There is the sorrow of old Dr. Johnson standing out in the rain at Uttoxeter, on the spot where he once disobeyed his father—the sorrow of remorse. There is the sorrow of Wolsey, gathering a last breath to lament that he had not served his God as faithfully as he had served his king—the sorrow of humiliation. There is the sorrow of Rachel mourning for her children, and refusing to be comforted, because they

are not—the sorrow of empty arms. There is the sorrow of a modern Magdalen, tugging at her stubby, bleached hair, and crying, 'My hair ain't long enough to wipe His feet!'—the sorrow of repentant love. There is the sorrow of the Seventh Earl of Shaftesbury, exclaiming, 'I cannot bear to leave the world with so much misery in it!'—the sorrow of an exalting passion. And there is the redeeming sorrow of Jesus, lamenting, 'Ye would not come unto me that ye might have life!'—the sorrow which is the world's hope. These are only samples from a list too long to be catalogued. It is a far remove from the sorrow of the child to the sorrow of Jesus; yet, in essence, all sorrows are one. Notwithstanding differences in its pathology and expression, sorrow is sorrow; in a hut or a palace, in a prodigal or a saint. The characteristic thing about sorrow is that it is unlike anything else in the world. It is sorrow. And it is in fearless, masterful grip with this blinding fact of life; nay, close beside us in the huge shadow of sorrow, there stands 'That Man,' whom the world, not always in fairness to the other aspects of his countenance, has loved to call the 'Man of Sorrows.' Hosts of people who do not care for Jesus in any other role yield him prompt homage in this. For the tears he dried on the cheeks of repentant women and lonely men; for the consolation he ministered to broken hearts; for the light of his presence in the homes of Jairus and Martha, the world loves to remember him." Rich with great quotations are Dr. Peck's books. Here William Watson says of Wordsworth, "He had for weary feet the gift of rest"; and Tennyson says, "What the sun is to the flower Jesus Christ is to my soul."

HISTORY, BIOGRAPHY, AND TOPOGRAPHY

A History of Preaching. By Edwin Charles Dargan, D.D., LL.D. Vol. II, 8vo, pp. 591. New York: George H. Doran Company. Price, cloth, $2, net.

The first volume of this work brought the history of preaching down to the close of the Reformation, covering from the Apostolic Fathers to the death of John Knox. This new volume brings it from that period to the close of the nineteenth century (1572-1900). Dr. Dargan, who was professor of Homiletics in the Baptist Theological Seminary at Louisville, Ky., and is now pastor in Macon, Ga., plans to complete his large work with a third volume on Preaching in the United States. He has done his work well, covering the ground thoroughly, drawing the multitude of portraits with accuracy and skill, giving a distinct impression of the individuality and work of each, and making a very readable, edifying, and valuable book, the effect of which on the reader may easily be to leave him with the strong persuasion that, from the days of Paul until now, earth has had no taller or mightier sons than the preachers of the Christian gospel, and fully convinced that there is no throne of power so lofty as the Christian pulpit. The reader of this volume gains a clear and vivid idea of the preaching and preachers, both Papal and Protestant, of the past three centuries, the great preachers of Germany, France, Holland, Scandinavia, Italy, and Great Britain. From the death of John

Knox, in 1572, to John Wesley's time is the Dogmatic period; and from the beginning of the Wesleyan revival, about the middle of the eighteenth century to near the end of the nineteenth century, is the Evangelistic and Missionary period. The period now apparently opening may be distinguished as the Humanitarian or Social period. With equal historic, philosophic, and biographic ability and skill, Dr. Dargan makes us see the powerful part which preaching has played in the progress of these three modern centuries. To live with the great preachers of three hundred years and feel their spell through six hundred pages is a great experience. Some samples of the book taken haphazard may be relished. John Bunyan's fame is as the author of Pilgrim's Progress, but he was a preacher of vivid spirituality. He said of himself, "I preached what I felt, what I smartingly did feel, even that under which my own poor soul did groan and tremble in astonishment." One of his friends wrote of him: "He hath taken these three heavenly degrees, to wit, union with Christ, the anointing of the Spirit, and experience of the temptations of Satan." Speaking of the attitude of tne pulpit toward the hostile critical philosophy and skepticism which dominated French thought in the second half of the eighteenth century, the author says: "Bayle, Diderot, D'Alembert, and, above all, Voltaire, with others of less fame, in numerous and popular writings, and with wonderful dialectic and literary skill, assailed in various ways the teachings and institutions of traditional religion in France. The attack was fresh, vigorous, alive with new thought, and conducted by writers of real genius; the defense was traditional, timid, destitute of leaders of the highest sort; the result was disastrous. In general, we may note four phases in the attitude of the pulpit toward the dominant philosophy, and they follow in a general way the order of time. (1) Among the preachers there were some who were ignorant of the true force of this new foe; they failed to grasp its meaning or power, and treated it slightly and slightingly. (2) There were those who saw more plainly the threatening evil. Their fears were aroused, and they tried to meet the attack, but weakly, timidly, without adequate and fundamental knowledge, either of their own ground and forces, or of those on the other side. (3) There was also a group of preachers who fell into the evil themselves. They either went wholly over to the enemy, though retaining their places, or they took a tone of compromise and concession that resulted in no good either to themselves or their cause. (4) Lastly, when it was too late, there came a reaction in favor of a more positive defense of the fundamental Christian truths and institutions. It is evident enough that there was in the French preaching a marked and deplorable falling off in every quality which makes the pulpit powerful and effective. But before we further study this decline we should bear in mind the obvious truth that in all departments of human effort and progress we have successive eras of flourishing or declining power. This was amply illustrated in the French preaching of the eighteenth century. Already friendly critics from the inside, like Fénelon, and unsympathetic critics from the outside, like La Bruyère, had sharply called attention to the defects and faults of preach-

ng in the age of Louis XIV. It was of that splendid era that La Bruyère wrote: 'Christian preaching has become a show: that evangelical sadness which is the soul of it is no more seen; it is supplied by the advantages of mien, inflections of the voice, regularity of gesture, choice of words, and long enumerations. People no longer hear seriously the Holy Word—it is one sort of amusement among a thousand others.' And it is related that Louis XIV once asked Boileau why it was that a certain rather obscure but earnest preacher was drawing such crowds, and the wit replied: 'Sire, people always run after *novelty;* and this is a preacher who *preaches the gospel.*' Allowing for the element of truth in both of these witty sayings they could be spoken of almost any age of preaching. Certainly it is true that many of the elements of decay which critics note in the eighteenth century were brought over from the much lauded age which preceded and conditioned the new one. De Coulanges justly says, 'At the moment even of the splendor of eloquence the makers of decay were already at work; the worm is hidden in the fine fruit.'" Here is a sample of one French preacher's dealing with unbelievers, those who were honestly perplexed and seeking light: De Beauvais, in one of his sermons, put into the mouth of a supposed doubter this striking prayer: "Let the unbeliever say to the Supreme Being: O God, thou who seest the depth of the heart, thou knowest how I desire to render to thee the worship most agreeable to thee. I am an unbeliever, but am not impious. God of my ancestors! to whom I was dedicated in my childhood; pious parents engraved the Christian faith upon my feeble heart, but the new opinions of my time, the specious reasonings of the new philosophy, my own passions, have effaced its characters. O God, since so many proofs attest that this religion is thy work, make it live again in my soul! I cannot yet make my indocile reason submit to it. . . . Christianity tells me that thou owest nothing to thy creatures; but it also tells me that thou desirest all men to come to the knowledge of the truth. O Supreme Intelligence, deign to enlighten my darkness! . . . What must I do to be saved? I believe in thee; help thou my unbelief." King Louis XVI said of one sermon he heard: "If the preacher had but spoken of religion he would have touched upon everything." Of Kerivan, a great Irish preacher of the eighteenth century, Henry Grattan, the famous orator, said: "He came to shake one world with the thunder of the other, and the preacher's desk became a throne of light." Of B. B. Brückner, court preacher at Berlin in the nineteenth century, it is written: "He was a preacher of noble powers and of the modern spirit, with a keen intellect, a broad culture, a strong and striking style. His insight into his age was penetrating, his grasp of the Christian verities was firm and hopeful. His diction was vivid and vigorous. His plans were often striking and excellent. In a sermon on the woman at Jacob's well, he thus states his points: (1) No soul is so erring that the Lord cannot find it. (2) No occasion is so insignificant that the Lord cannot use it. (3) No force is so weak that the Lord cannot help it up. (4) No beginning is so little that the Lord cannot lead it on to a blessed end." The power of Dupan-

loup, a French preacher, is thus explained: "Very solid at bottom, very brilliant in form, very pure and correct in his diction, he was remarkable for brilliancy, vigor, dash; he put all his soul into his speech." From Adolphe Monod is given this extract from his sermon on the text, "God is love": "In a small town of Italy, which, eighteen hundred years since, an eruption of Mount Vesuvius buried beneath a flood of lava, some ancient manuscripts, so scorched as to resemble cinders more nearly than books, have been discovered, and, by an ingenious process, slowly and with difficulty unrolled. Let us imagine that one of these scrolls of Herculaneum contains a copy, and the only one in the world, of the epistle from which the text is taken; and that, having come to the fourth chapter and eighth verse, they have just deciphered these two words, 'God is,' and were as yet ignorant of what should follow." A paragraph follows in which the answer is held in suspense, and then Monod goes on: "At length the momentous word love appears! Who could desire a better? What could be conceived comparable to it by the boldest and loftiest imagination? This hidden God, this powerful God, this holy God—he is love! What need we more? God loves us. Do I say he loves us? All in God is love. Love is his very essence. He who speaks of God speaks of love. God is love! O answer, surpassing all our hopes! O blessed revelation, putting an end to all our apprehensions! O glorious pledge of our happiness, present, future, eternal!" The conception of the sermon is striking and original. It is built around the two thoughts: First, what impression would this statement make upon one who had never heard it before? and second, what impression it ought to make on Christians who have heard it often. In developing the first thought he uses an actual incident reported by the Moravian missionaries in Greenland of a heathen who had listened without emotion to proofs of the existence of God, but was melted and moved by the proclamation of his love. Monod very cleverly and touchingly develops the thought of how this appeal might have affected the heart of this heathen, considering the end that God had in view in the gospel—that is, the salvation of man; and the means whereby that end would be reached—through the sending of his only begotten Son; and the way in which the Son discharged the commission—by the sacrifice of himself; and lastly, the cause of God's love thus expressing itself, which lies deep in his nature. In making the transition to his application, the preacher thus speaks: "Yes, 'God is love.' This alone would explain the fact that he has so loved—whom? angels? saints? No; but us, his enemies—us individually—me, and you who hear me. 'God is love!' Love is his essence, his substance, his life. 'God is love!' Love sums up all his works and explains all his ways. Love inspired him to the creation of a holy and to the redemption of a fallen race. Love prevailed over nothingness to give us existence, and triumphed over sin to give us glory. Love is the object of the admiration of angels, and will be ours in eternity. The thoughts of God are love; his will is love; his dispensations are love: his judgments are love—all in him is love. 'God is love!' But the heart of Kajarnak expressed this more fully than all our discourse has done. At the sound

of this good news we see this heathen—if we may still so call him—we see him hanging on the lips of the missionary. His heart is affected, his conscience troubled. He exclaims: 'What did you say? Repeat that again—I, too, would be saved!' And wherefore he rather than you? Why should not this same doctrine which has made a Christian of this heathen upon the shores of Greenland—why should it not make this day in France, in this assembly of more than one nominal Christian, a Christian in spirit and in life? I have asked you, in order to disturb your habitual apathy, to put yourself in the place of this Greenlander who heard the gospel for the first time in his life; but be on your guard against the supposition that this condition is indispensable in order to be affected by it; as that the gospel has lost its virtue by having been so often announced to you; and that the coldness that we lately deplored in you is a necessary consequence of your position. It is a necessity of sin, of negligence, of ingratitude, of unbelief, and of nothing else. Your position is a privilege, did you but know how to improve it; and you would have the power as soon as you had the will." From then on to the end he appeals with earnest eloquence to his hearers to make a suitable response to the greatness of God's love to them. A discourse based on Paul's address at Miletus to the Ephesian elders, as reported in the twentieth chapter of Acts, enables Monod to explain what he calls the Christianity of Paul, or his tears. Three times tears are mentioned in the passage, and it is around these notices that the thought of the sermon revolves. He introduces it thus: "The doctrine of Paul, his faith, his charity, his zeal, his activity, his devotion, his patience, his watchfulness, all is in this discourse, so short, yet so substantial, which may be regarded as a sort of funeral oration anticipatory of all his apostolic work. Amid so many different traits from which is formed the Christianity of Saint Paul as painted by himself I seek one salient trait which dominates the rest and which makes the unity of the portrait. I find it in the tears of the apostle. The more that the indomitable energy of the greatest of the apostles seems to contrast with this moving symptom of human infirmity, tears, the more am I struck with the place which they occupied in the scene at Miletus." He then notes the three places where tears are mentioned in the passage, namely, where Paul says that he served the Lord with tears, and a little further on reminds his hearers that he had warned them during three years with tears, and at last that he mingles his tears with those of his hearers when at parting they "all wept sore." He goes on to show how these tears revealed and expressed the Christian character of the apostle; how they are compatible both with his courage and with his Christian joy; how toward God they were tears of grief because of men's sins and neglect of God and his grace; how toward men they were tears of deep concern, of interest, of charity; and finally, how they were tears of tenderness and sympathy, revealing the character of the apostle in its love for his brethren. The conclusion of the discourse is as follows: "The tears of the holy apostle have explained him to us. The power of his apostolate was in his personal Christianity, and his Christianity was a weeping Chris-

tianity. Weeping from grief, he has conquered by respect. Weeping from charity, he has won by love. Weeping from tenderness, he has attracted by the human simplicity of his gospel. This concerns us, O Christians! Paul, is it necessary to repeat? is for me in this discourse only a means, the end is yourselves; let us rather say, it is Jesus Christ in you. Far from my thought be it to glorify a man. Let the Lord alone be glorified; and Paul would not be Paul unless he said, with John the Baptist, 'He must increase while I must decrease.' No, I do not come to glorify Paul, but I come to humble you and altogether to stir you by that which has made a man, to whom the infinite distance which separates him from his Divine Master has nevertheless permitted so great advance over us. It is needed that a true people of God should be formed who may be at once the generous people of the cross, the devoted people of love, and the simple people of nature, but of nature restored to itself through grace. Let those remain far from our holy enterprise who prefer prosperity to the cross, selfishness to love, appearance to reality. But thou, already a people of tears, awake! sow with tears in order to harvest with a song of triumph. Paul, who wept so much, does he now regret his tears? . . . To-day like him! to-morrow with him!" Spurgeon's preaching is sampled by this extract from a sermon preached in 1888 on "The Blood of the Lamb, the Conquering Weapon": "Brethren, if we are to win great victories, we must have greater courage. Some of you hardly dare speak about the blood of Christ in any but the most godly company; and scarcely there. You are very retiring. You love yourselves too much to get into trouble through your religion. Surely you cannot be of that noble band that love not their own lives unto the death! Many dare not hold the old doctrine nowadays because they would be thought narrow and bigoted, and this would be too galling. They call us old fools. It is very likely we are; but we are not ashamed to be fools for Christ's sake, and the truth's sake. We believe in the blood of the Lamb, despite the discoveries of science. We shall never give up the doctrine of atoning sacrifice to please modern culture. What little reputation we have is as dear to us as another man's character is to him; but we will cheerfully let it go in this struggle for the central truth of revelation. It will be sweet to be forgotten and lost sight of, or to be vilified and abused, if the old faith in the substitutionary sacrifice can be kept alive. This much we are resolved on, we will be true to our convictions concerning the sacrifice of our Lord Jesus; for if we give up this, what is there left? God will not do anything by us if we are false to the cross. He uses the men who spare not their reputations when these are called for in the defense of truth. O to be at a white heat! O to flame with zeal for Jesus! O my brethren, hold you to the old faith, and say, 'As for the respect of men, I can readily forfeit it; but as for the truth of God, that I can never give up.' This is the day for men to be men; for, alas! the most are soft, molluscous creatures. Now we need backbones as well as heads. To believe the truth concerning the Lamb of God, and truly to believe it, this is the essential of an overcoming life. O for courage, constancy, fixedness, self-denial, willingness to be made nothing for Christ! God

give us to be faithful witnesses to the blood of the Lamb in the midst of this ungodly world!" We close with the words addressed to young ministers by Maclaren, of Birmingham, who began his preaching in a poor obscure place on three hundred dollars a year: "I thank God that I was stuck down in a quiet, little, obscure place to begin my ministry; for what spoils half of you young fellows, is that you get pitchforked into prominent positions at once, and then fritter yourselves away in all manner of little engagements that you call duties, going to this tea-meeting, and that anniversary, and the other breakfast celebration, instead of stopping at home and reading your Bibles and getting near to God. I thank God for the early days of struggle and obscurity." We have here an interesting light on the studious and spiritual growth of the young preacher.

William Owen. By S. Parkes Cadman. 16mo, pp. 121. New York: Eaton & Mains. Price, cloth, 25 cents, net.

We read this glowing book long weeks ago. We have read various others since, but none that could separate us from the light and warmth, as of a live coal from the altar, with which this one filled us. Biography is one of the finest branches of literary art, of which this is an admirable example. In effect the book is a duet, an Owen-Cadman product, two spirits breathing on us from its pages and their voices rendering together the one song of Moses and the Lamb—kindred spirits sounding the same note of life, though in far-separated and very different spheres. The reader perceives that in this biography the author intends part payment of personal indebtedness, which he is noble enough to feel and manly enough to publish. The hand of gratitude wields the brush which paints for us this grand portrait of the humble English lay preacher whose influence burns with a bright flame to-day in the pulpit of Central Church, Brooklyn. Here is the account of how William Owen consecrated young Cadman to his lifework: "When one young man was accepted for the Christian ministry and was about to leave for Richmond College, London, to begin his preparation, Mr. Owen took him into the place of sanctuary and charged him to be faithful to his high calling. The tears rained down his cheeks while he spoke, and the trembling lad over whom he yearned wept with him. Then they bowed together, and a petition followed which bound that candidate to Christ and the Kingdom. Its words and their inspiration have been a sure strength for the way; the past twenty-five years have never escaped the impulse from that faithful and believing act of prayer." The ardor and power of that Brooklyn pulpit in 1912 is unmistakably due in large degree to the sturdy, rugged, fervent Shropshire saint who yearned and prayed over that "trembling lad," pouring into him his own spirit and making upon the boy's susceptible soul a lasting—an everlasting—impression. This is what a strong and consecrated personality can do for a boy; and to do it is a greater thing than to build and launch all the iron-clads that ever swam the seas or to muster all the armies that ever burdened, and bloodied, and blasted the earth. Dr. W. L. Watkinson, after reading and rereading this book, says:

"The hero of these brief pages played his part in humble life, and in squalid scenes displayed the finest qualities and graces of the Christian character. The cloistered virtues of monks are well enough, but to find a strong, pure type of saintliness in a coarse environment where one would think it almost impossible to keep the soul alive is far more convincing and inspiring. Dr. Cadman has cleverly put in the local and historical backgrounds, and we see once more the magnificent service that Methodism has rendered our nation in the districts where national corruption and ruin might so easily have set in, and where they would have set in had not our church brought the saving truth and grace to bear upon the lives of the working classes. Only in such records as this do we come into contact with the facts of the case and understand what a singular factor Methodism has been in raising and sweetening the life of the people. Nine of the best years of my life were spent in the Black Country, only a little distance from the scene of this history, and I have known among its colliers and ironworkers many of the type of William Owen, godly, unblemished, sublime in their zeal and self-sacrifice, saints of purest luster, the strength and glory of the church of God. I am not ashamed to say that many pages of this exquisite little volume have moved me to tears, and few will read it without emotion. It has a pathos that reminds one of J. F. Millet's 'Angelus'; it would have delighted John Bunyan. I feel sure it will be hailed by our people in mining and manufacturing districts, for here they will see their own life and lot transfigured. Godly toilers in the city, and rustic disciples in their quiet cottages, will welcome a sincere document which reveals the grand possibilities of a homely, yet consecrated life. A living biography has again and again in Methodism created a general revival of faith and zeal, and the one before us, if it can only obtain the circulation it deserves, is well calculated to effect a similar result. If Methodism under God produced these rare spirits in the past, the hope rekindles within us that it will continue to do so. When we find one of God's diamonds shining with purest ray amid the black diamonds of the mine, we know that his grace has not lost its ancient virtue; and we know also that our church has not lost the recovering power by which it has brought so many jewels to light." The author's flowing and glowing style, affluent and potent vocabulary, and virile force, give us many noble passages, full of lofty emotion and spiritual power. The pages are alive and warm with the throb and heat of a fervor which is evangelical by birth and which has come to be recognized as the badge and hall-mark of evangelical faith and experience. Dr. Cadman renders a meritorious and prizable service in bringing to vivid view in his portrait of William Owen that highly useful class of evangelists, the lay preachers of Methodism, who have been one of its mightiest agencies. "They have entered every nook and corner of the lands where Methodism has flourished, breaking the bread of life to the poor and lowly, and not infrequently to the well-to-do and the learned. They had received the anointing from the Holy One and their message clarified the common life of England and helped also to win the valleys of the Ohio and the Mississippi for Western Methodism." Only the other

day a Western singer, N. V. Lindsay, stood by the grave of a local preacher pioneer and wrote this eulogy of one rugged and godly nation-builder who was a fair type of his class:

Into the acres of the new-born state
He poured his strength and plowed his ancient name,
And, when the traders followed him, he stood
Towering above their furtive souls and tame.

That brow without a stain, that fearless eye
Oft left the passing stranger wondering
To find such knighthood in the sprawling land,
To see a democrat well-nigh a king.

He lived with liberal hand, with guests from far,
With talk and joke and fellowship to spare—
Watching the wide world's life from sun to sun,
Lining his walls with books from everywhere.

He read by night, he built his world by day.
The farm and house of God to him were one.
For forty years he preached and plowed and wrought—
A statesman in the fields, who bent to none.

His plowmen-neighbors were as lords to him.
His was an ironside, democratic pride.
He served a rigid Christ, but served him well—
And for a lifetime saved the countryside.

Here lie the dead who gave the church their best
Under his fiery preaching of the Word.
They sleep with him beneath the ragged grass;
The village withers, by his voice unstirred.

And though his tribe be scattered to the wind
From the Atlantic to the China Sea,
Yet do they think of that bright lamp he burned
Of family worth and proud integrity.

And many a sturdy grandchild hears his name
In reverence spoken till he feels akin
To all the lion-eyed who built the world—
And lion-dreams begin to burn within.

To the joy and benefit of England, the lay preachers are still a great power in the mother country of Methodism. The American members of the Ecumenical Conference in Toronto, in 1911, were much impressed with this by the English representatives of this class who appeared there—men of rare ability and practical force, of businesslike directness, with pithy, idiomatic, and penetrating speech, with the ring of reality in their testimony and their large and convincing use of the facts of personal experience. We recall especially Mr. Worthington, of Wigan, who introduced himself in this shrewd fashion: "I don't know whether I am a layman or

an ordained minister. When my preaching is without effect, I think I am a layman; and when it bears fruit, I think I am ordained of God to preach the gospel." Dr. Barton, professor of biblical literature and Semitic languages in Bryn Mawr College, in his book The Heart of the Christian Message, sums up with this sound conclusion: "The world does not need a new gospel, but the old gospel told and lived in such a way that it will be possible for men to believe it true, so lived and told that the gospel will be seen to be the one indispensable help to the completion of life. It needs the gospel so presented through holy lives, and so worked into the warp and woof of daily existence, that it will be seen to have a social and economic value beyond all earthly things for the life that now is, as well as to be the beginnings of the life which is to come." Very true and very good. And William Owen, the humble toiler of the mines, was an ideal embodiment of what the college professor sees from his conning tower to be the most urgent need of the world. By him the old gospel was told and lived so that men and women and boys and girls were compelled to believe it true; and through him it was made manifest in all the region where he lived that the old gospel is, indeed, "the one indispensable help to the completion of life," and "has a social and economic value beyond all earthly things." Few of God's servants have lived in more adverse and disheartening surroundings, described by Dr. Watkinson as "a coarse environment where one would think it almost impossible to keep the soul alive." But nobleness, high behavior, and eminent deserving from no condition rise; they come down out of heaven to him who seeks them; for them no situation is forbidding, no place unlikely. There were men in Parliament, men with titled names, men in the House of Lords, in his day, who made less mark for good upon the world than did this humble and unheard-of evangelist of the mines. There is no lack of opportunity anywhere. Mankind is an opportunity, and wherever human beings are, there is need for the gospel and a sphere for Christian influence. The other day two men were swaying from adjacent straps in the Brooklyn tube train twenty feet below the muddy bottom of the East River, shouting, amid the roar, into each other's ears, and one said: "Not profound theologians, famous preachers, able administrators, or wise educators—not any of these, but *saints*, are the richest product of the church and the finest fruit on the Tree of Life." One of the two strap-hangers was the author of this book and the other the writer of this notice.

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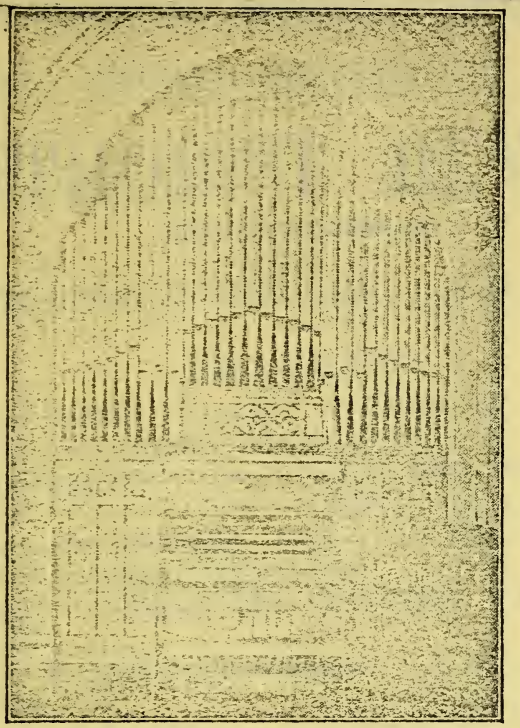

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WILLIAM V. KELLEY, L.H.D., Editor

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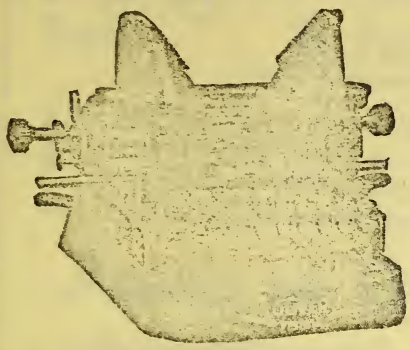

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EASY TO OWN

A few pennies a day will buy it—no advance payment required. $5.00 after satisfactory trial and $5.00 per month for nine months—only $50.00 in all, just one-half of the catalog price, and there is no interest to pay. You use the machine while paying for it.

GIVE THIS TYPEWRITER A CHANCE TO SELL ITSELF

You can have it on trial, without obligation, no salesman or agent will call on you—you will be the sole judge. You can use it in the privacy of your study, and no attempt to influence your decision will be made. If you do not find it to be a satisfactory typewriter—perfect in every detail and suitable to your requirements—you are not obliged to keep it, and we will pay the transportation charges back. Isn't this fair?

A FURTHER INDUCEMENT

If you decide to keep the typewriter—when you send us the first payment of $5.00 we will send you, absolutely free, a supply of ribbons and carbon paper, enough to last you a year, a quantity for which you would have to pay at retail $7.50, absolutely free.

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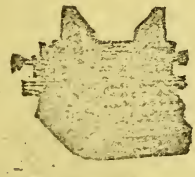

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